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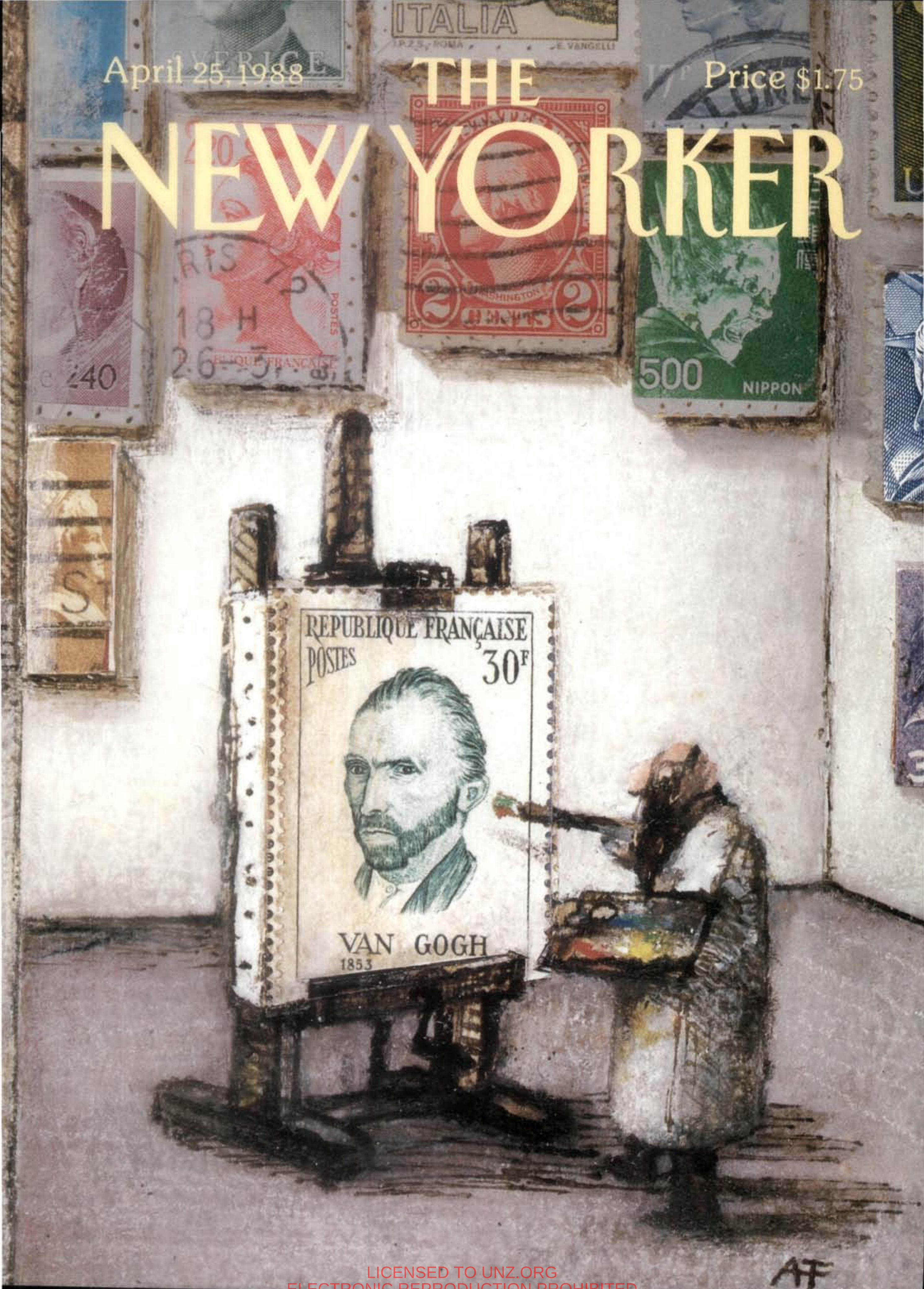
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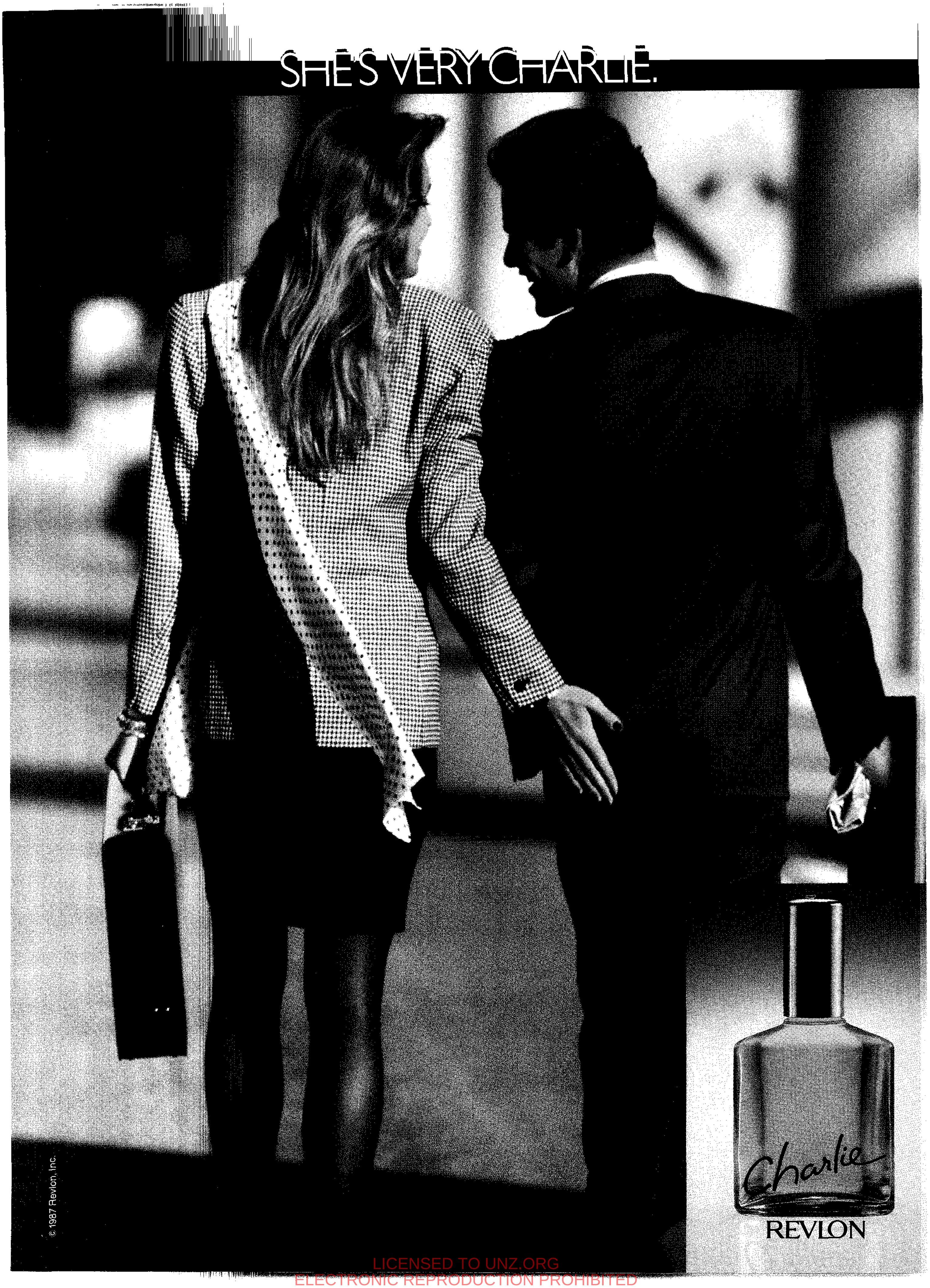
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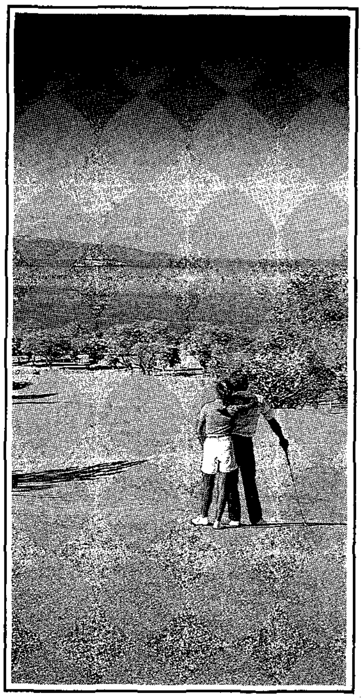

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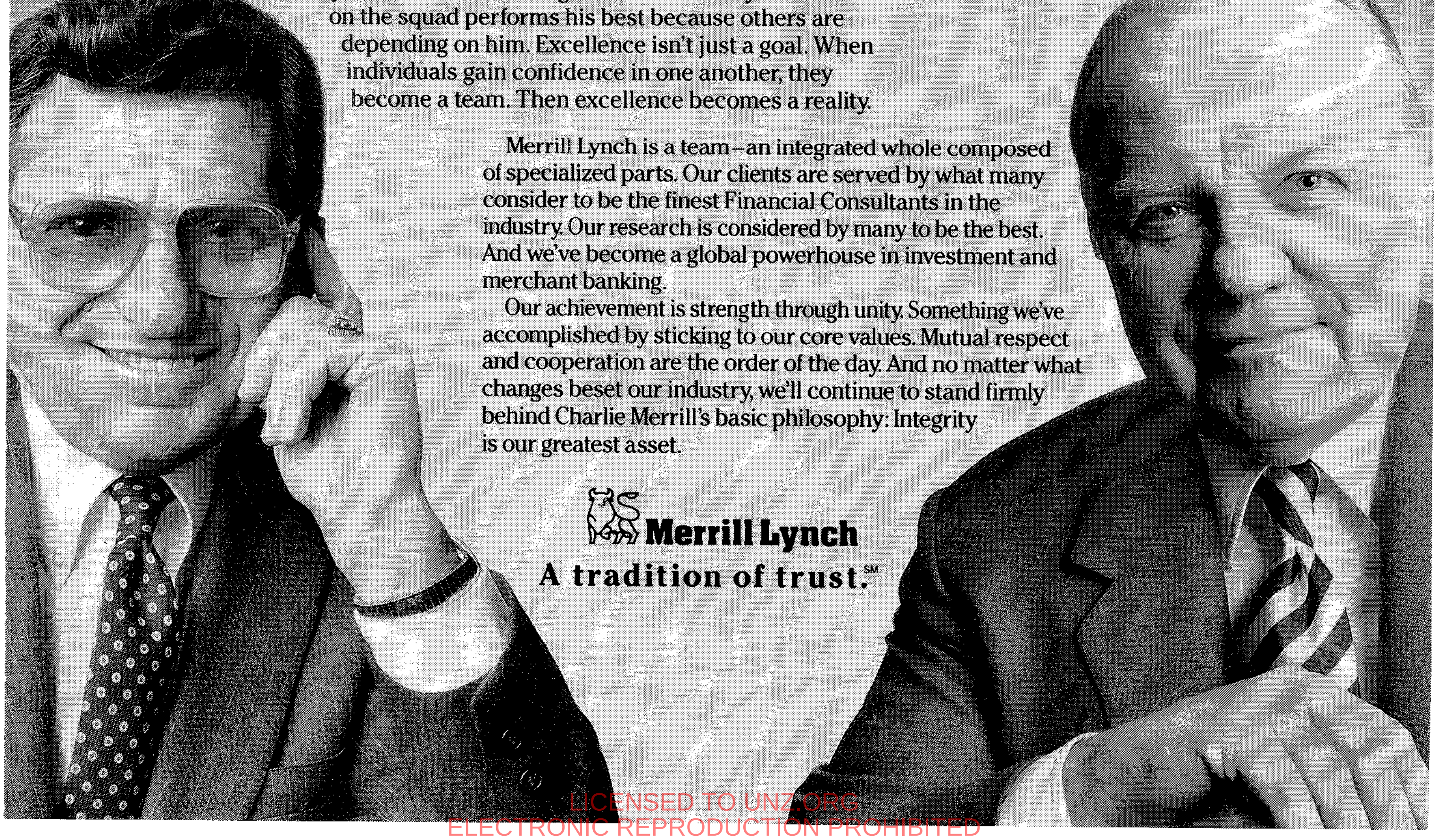

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Birthday Party—Harold Pinter's 1958 play, with David Strathairn, Peter Riegert, and Richard Riehle. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Boys' Life—Directed by W. H. Macy, Howard Korder's engrossing new play is an eminently quotable postmodern comedy of manners that makes an intelligent contribution to the dialogue on the battle between the sexes. (3/28/88) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Burn This—A play by Lanford Wilson, with Paul Perri as a foulmouthed restaurant owner who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb (directed by Harold Prince) has a gloriously muted Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee and a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played. (11/2/87) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

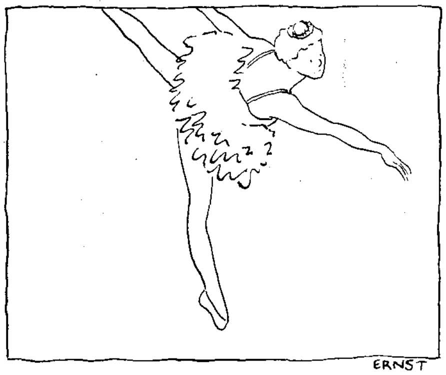
Circle Repertory Company—**borderlines**, two mildly unpleasant one-act plays by John Bishop, both on the theme of masculine role expectations, both catering to the very appetites and tendencies they pretend to criticize. That the acting rarely rises above the level of television drama is probably due to the heavy-handed writing and the leaden direction, by Robert Bailey. (Reviewed in this issue.) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Equity Fights AIDS Fund Monday, April 25, at 8. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

Doctor Faustus—The Shaliko Company's version of Christopher Marlowe's 1588 play. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. Winner of the 1987 Pulitzer Prize in Drama. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—Shakespeare's **much ado about nothing** is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 1. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh are remarkable, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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The Gospel at Colonus—A revival of Lee Breuer and Bob Telson's adaptation of "Oedipus at Colonus." We'd be lying if we said that the show has much to do with Sophocles' play, but it is a roof-raising celebration of black music and culture. (4/4/88) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Gus and Al—A new play by Albert Innaurato. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 24.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The cast, which includes Phylicia Rashad and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Joe Turner's Come and Gone—August Wilson's powerful and stirring play, the third in his series about the black experience in America in the twentieth century, is set in a boarding house in Pittsburgh in 1911. Its principal story is of a man who was captured and enslaved by the white plantation owner Joe Turner and who has been searching for his lost wife ever since he was set free. Delroy Lindo gives a strong performance in the role, sharing the honors with Ed Hall, who, as a benign healer, is the presiding spirit of the show. With Mel Winkler, L. Scott Caldwell, and Angela Bassett, among other good actors. Lloyd Richards was the excellent director. (4/11/88) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

Macbeth—Christopher Plummer and Glenda Jackson star in Shakespeare's play. As of now, the staging is credited as follows: "original direction" by Kenneth Frankel and "additional direction" by Zoe Caldwell. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, April 19-20. Opens officially on Thursday, April 21. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mail—A chipper, unpretentious little musical about a young writer who leaves home for a few months and then returns to deal with stacks of unopened letters. Book and lyrics by Jerry Colker, and music by Michael Rupert, who appears in the leading role. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

M. Butterfly—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case: in 1964, a French diplomat took as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they were both charged with being spies—discovered that "she" was a he. John Lithgow, in the leading role, gives an exceptional performance, and so does B. D. Wong as his lover; Lori Tan Chinn, George N. Martin, and Rose Gregorio give them sound support. (4/11/88) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Mr. Universe—A play by Jim Grimsley. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand Street. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 24.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Edgar White's play **like them that dream** is the second in this season's series of four productions. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 24.)

The No-Frills Revue—An unpretentious, jokey little show conceived and directed by Martin Charnin. Most of the lively songs—words and music—were written by Mr. Charnin, and the two funniest sketches were contributed by Thomas Meehan. (2/22/88) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oba Oba—A Brazilian musical revue, with a company of fifty singers, dancers, and musicians. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Oil City Symphony—Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are alumni of "Pump Boys and Dinettes" of blessed memory. (1/18/88) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Phantom of the Opera—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performances by Michael Crawford and Sarah Brightman in the leading roles. Patty Cohenour substitutes for Miss Brightman at the Thursday evening and Saturday matinée performances. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rashomon—A revival of the 1959 play by Fay and Michael Kanin based on stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. The cast includes James Saito, Kiya Ann Joyce, and Norris M. Shimabuku. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 24.)

The Road to Mecca—An absorbing, if somewhat elusive, play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard, about an aging woman sculptor who is deeply mystical and independent, and who resists the attempts of a local minister to persuade her to go into an old-people's home. The performances, by Yvonne Bryceland,

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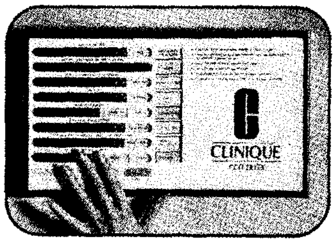

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

Mr. Fugard himself, and Amy Irving, as a young disciple of the sculptor, are impeccable. Mr. Fugard directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sarafina!—This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Señora Carrar's Rifles—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's 1937 play, with Miriam Colón in the title role. Directed by Alejandro Quintana. Performances in English Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; in Spanish on Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

A Shayna Maidel—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—A pedestrian revival of the Tennessee Williams classic, directed by Nikos Psacharopoulos. You're better off seeing the 1951 movie. (3/28/88) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tamara—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 307-7171. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except April 27, at 2.)

A Walk in the Woods—Lee Blessing's absorbing play is set near Geneva and consists entirely of the conversations, over a year or so, of an American and a Soviet diplomat who have gone there to negotiate an arms treaty. No agreement is reached, but a friendship grows and deepens. Under the direction of Des McAnuff, Sam Waterston and Robert Prosky give distinguished performances. (3/14/88) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BROADWAY BOUND:** A rueful comedy in which Neil Simon studies the middle-class depths from which he sprang and has kept springing. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225

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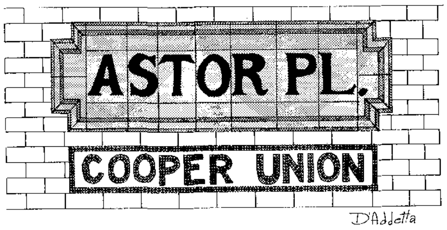
W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,648 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FENCES:** Billy Dee Williams has the lead in August Wilson's powerful play. Lloyd Richards directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Equity Fights AIDS Fund Monday evening, April 18.) . . . **PSYCHO BEACH PARTY:** A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-eighteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. For information about show times and tickets, call 563-8300. Through Sunday, May 1.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

Ten Percent Revue—A musical revue by Tom Wilson Weinberg about gay life. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)



Without You I'm Nothing—Sandra Bernhard in a one-woman show. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5:30 and 9.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Opening performances of a three-week festival of American music and dance which will run through Sunday, May 15. Twenty-three of thirty-eight ballets will be premières. The regular season will continue through Sunday, June 26. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 26, at 8: "Rhapsody in Blue" (preview), "Sophisticated Lady" (première), "Glass Pieces," and other selections from the repertory. Guest artists Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano, and the New York Choral Society will also perform. (A benefit; for tickets, call 870-5676.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 27, at 8: "Glass Pieces," "Tanzspiel" (première), and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of an eight-week engagement that will run through Saturday, June 11. Monday, April 18, at 8: "Raymonda Grand Pas Classique" (a new production), "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Ballet Imperial" (company première). . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 19, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," and "Symphonie Concertante." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 20, at 7: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto" (company première) and "Gaîté Parisienne." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-3030.) . . . ¶ Thursday, April 21, at 2: "Les Sylphides," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Symphonie Concertante." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 21, at 8: "Ballet Imperial," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Raymonda Grand Pas Classique." . . . ¶ Friday, April 22, at 8: "Raymonda Grand Pas Classique," "Pillar of Fire," and "Ballet Imperial." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 23, at 2: "Les Sylphides," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 23, at 8: "Raymonda Grand Pas Classique," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Ballet Imperial." . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, April 25-26, at 8, and Wednesday, April 27, at 2 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Tuesday evening, April 19: "Arden Court," "Last Look," and "A Musical Offering." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 20: "Roses," "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala (From Soup to Nuts)," and "Counterswarm." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 21: "Cloven Kingdom," "Rhapsody on a Theme," "House of Cards," and "Syzygy." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 22: "Equinox," "Lost, Found, and Lost," "Homeward," and "Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rehearsal)." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 23: "Roses," "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala (From Soup to Nuts)," and "Counterswarm." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 24: "Equinox," "Lost, Found, and Lost," "Homeward," and "Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rehearsal)." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 24: "Arden Court," "Last Look," and "A Musical Offering." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 26: "Esplanade," "Runes," and "Brandenburgs." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 27: "Arden Court," "Last Look," and "A Musical Offering." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 3. Through Sunday, May 1.)

Jennifer Muller/The Works—Tuesday, April 19, and Thursday, April 21, at 8, and Sunday, April 24, at 2: "Couches," "Hide and Seek," and "City." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 20, at 8: "Fields," "The Enigma," and "Into the Life." . . . ¶ Friday, April 22, at 8: "Interrupted River," "Occasional Encounters," and "Speeds." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 23, at 8: "Occasional Encounters," "The Enigma," and "City." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 24 at 7:30: "Occasional Encounters," "Hide and Seek," and "City." (A benefit performance.) (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

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DANCE–*Cont'd*

Paris Opera Ballet, in its first appearance here. Tuesday, April 19, at 7:30, and Wednesday, April 20, and Saturday, April 23, at 8: "Pieces of Dreams," "Inlets 2," and "La." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, April 21-22, at 8, and Saturday, April 23, at 3: "Pieces of Dreams," "Density 21.5," "Aunis," and "La." . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 26, at 7:30; Wednesday, April 27, at 3 and 8; and Thursday, April 28, at 8: "Jardincour." (Florence Gould Hall, French Institute–Alliance Française, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6105.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS**, a singer-pianist whose interests run from Eddie Cantor to Kander & Ebb, is in the woody nook known as the Oak Room Tuesday through Saturday, April 19-23, at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. WNEW d.j. **JONATHAN SCHWARTZ** sings at nine on Tuesdays and Wednesdays and at nine and eleven Thursdays through Saturdays.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A really blue but not really New York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaques that are engraved with the names of visiting jazz stars and embedded in the blue tables appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. Drummer **MAX ROACH** directs his double quartet Tuesday through Sunday, April 19-24, and on Tuesday, April 26, the divine **SARAH VAUGHAN** begins a six-night visit. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On the east side of the building, behind a dusty display window, there's a New York *Post* review of a Santana concert that took place here circa 1978; curatorial neglect seems to have made it a permanent exhibit. The schedule: Tuesday, April 19, Annie Haslam and Pierce Turner; Wednesday, April 20, Special EFX; Thursday, April 21, Henry Lee Summer; Friday, April 22, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE'S** trio; Saturday, April 23, the Fifth Annual Fast Folk Music Show, with **DAVID MASSENGILL, ROD MC DONALD,** and others; Monday, April 25, Will & the Kill; and Wednesday, April 27, flamenco guitarist Paco Peña. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. Pianist **STEVE KUHN** plays nightly, except Sundays. He's accompanied by bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** through Saturday, April 23, and by bassist **RON CARTER** starting Monday, April 25. The Aloisio Aguiar trio has the floor on Sundays. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. West Coast jazz singer Ernie Andrews is on the premises Tuesday through Sunday, April 19-24. Starting Tuesday, April 26, trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and his quintet will be on hand. Mondays belong to baritone-sax man **HAMIET BLUIETT** and his big band. Music from nine. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The figures on the walls of the Café Carlyle—a nude at her easel; a leaping poodle; a guitarist in a harlequin outfit; an unpedigreed dog with a bonnet in its mouth—are by Marcel Vertès, and the personage on the piano bench is **BOBBY SHORT.** Bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** flank him. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

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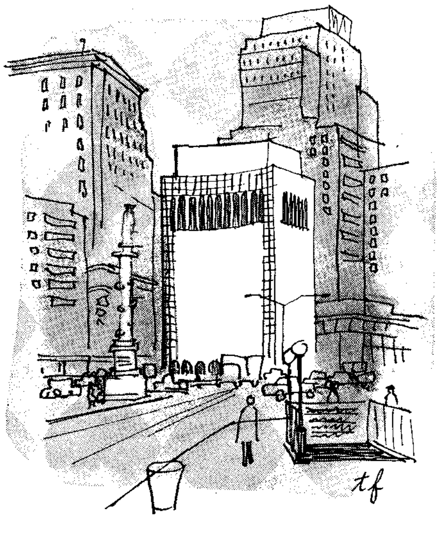
FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make you forget all about it. **ANITA O'DAY** sings Tuesday through Sunday, April 19-24. Belgian harmonica whiz and whistler **TOOTS THIELEMANS** brings in a quartet on Tuesday, April 26. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar, but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. The pianists: Tuesday and Wednesday, April 19-20, Chuck Fowler; Thursday through Saturday, April 21-23, **KEITH MAC DONALD** (with bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** on Friday and Saturday); and starting Tuesday, April 26, **HAL SCHAEFER.** Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side spa, one flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are here nightly except Sundays, when a jukebox stocked with sixties rock and soul lights up. **DICK HYMAN,** who has Jelly Roll Morton and James P. Johnson and a library of pop songs at his fingertips, performs on Mondays. The rest of the schedule: Tuesday, April 19, pianist **CAROL BRITTO;** Wednesday, April 20, singer Carol Fredette's trio; Thursday, April 21, guitarist **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** trio; Friday, April 22, **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT;** Saturday, April 23, clarinettist **KEN PEPLOWSKI'S** band; Tuesday, April 26, pianist Virg Dzurinko; and Wednesday, April 27, pianist **BILL MAYS** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ.** Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. **FRED HERSCH** works out on it, with bassist **MICHAEL FORMANEK** at his side, Tuesday through Saturday, April 19-23, and on Tuesday, April 26, **PETER MALINVERNI** and **JOHN GOLDSBY** swing into action. Pianist **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** the latest good news from New Orleans, flies all by himself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and intermediate rock, Easy Now medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. Mondays, April 18 and 25, the **KARL BERGER** group; Tuesday, April 19, guitarist-singer Peter Blegvad; Wednesday, April 20, guitarist **JEAN-PAUL BOURELLY;** Thursday, April 21, guitarist **SONNY SHARROCK'S** quartet; Friday and Saturday, April 22-23, Eugene Chadbourne; and Wednesday, April 27, piano phenomenon **CECIL TAYLOR,** solo. Activity from nine or so.



LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for homesick Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky-tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature some genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the action onstage in case your view of it is obscured by a cowboy or a structural element). The lineup: Wednesday, April 20, the Bob Margolin band and the Holmes Brothers; Thursday, April 21, Terrance Simien & the Mallet Playboys, a Louisiana zydeco group, and Lucky 7; Saturday, April 23, the **ORIGINAL CRICKETS** (two of whom were Buddy Holly's sidekicks); Sunday, April 24, bluesmen **HUBERT SUMLIN** and Joe Louis Walker; Monday, April 25, the Ventures and the Pontiac Brothers; Tuesday, April 26, Delbert McClinton; and Wednesday and Thursday, April 27-28, **DR. JOHN.** Music after nine. Hot vittles.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. **JULIE WILSON,** who's always in motion and whose emotions are always visible, is singing Jules Styne compositions at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

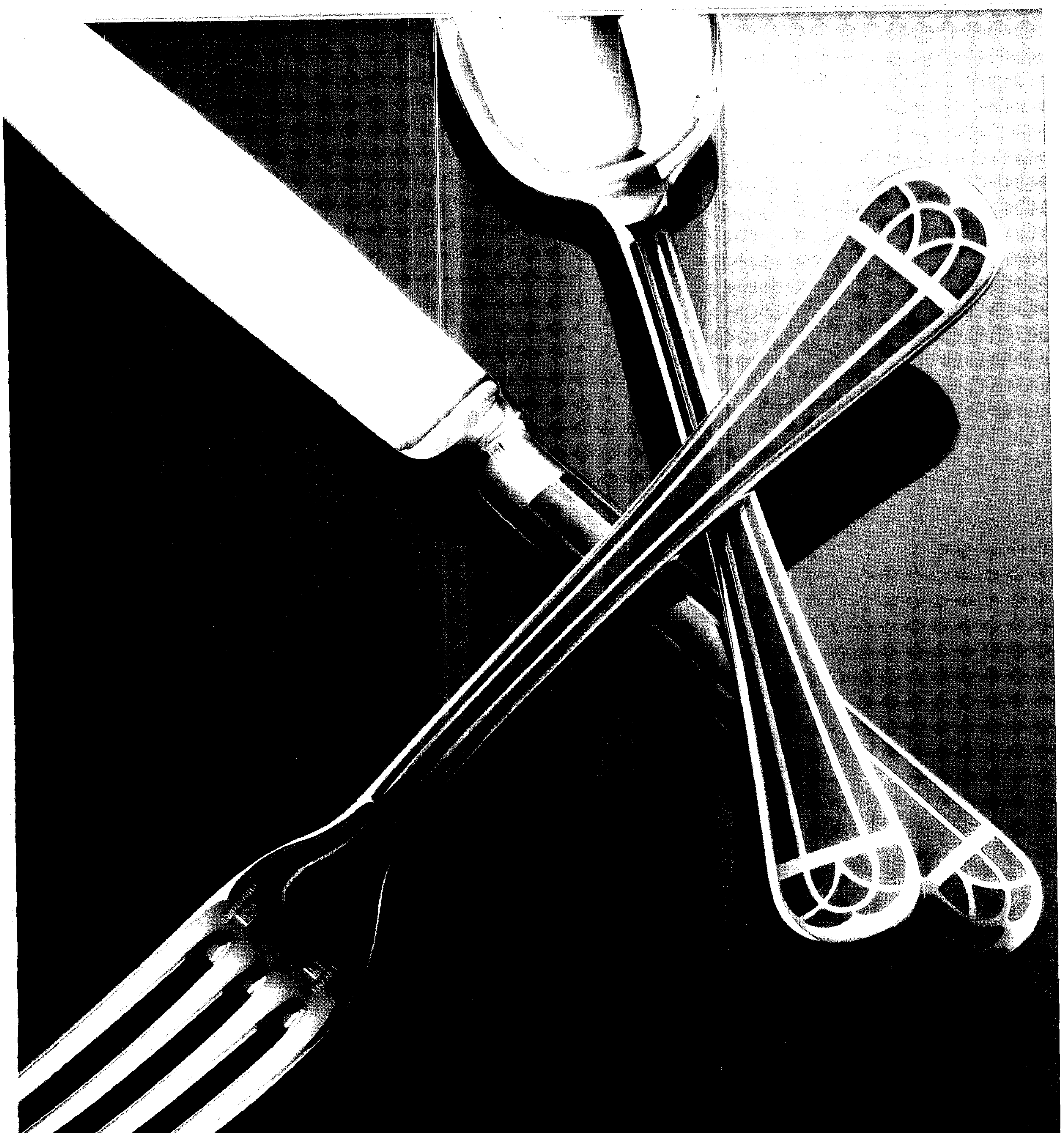
MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. **ROBBEN FORD,** a guitarist whom the club's proprietor and others in the know rave about, is here with his band on Friday and Saturday, April 22-23. Music from about ten until two.

SIBERIA, 804 Washington St., near Horatio St. (463-7845)—A rock place, just a stone's throw from the Hudson. The foresighted arrive late (elevenish on school nights, midnight on weekends) and in a condition to understand what it is that the band White Zombie or the performance group Phred is trying to say to them. The **CUCUMBERS,** a rock quartet from Hoboken, perform on Saturday, April 23; they do a bouncy, funny song about treating babies gently ("Hey, can you remember when you were a softhead?") and one (sung by Deena Shoshkes, who has a little, flirty, countryish voice) about lazy but lovable boyfriends. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 19-20, the Four Stars, a group from Zaire; Thursday, April 21, reggae-ist Frankie Paul; Friday and Saturday, April 22-23, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** and Tuesday and Wednesday, April 26-27, Dissidenten, a German-Moroccan group. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—In this Village meetinghouse South African-born pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** and his lilting septet, **EKAYA,** play Tuesday through Sunday, April 19-24. On Tuesday, April 26, tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** and his octet will provide jubilant, hard-swinging music. On Monday, April 18, pianist **ELIANE ELIAS** and her trio perform. Shows from ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—What would a night club be without smoke, mirrors, and a white piano? It wouldn't be this sleek jazz and soul room. The Dells, a vocal group formed in Chicago



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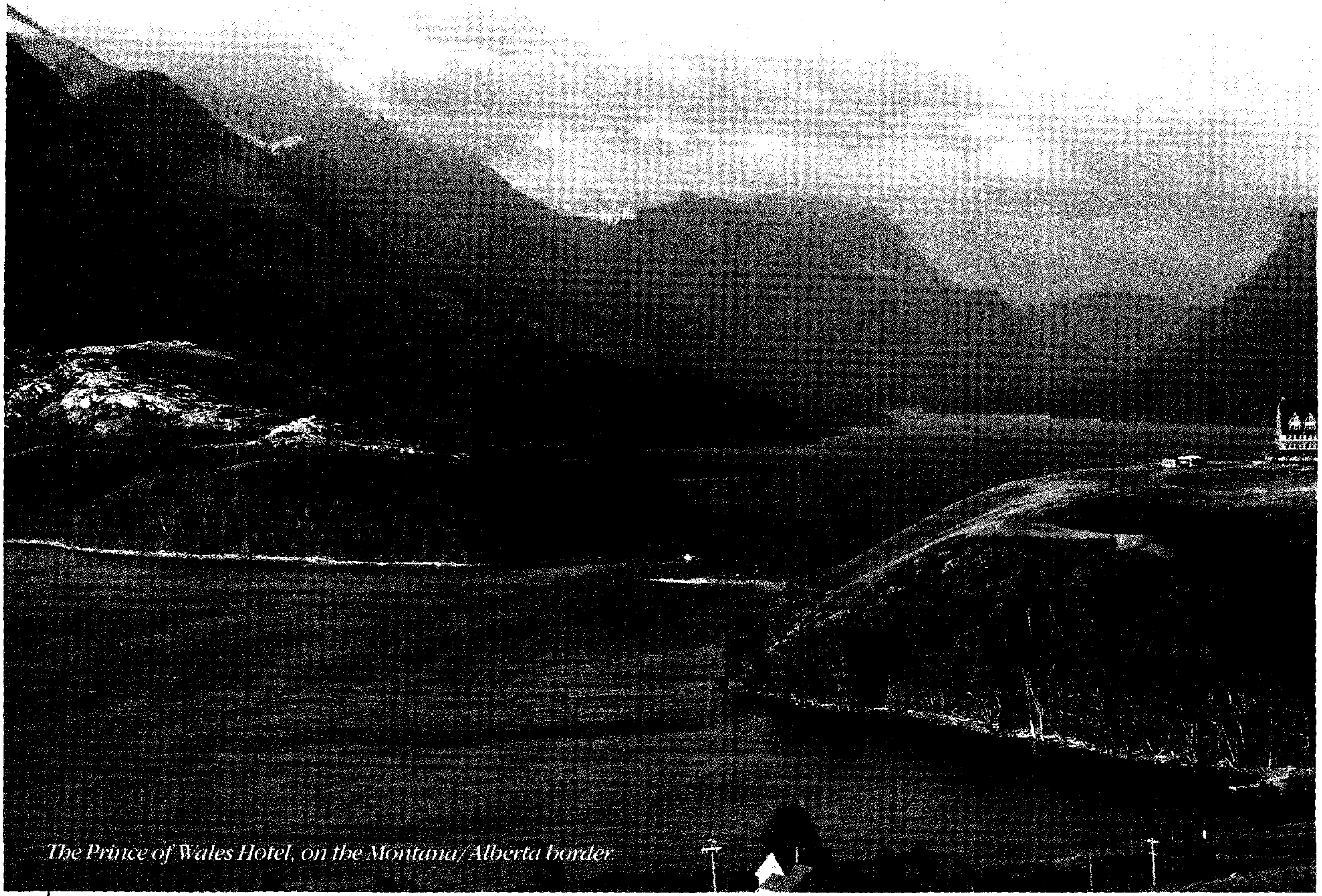

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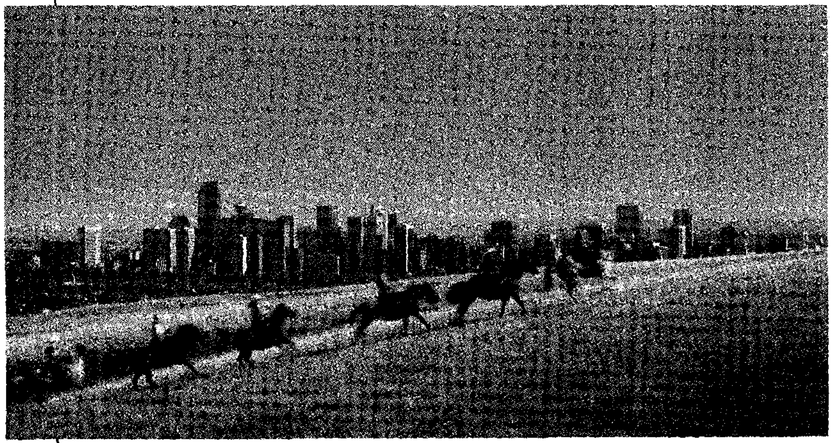

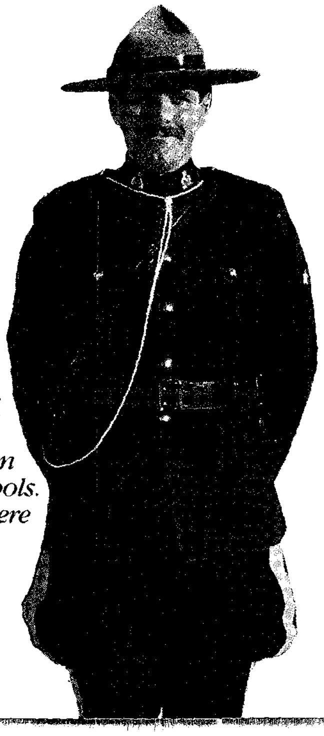

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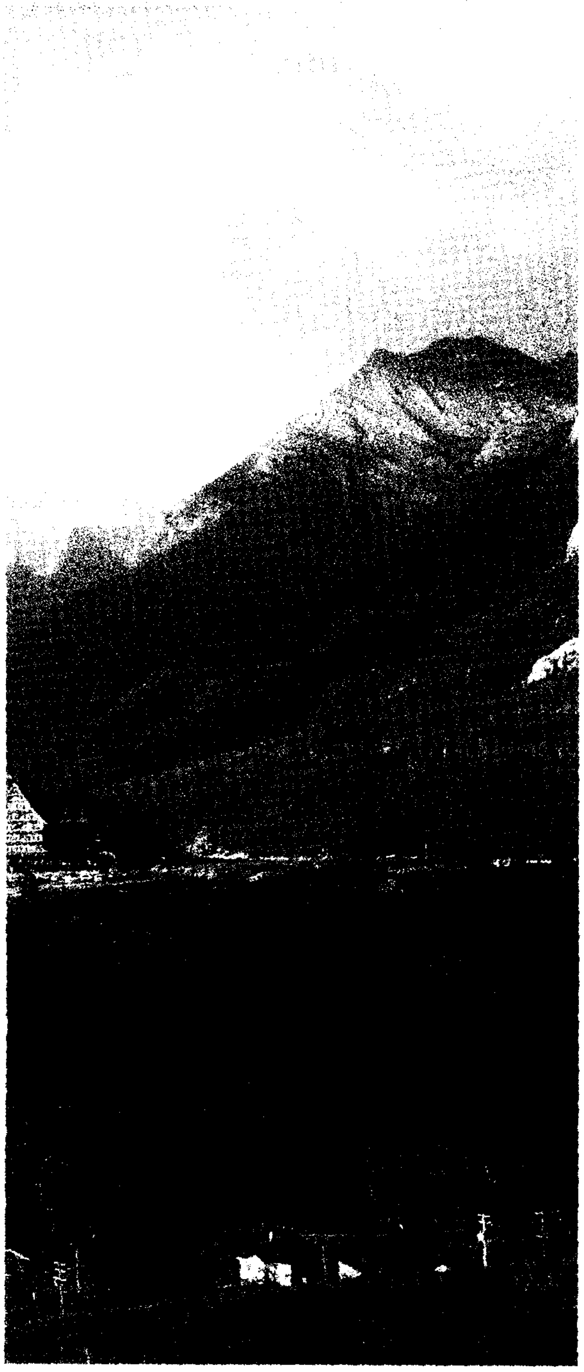

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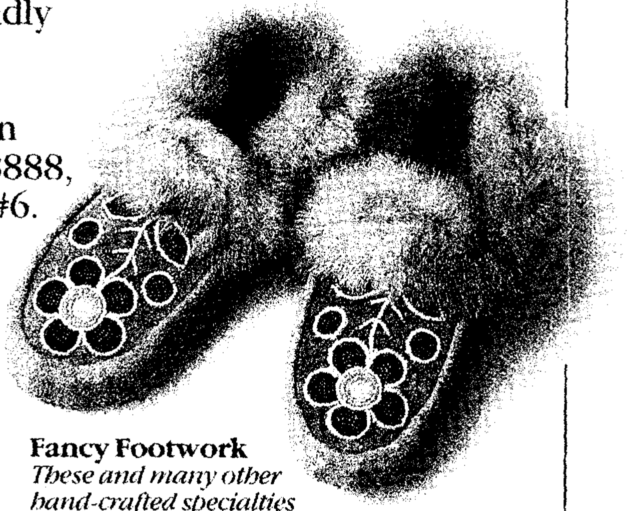

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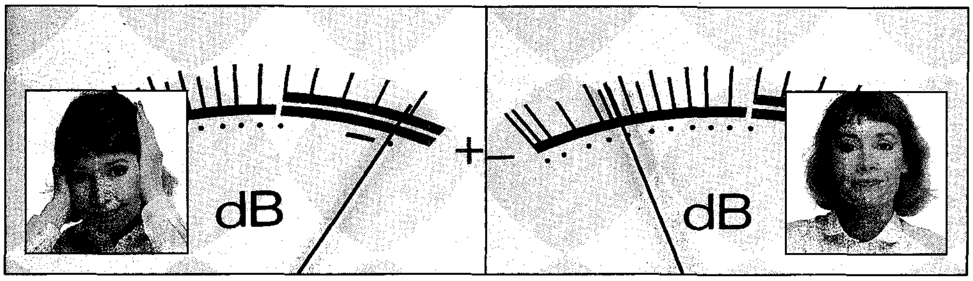

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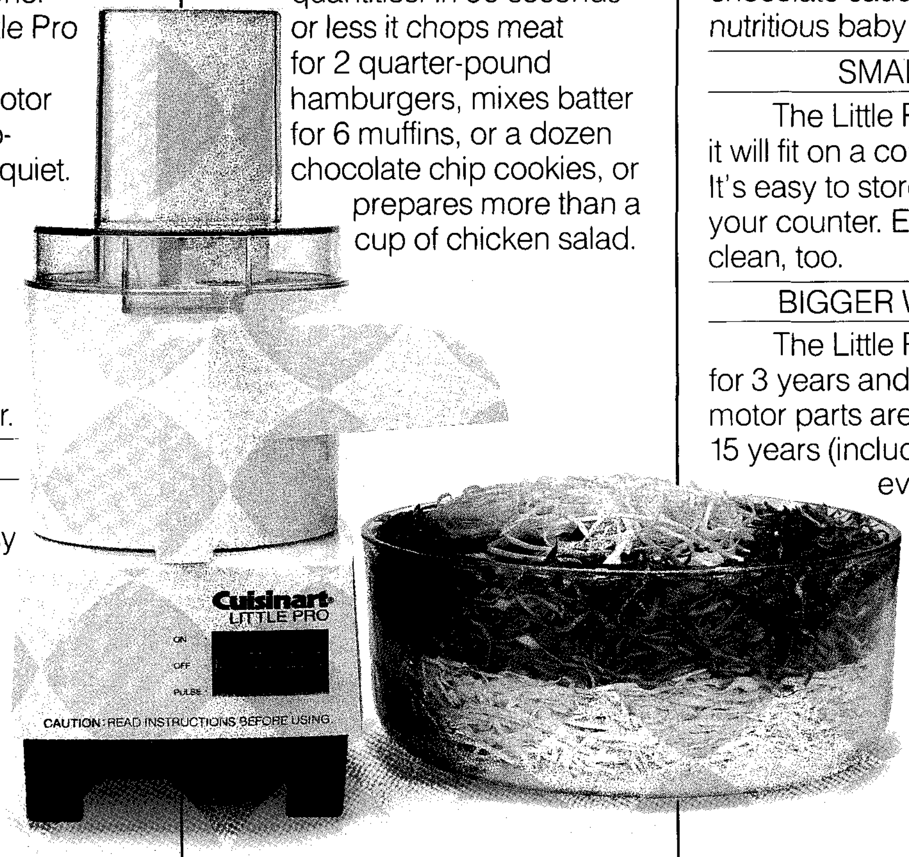

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

thirty-four years ago, sing here Thursday through Saturday, April 21-23. Music after nine. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the boys and girls in the back room mainly do. The **SURREAL MC COYS,** a local country-rock quintet, call this place home on Mondays. The other night, they did a Jim Reeves song, a couple of riding-down-the-highway-of-life numbers (one of which featured **KEVIN TRAINOR,** the band's singer and ringleader, playing careening slide guitar, using an old honky-tonk prop, a bottle of Bud, as a slide), "I Guess I Woke Up on the Right Side of the Wrong Bed Again" (a piece of Trainor whimsy that he called "a little Chinese folk song"), and a passionately declaimed song about the right to speak your mind in the U.S.A. Shows after (sometimes long after) nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the gym-size downstairs room, **NELL CARTER,** the effervescent singer and star of Broadway's "Ain't Misbehavin'" and TV's "Gimme a Break," will perform jazz, rock, gospel, and show tunes Tuesday through Saturday, April 19-23, at eight and eleven, and Sunday, April 24, at four and seven-thirty. Latin-jazz bands and their dancing fans shake it up on Mondays after nine-thirty. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the airy space known as the Terrace Bar, you can listen to the piano-bass team of **JACK WILSON** and Nat Reeves Tuesday through Sunday, April 19-24, and to **HAROLD MABERN** and **JAMIL NASSER** starting Tuesday, April 26. On Tuesdays the visiting duo trades sets with **HELLMAN'S ANGELS,** a string trio whose head angel, **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** plays the harp. All these groups from about ten. The piano is in **PATTI BOWN'S** eccentric and entertaining hands from six to ten Fridays through Sundays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. Blues-leaning tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** leads a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, April 19-24. Starting Tuesday, April 26, trumpeter **TERENCE BLANCHARD** and alto saxophonist **DONALD HARRISON** co-pilot a quintet. Mondays are prime time for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. Ben Shearer sings with drummer **CHIP WHITE'S** quintet Wednesday through Sunday, April 20-24. Mondays are comedy nights, and Tuesdays are the property of **ED POLCER'S** Dixieland group. Shows from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. **RUBY BRAFF,** a pippin of a cornettist, and guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN** play nightly except Sundays. They are joined by bassist **JACK LESBERG** through Saturday, April 23, and by bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** starting Monday, April 25. Sundays are in the nimble hands of guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and Mr. Moore. Music from eight nightly except Sundays, when it starts at seven.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Miriam Makeba—With Hugh Masekela and the cast of "Sarafina!" (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Monday, April 18, at 8.)

Michael Feinstein—Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesday, April 19, at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8. Through Sunday, May 15.

Old-Time Mountain Music—With Virgil Anderson, Clyde Davenport, the Troxell Brothers, and Johnny Ray Hicks. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Friday, April 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

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Craig Harris & Tailgaters Tales—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Saturday, April 23, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the concerts.

New York Strings—With Jon Faddis, trumpet. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Monday, April 25, at 8.)

Beacon Theatre—Wednesday, April 20: The Alarm. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 23: Icehouse and Men Without Hats. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 26: Sinéad O'Connor. (Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Evenings at 8.)

Performing Garage—Thursday, April 21: John Zorn. . . . ¶ Friday, April 22: Alva Rogers. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 23: David Linton. (33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Evenings at 8.)

Benefit Concert—The Lesbian and Gay Big Apple Corps Symphonic Band and the Hot Lavender Swing Band. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, April 21, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Josef Albers (1888-1976)—Nine paintings from his "Homage to the Square" series. Through April 30. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. A retrospective of the artist's work is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

George Ault (1891-1948)—Paintings and drawings in a broad range of styles by an artist usually identified as a Precisionist. Through June 4. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

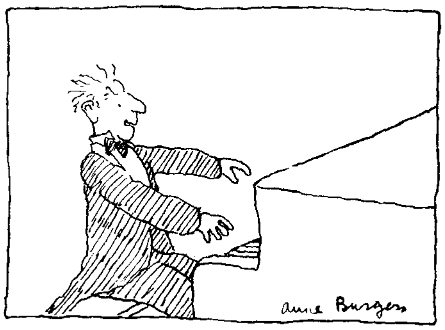
Lisa Collado—Figurative collages by an artist who begins with paper torn from magazines and then adds, among other things, found objects and original poetry. Through May 7. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

Paul Delvaux and René Magritte (1898-1967)—Paintings and drawings by these Belgian Surrealists. Through June 18. (Elkon, 18 E. 81st St.)

Alberto Giacometti (1901-66)—Pencil drawings. Through May 14. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

Anthony Green and Mary Cozens-Walker—In Mr. Green's facetious paintings and drawings, he and his wife, Ms. Cozens-Walker, appear before, during, and after their sexual collaborations. Ms. Cozens-Walker responds with comic sculptures, one of which is a papier-mâché, fabric, and yarn bust with two interchangeable heads: her own and Mr. Green's. Through April 30. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Michael Heizer—Imposing sculptural works resembling geological specimens—each looks as though it has been dipped in lava but the mediums are actually modified concrete and wood. Through Friday, April 22. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)



Richard Hickam—Abstract paintings, many of them vaguely figurative. Through April 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Sandra Mackintosh—Slender black wood sculptures representing birds. Through May 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Reeve Schley / Lucy Mitchell—Watercolors. / Collages, many combining stamps and leaves. Through Saturday, April 23. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Philip Smith—Large white paintings whose motifs have been scratched into the medium with a screwdriver. Through May 7. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Theodoros Stamos—New paintings from this veteran Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, April 23. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Augusto Torres—Paintings and drawings by this Uruguayan modernist. Through July 31. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Nada Nadežda Vitorović—Paintings derived from Yugoslavian fairy tales, some comprising as many as nineteen interchangeable canvases. Through May 7. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Folk Art Fakes and Forgeries—This show, presented by the Museum of American Folk Art, zeroes in on counterfeit folk art by displaying it with the real thing. Boxes, paintings, rugs, weathervanes, and furniture. Through April 30. (Hirschl & Adler Folk, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BABCOCK,** 20 E. 67th St.: A selection of nineteenth-century American paintings, including works by Arthur B. Davies, Asher B. Durand, and Louis Eilshemius. Through April 30. (Closes at 4 on Saturdays.) . . . **LA BOETIE,** 9 E. 82nd St.: Works by vanguard European and American women artists, architects, and designers who worked between 1900 and 1940—Popova, Modersohn-Becker, Delaunay, Krasner, Gray, and others. Through May 31.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Richard Ballard—Paintings centering on either trees or bales of hay. Through April 30. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ New landscape drawings. Through May 7. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

Kent Bellows—Photo-Realist pencil-on-paper portraits. Through April 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Mattie Berhang—Hanging sculptures, each a patchwork of metal parts that come together like notes on a sheet of music. Through May 7. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Martin Chirino—Forged-steel sculptures. Through April 30. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet (1901-85)—Sculptures in the "Hourloupe" series, and paintings. Through April 30. (James Goodman, now at 41 E. 57th St.)

Gonzalo Fonseca—Sculptures. Through April 30. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Chuck Forsman—New realist paintings on Masonite, set in sculptured frames. Through Saturday, April 23. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

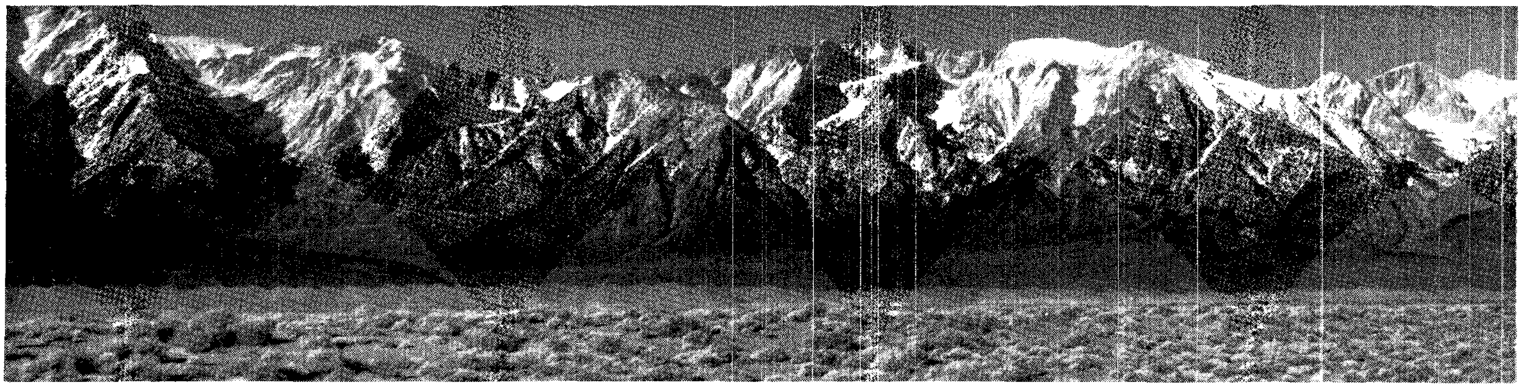
Helen Frankenthaler / Jules Olitski—Folding screens made of cast bronze and color intaglios. Through Saturday, April 23. / Stain paintings in prismatic colors, dating from the sixties. Through April 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Landscapes and cityscapes that look on the bright side of things. Through Wednesday, April 27. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Greene / Robert Mapplethorpe—Landscape paintings dotted with small figures. / Dye-transfer prints of still-lifes and figures. Through Saturday, April 23. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Valerie Jaudon—Large-scale geometric paintings. Through Saturday, April 23. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Jenkins—Paintings with rich, flowing colors, and collages, some of which incorpo-



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Several years before marketing gurus began hailing walking as the "exercise of the 80's", we at Rockport were committed to better understanding the benefits of walking as an exercise.

So when Rob Sweetgall, who lost several members of his family to heart disease, wanted to promote the health benefits of walking by traveling across America on foot, Rockport supported him.

Financially, so doctors could monitor the effect this incredible journey was having on the human body.

And with our walking shoes, so that our engineers could better understand the effect an 11,208 mile walk was having on our products.

But as dramatic as Rob Sweetgall's walk was, for us it was just another step in our on-going commitment.

In 1985, we formed the Rockport Walking Institute, the nation's first organization dedicated to research and education on walking.

Its effects have already been felt. In articles, seminars, walking clubs, and most important of all, in the Rockport Fitness Walking Test.™

Unlike most tests, the Rockport Fitness Walking Test™ is the first designed for people who are in great shape *and* people who aren't. Giving them a way to get started on an exercise program that they can live with for years to come.

But perhaps the nicest thing to remember about Rockport's commitment to walking is that it comes built-in to every pair of walking shoes we make.

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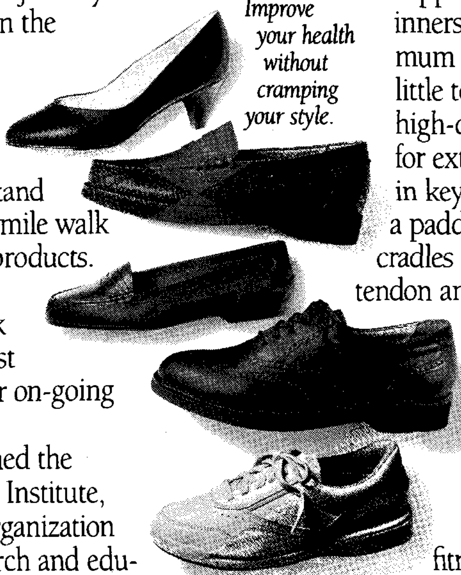
Consider the Rockport ProWalker, which one magazine called, the "Mercedes-Benz of walking shoes."

It features innovations like a dual heel counter system for maximum support and a 3-layer innersole for maximum comfort. And little touches like high-density poron for extra cushioning in key stress points, a padded collar that cradles the achilles tendon and a seam construction that helps prevent blisters. ProWalker was the first shoe designed exclusively for fitness walking. And it's still major strides ahead of anything on the market today.



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In September, 1984, a man named Rob Sweetgall began a walk that took him across 50 states in 50 weeks. 11,208 miles by foot. His objective: to promote the significant benefits walking can have on cardiovascular health. His shoes: Rockports.

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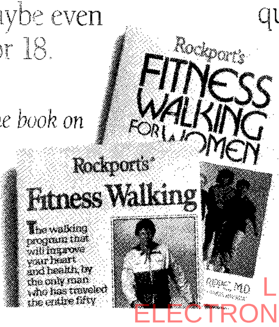

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ART—Cont'd

rate bits of text and found objects. Through May 14. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—Recent paintings. Through May 7. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alex Katz—Landscapes and cityscapes painted with the darker colors of his palette; for instance, a few lighted windows give shape to a black skyscraper, and a patch of midnight-blue sky is the only small break in a huge black canvas. Through Saturday, April 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Cityscapes by Mr. Katz are also on view at Audiello, 142 Greene St. Through April 30.

Herbert Katzman—Portraits. Through May 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Edward Kienholz and Nancy Reddin Kienholz—A joint exhibit of constructions using found objects and other materials to make ersatz TV sets and radios. Through May 14. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jim Lawrence / Sam Messer—Loosely painted figurative sculptures bordering on kitsch. / Grotesque figures are the subjects of works on paper and sculptures. Through Wednesday, April 27. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Marin (1870-1953)—Paintings from the thirties by this early modernist. Through Saturday, April 23. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jan Matulka (1890-1972)—Landscapes and still-lifes from the twenties and thirties. Through May 4. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Barnett Newman (1905-70)—A loan show of thirteen paintings. Through May 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Paintings, sculptures, and prints from 1950 to 1973. Through June 17. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

Donald Shambroom—Oil paintings of imaginary construction sites, with rusty backhoes, bulldozers, cranes, and trucks among buildings that appear to be falling down as they are going up. Through Saturday, April 23. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

Kimber Smith (1922-81)—Abstract paintings. Through May 7. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

Donald Sultan—Recent drawings. Through April 30. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Exhibitions of the artist's work are also at the Museum of Modern Art and the Brooklyn Museum.)

John Van Alstine—Sculptures. Through April 30. (Haime, now at 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **deutsch**, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings of American towns and cities in the first half of this century, by Ralston Crawford, Alice Neel, Charles Burchfield, and others. Through Wednesday, April 27. . . . **frumkin-adams**, 50 W. 57th St.: Three-dimensional painted works, one of them a sort of dog-table by Roy De Forest, carved out of cherry and jelutong. Through April 30. . . . **marian goodman**, 24 W. 57th St.: Works by Bernd and Hilla Becher, Gerhard Richter, and others. Through May 7. (Open Mondays.) . . . **grand central art galleries**, 24 W. 57th St.: American Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings, including works by Childe Hassam, George Inness, Theresa Bernstein, and Gladys Rockmore Davis. Through May 14. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Hanno Ahrens—Wood-and-plaster sculptures. Through May 7. (Sharpe, 152 Wooster St.)

Vincent Arcilesi—Drawings of female nudes. Through Sunday, April 24. (Noho, 168 Mercer St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Frances Barth—Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, April 23. (Liguori, 93 Grand St.)

Temma Bell—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figures. Through May 4. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Gretchen Bender—Politically inspired assemblages that incorporate video, photographs, and computer graphics. Through Saturday, April 23. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Monica Bernier—Large-scale still-lifes that border on the abstract. Through May 4. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster Street. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Jonathan Borofsky—A sculptural installation, plus paintings. Through April 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Gregory Botts—Abstract paintings. Through May 7. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Hans Breder—Geometric paintings, drawings, and sculptures, and a video. Through Wednesday, April 27. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St.)

James Brooks / Giorgio Cavallon—Abstract paintings. / Watercolors by an Abstract Expressionist. Through April 30. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Daria Dorosh—Paintings. Through Saturday, April 23. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Heide Fasnacht—Painted wood sculptures. Through May 11. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Lothar Fischer—Totemic metal sculptures; first one-man show in New York. Through May 7. (Haller, 415 West Broadway.)

Jack Forsell—Relief paintings that incorporate, among other things, found objects and ceramics. Through April 30. (Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Gérard Garouste—Paintings inspired by Dante's "Divine Comedy." Through Saturday, April 23. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Paul Giovanopoulos / Evelyn Ellwood—Paintings, each offering variations on a single subject; for instance, Mona Lisa appears as if painted by Botticelli, Lichtenstein, Dali, and others. / Paintings. Through April 30. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Juan Gonzalez / Michael Gregory—Surreal landscape paintings dating from 1975 to the present. / Oil-and-tar landscape paintings on horizontal canvases. Through May 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Hans Haacke—Three new works that comment on (a) art, (b) politics, and (c) business. Through April 30. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Susan Hall—Grisaille paintings of solitary figures on beaches. Through Saturday, April 23. (Trabia-MacAfee, 54 Greene St.)

James Hennessey—New paintings of figures in surreal environments. Through May 5. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

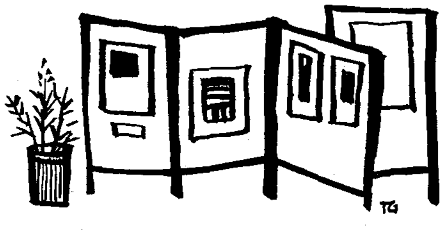
Ian Hornak—Vivid, detailed paintings of bouquets of flowers, often surrounded by birds, butterflies, or seashells; in some cases the paintings extend onto their large wood frames. Through May 11. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

Yvonne Jacquette—New paintings of Manhattan, including a series on Times Square, which the artist, in her customary urban plein-air approach, began sketching from a room in the Marriott Marquis, Broadway at Forty-fifth Street. Through May 11. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Christopher James—Watercolors and photographs that offer an irreverent perspective on the Vatican; one watercolor shows three nuns in brilliant-red habits. Through May 14. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Leonard Koscianski—Paintings of landscapes that are simultaneously threatening and idyllic. Through May 3. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Christopher Le Brun—Primarily abstract paintings, each with a representation of a coniferous tree. Through May 7. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)



Julian Lethbridge—Paintings; first solo show in New York. Through April 30. (Pretto, 103 Sullivan St. Opens at 1.)

Clyde Lynds / Mary Shaffer—Stelae threaded with fibre optics. / Iron-and-glass maquettes. Through April 30. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Russell Maltz—Constructions of painted sheets of wood which resemble color-field paintings. Through May 7. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Louis (Cork) Marcheschi—Neon-light sculptures, some of them kinetic. Through April 30. (Nerlino-McGear, 96 Greene St.)

Brice Marden—New abstract paintings. Through May 7. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

J. Pindyck Miller—Painted geometric wall reliefs—corrugated cardboard, birchwood, and asphalt felt, among other things, are superimposed on canvas. Also, bronzes. Through Saturday, April 23. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Peter Nadin—Recent paintings and works on paper. Through April 30. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Annette Oko / Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—Photo-Realist paintings. / Color lithographs. Through April 30. (Zarre, 379 West Broadway.)

Miklos Pogany—Abstract works on paper. Through April 30. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Anne and Patrick Poirier—Stainless-steel sculptures in the style of Greco-Roman columns. Also, photographs with Greek texts painted in red over them like graffiti. Through May 7. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Richard Prince—New photographs by an artist who re-photographs newspaper and magazine pictures. Also, paintings. Through April 30. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Edwin Ruda—New abstract paintings. Through April 30. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Wade Saunders—Sixty bronzes made to rock back and forth and hold water. Through Saturday, April 23. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

Anne Tabachnick—Recent paintings. Through April 30. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Donald Traver—New paintings. Through May 7. (McDonald, 560 Broadway.)

Ursula von Rydingsvärd—Large, redolent carved-cedar sculptures. Through April 30. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

Joan Witek—Abstract paintings characterized by a liberal use of white and irregular black markings. Through Saturday, April 23. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Brian Wood—Recent drawings, photographs, and prints. Through April 30. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center**, 35 Wooster St.: A selection of sixty-nine drawings that the curator has categorized as art that copies art. Michelangelo, Dürer, Watteau, Cézanne, and Picasso are among the copiers. Through July 23. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **soho 20**, 469 Broome St.: Recent works in various mediums by Madeleine Gekiere, Esther Gentle, Claire Moore, and Lil Picard—all of whom began working in the thirties or forties. Through April 30. . . . **steinbaum**, 132 Greene St.: Furniture, drawings, and photographs in an exhibition that chronicles the role of women in twentieth-century furniture design; pieces by Eileen Gray, Florence Knoll, Judy Kensley McKie, Gail Fredell Smith, and others. Through May 14.

OTHER GALLERIES

Sergio Camporeale—Figurative watercolors. Through May 15. (Humphrey, 37 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Robert Gober and Christopher Wool—Paintings and sculptures by two artists who work together and separately. Through May 8. (303 Gallery, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Jene Highstein—Three six-to-seven-foot-tall elm-wood carvings, plus works on paper. Through April 30. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

Peter Hopkins—Paintings. Through May 8. (American Fine Arts, 511 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Stephen Lack—"The Breadline 1990" and "Landscape with Cigarette Burn" are two of the works in a contemplative show that includes both large- and small-scale paintings. Through May 1. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Christy Rupp—Sculptures, including "Deadline," which features a life-size cardboard-and-steel dinosaur called a Deconstructadon. Through Sunday, April 24. (P.P.O.W, 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Julie Wachtel—New paintings. Through Sunday, April 24. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

P.S. 1—"Brazil Projects" is part exhibition and part festival; it includes works by nearly seventy Brazilian painters, sculptors, photographers, video artists, and architects. For information about film screenings and musical performances, which will be held at other places, call 1-718 784-2084. Through June 12. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Margaret Bourke-White (1904-71) / **Wu Yinxian**—A retrospective of works by the photojournalist who did *Life's* first cover. / Photographs spanning the years from 1923 to 1986 which document the emergence of Communist China. Through May 1. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Barbara Ess—New photographs. Through Saturday, April 23. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Lee Friedlander—A series of photographs depicting industrial workers. Through May 14. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Gerald Incandela—Photographs of figures by an artist who alters his prints with a brush as he develops them. Through May 28. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.)

Lucas Samaras—Photographs. Through April 30. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **alternative museum**, 17 White St.: Photographs and videotapes of the Middle East, South Africa, and Central America done on assignment by photojournalists from all over the world. Through May 14. . . . **sander**, 51 Greene St.: Works by three artists—Les Levine, Jochen Gerz, and Roger Welch—who integrate photography in conceptual art projects. Levine, for instance, has mounted a three-wall installation conceived around a photograph from *Life* of President Nixon in China. Through May 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Fifty-one Dutch and Flemish paintings on loan from the Hermitage. Through June 5. . . . ¶ A show of Fragonard's paintings and drawings, which has travelled here from the Grand Palais, in Paris. Through May 8. Complementing this is the display of "The Progress of Love" at the Frick Collection (see below). (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of three reconstructed outdoor installations by Vito Acconci that are meant to be climbed through, sat on, whatever. One of them uses a half-dozen formerly abandoned cars. Through May 3. . . . ¶ Drawings by Paul Cézanne taken from five sketchbooks that are on loan from the Kunstmuseum, in Basel. Through June 5. . . . ¶ Large-scale prints of black lemons by Donald Sultan, who also has shows at the Brooklyn Museum and at Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Through May 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show that tracks collage and assemblage as explored by exponents of every ism from Cubism to Abstract Expressionism and beyond. The works are by Picasso, Duchamp, Ernst, Chamberlain, Rauschenberg, Nevel-

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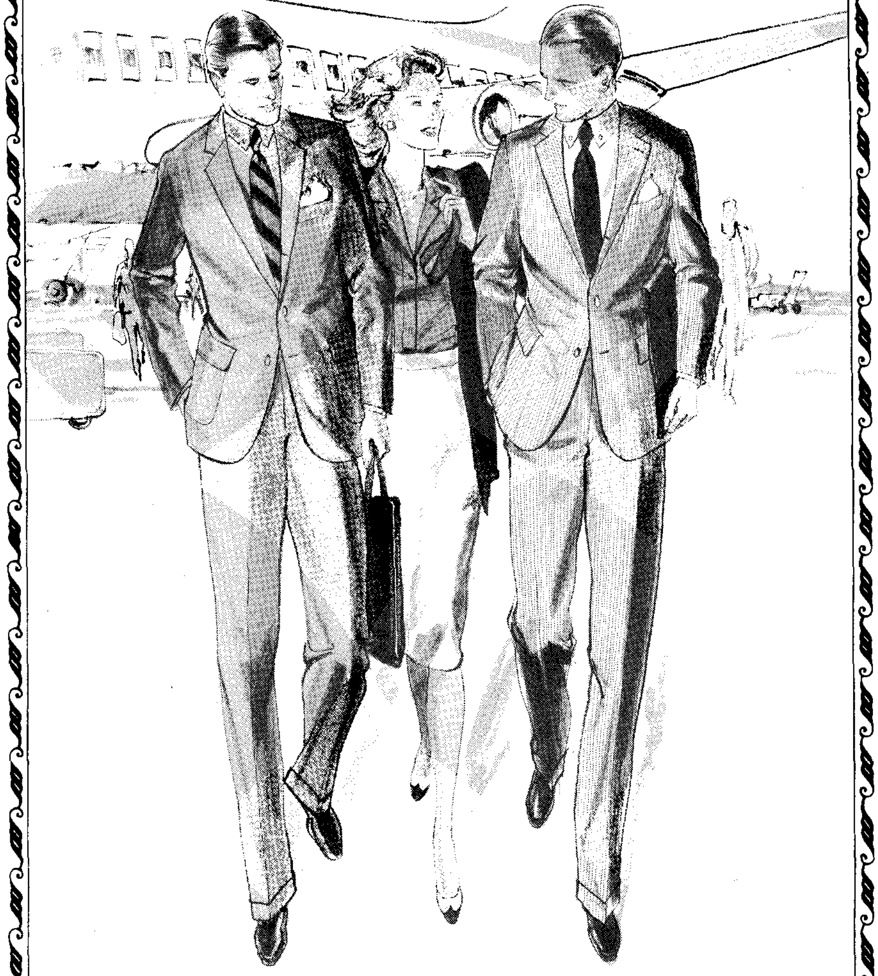

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ART—Cont'd

son, and Anne Ryan, among many others. Through May 22. . . . ¶ A large retrospective of Josef Albers' work includes paintings, objects, and photographs. Through May 29. A complementary show is at Gallery Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Paintings and drawings from the past twelve years by Elizabeth Murray. . . . ¶ Drawings by the contemporary artists George Condo, Mike Kelley, Ellen Phelan, and Janis Provisor. Both shows start Friday, April 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A survey of Donald Sultan's paintings and drawings dating from 1981 to 1987. Through June 13. Related shows are at the Museum of Modern Art and at Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A drawing and a sculpture each by forty contemporary Israeli artists, including Pinchas Cohen-Gan, Teresa Gejer, and Osvaldo Romberg. Through June 27. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of Tiffany dazzlers from the past century and a half, including the 128.54-carat Tiffany diamond and a 75-carat emerald brooch set with diamonds. Through June 5. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of neolithic Chinese jades—amulets and ceremonial objects—in a range of shades running from off-white to nearly black. Starts Friday, April 22. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Arts and Crafts Movement in America (1875-1920) is represented in a display of about two hundred objects, including stained glass, silver, books, furniture, jewelry, and textiles. Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—All fourteen canvases of Fragonard's "The Progress of Love" are on view (as usual), complementing the comprehensive show of the artist's work at the Metropolitan. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works by Leonid Pasternak (1862-1945), the Russian Impressionist painter and the father of Boris Pasternak. Genre scenes, landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits (of, for instance, Lenin, Tolstoy, and Einstein). Through May 22. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Works by the painter-sculptor Arbit Blatas, whose subject is stars of the New York music and theatre worlds, past and present. Appearing in the show are Toscanini and Bernstein, Pavarotti and Sutherland. Also, paintings of scenes from the current "Cabaret," with Joel Grey. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—This year's juried show has paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by artists from all over the United States. Among the prize-winners are Robert LaHotan, Lennart Anderson, and Marianna Pineda. Through May 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibit of paintings, oil studies, and drawings by Francis W. Edmonds, an early-nineteenth-century American specialist in genre scenes. Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. *Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.*)

OPERA

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Britten's "Midsummer Night's Dream," directed by Raymond Harvey, who will also conduct the Juilliard Orchestra. Staged by Dorothy Danner. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Friday, April 22, at 8; Sunday, April 24, at 3; and Tuesday, April 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

Amato Opera—Presenting final performances of "The Magic Flute." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, April 23, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 24, at 2:30.)

"Imeneo"—Rudolph Palmer directing a concert version of Handel's opera, with Julianne Baird and Beverly Hoch, sopranos; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; Jay A. Pierson, baritone; John Ostendorf, bass-baritone; the Brewer Chamber Orchestra; and a chorus. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, April 27, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—James DePreist conducting. Thursday through Saturday, April 21-23, at 8, and Tuesday, April 26, at 7:30: A Haydn-Persichetti-Tchaikovsky program. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, April 25, at 8: A benefit concert, with the Modern Jazz Quartet and the Boys Choir of Harlem. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372.)

Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, among other works, Spohr's quartet concerto in A Minor, with the Guarneri Quartet. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 21, at 7:30.)

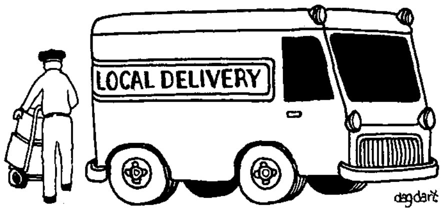
Minnesota Orchestra—Edo de Waart conducting, with Kathleen Battle, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 23, at 8.)

American Composers Orchestra—Paul Dunkel conducting a program of four premières, including Anthony Davis's "Notes from the Underground." Benita Valente will be the soprano soloist in Earl Kim's "Where Grief Slumbers." (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 24, at 3.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting, with the Taghkanic Chorale and Thomas Young, tenor. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, April 19, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Yakov Kreizberg conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, April 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Manhattan Symphony—David Gilbert conducting a program in honor of Vincent Persichetti. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Friday, April 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)



Beethoven Society—Presenting the Rutgers University Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Jens Nygaard. With Ilana Vered, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 23, at 3.)

Tribute to Loris Tjeknavorian—The composer will conduct members of the American Symphony Orchestra; the New York Choral Artists; Beverly Myers, soprano; and Robert White, tenor, in the New York premières of two of his works. (Church of St. Paul the Apostle, 415 W. 59th St. Saturday, April 23, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—With Heinz Holliger, oboe and English horn. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 25, at 8.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 27, at 8.)

Musica Sacra Chorus and Orchestra—Richard Westenburg *conducting, with* Costanza Cuccaro, soprano; Mary Ann Hart, mezzo-soprano; Howard Bender, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 20, at 7:30.)

Goodman Chamber Choir—Andrea Goodman directing. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. Sunday, April 24, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Zamir Chorale—Matthew Lazar directing traditional Israeli music, and other works. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, April 24, at 7.)

St. Paul's Cathedral Choir—John Scott conducting this nine-hundred-year-old choir from London. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. Tuesday, April 26, at 8. For information, call 751-1616, Ext. 227.)

RECITALS

Sherrill Milnes—Baritone. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 20, at 8.)

Tribute to Hugo Kauder—In honor of his centenary. With Lilian Kallir and Claude Frank, piano; David Jolley, horn; the Hampshire String Quartet; and others. (Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St. Wednesday, April 20, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Joseph Smith—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 20, at 8.)

Ursula Oppens—Piano. (92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 21, at 8.)

Ryo Noda—Saxophone, with assisting artists. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Thursday, April 21, at 8.)

Cleveland String Quartet—With André-Michel Schub, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday, April 22, at 8.)

Emanuel Ax—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 22, at 8.)

Alaria Chamber Ensemble—With Patricia Spencer, flute, in a program that includes the première of Eric Sawyer's "Visitation." (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, April 22, at 8.)

Gregory Haimovsky—Piano, in an all-Debussy program. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Saturday, April 23, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Peter Schreier—Tenor, in an all-lieder program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, April 23, at 8.)

Laurentian String Quartet—With Margaret Mills, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, April 23, at 9.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, April 24, at 2.)

Lucille Beer—Mezzo-soprano, with Michael Barrett, piano. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Sunday, April 24, at 3. *For information about tickets, call* 242-4770.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—With Douglas Boyd, oboe, and artists of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 24, at 5, and Tuesday, April 26, at 7:30.) . . . **Note:** On Saturday, April 23, at 6, the Chamber Music Society will play most of its Tully Hall program at the Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.

Music Before 1800—Presenting Pomerium Musices and the Baltimore Consort. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, April 24, at 4. Tickets at the door a half hour before the concert.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 24, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—With Thomas Bogdan, tenor; David Hamilton, baritone; and the New York Treble Singers. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, April 26, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Yefim Bronfman. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 27, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—In an all-Beethoven program. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 27, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Eugenia Zukerman and Anthony Newman—Flute and harpsichord, playing music from the time of Louis XIV. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Monday, April 25, at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, for Shea Stadium 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Monday through Wednesday, April 18-20, at 7:35. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Friday and Saturday, April 22-23, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 24, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 26-27, at 7:30.

Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Chicago Bulls, Tuesday, April 19, at 7:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Atlanta Hawks, Tuesday, April 19, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee Bucks, Saturday, April 23, at 7:30.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, May 9. The Wood Memorial Invitational, Saturday, April 23.

ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—Robert Hass reading from his own poetry. (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. Wednesday, April 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Maureen Howard, Cynthia Macdonald, and Toni Morrison reading from the prose of Margery Latimer, Storm Jameson, and Antonia White. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. Friday, April 22, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Chinua Achebe reading from his own prose, August Wilson reading from his own plays, Rita Dove reading from her own poetry, and other readers. (New York Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. Sunday, April 24, at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the reading.) . . . ¶ Irina Ratushinskaya reading from her own poetry, in Russian, with English translations read by Frances Padorr Brent; and Adam Zagajewski reading from his own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, April 25, at 8.) . . . ¶ Rita Dove and Rosanna Warren reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, April 26, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Roger Angell reading from his new book, "Season Ticket," and from other works. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, April 27, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Armory Antiques Show—Among this spring's exhibits will be Sheraton, Belter, Shaker, and Art Deco furniture, and silver, porcelains, and clocks. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday, April 20, from 4 to 9; Thursday through Saturday, April 21-23, from noon to 9; and Sunday, April 24, from noon to 6.)

Walking Tour—A guided tour of Chelsea, sponsored by the New-York Historical Society, will be given on Sunday, April 24 (rain or shine), starting at the Chelsea Hotel, Twenty-third Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, at 2. Tickets can be purchased at the time of the tour.

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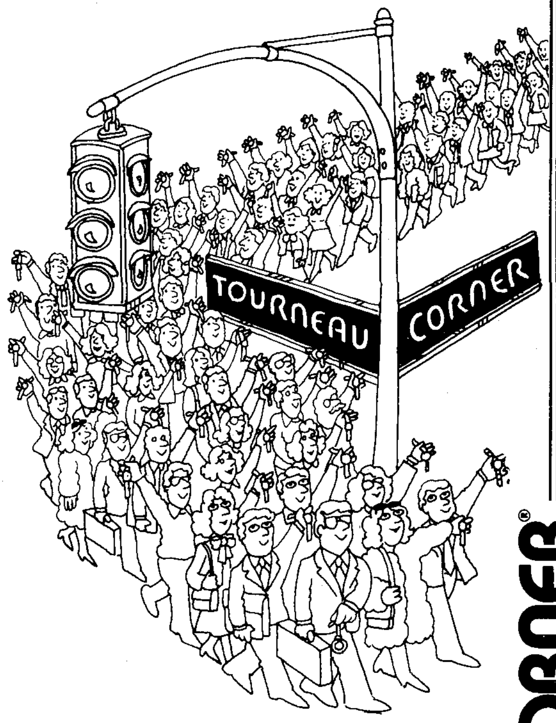

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through April 21: A program of over twenty film and video documentaries.
From April 22: A festival of Orson Welles films.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Beetlejuice" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Seventh Sign" (directed by Carl Schultz), with Demi Moore, Michael Biehn, and Jürgen Prochnow.
Theatre 3: "Appointment with Death" (Michael Winner), with Peter Ustinov.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Colors" (Dennis Hopper), with Sean Penn and Robert Duvall.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 21: "A New Life" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Ann-Margret. From April 22 (tentative): "Permanent Record" (Marisa Silver).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Beetlejuice" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Tokyo Pop" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Carrie Hamilton.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Return to Snowy River, Part II" (Geoff Burrowes), with Tom Burlinson.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through April 21: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.
From April 22: "A Time of Destiny" (Gregory Nava), with William Hurt, Timothy Hutton, and Melissa Leo.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Moderns" (Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 21: "Beetlejuice" (†). From April 22 (tentative): "Casual Sex" (Genevieve Robert), with Lea Thompson.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 2: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.

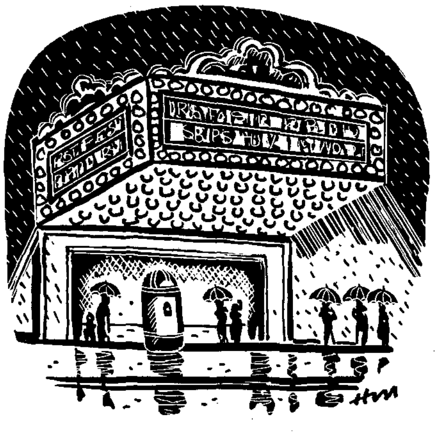
D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through April 21: "The Dead" (†). From April 22: "Eat the Rich" (Peter Richardson).
Theatre 2: Through April 21: "Night Zoo" (Jean-Claude Lauzon; in French). From April 22: "Blue Iguana" (John Lafia), with Dylan McDermott and Jessica Harper.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Appointment with Death" (Michael Winner), with Peter Ustinov.
Theatre 2: Through April 21: "The Seventh Sign" (Carl Schultz), with Demi Moore, Michael Biehn, and Jürgen Prochnow. From April 22: "Stormy Monday" (Mike Figgis), with Melanie Griffith, Tommy Lee Jones, Sting, and Sean Bean.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 21: "Dominick and Eugene" (Robert M. Young), with Tom Hulce and Ray Liotta. From April 22 (tentative): "Permanent Record" (Marisa Silver).



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Zelly and Me" (Tina Rathborne), with Isabella Rossellini.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 21: "Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.
From April 22 (tentative): "Casual Sex" (Genevieve Robert), with Lea Thompson.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Colors" (Dennis Hopper), with Sean Penn and Robert Duvall.
Theatre 2: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through April 21: "Return to Snowy River, Part II" (Geoff Burrowes), with Tom Burlinson. From April 22: "Bloodsport" (Newt Arnold), with Jean Claude Van Damme.
Theatre 2: Through April 21: "Bad Dreams" (Andrew Fleming), with Jennifer Rubin. From April 22: "The Unholy" (Camilo Vila), with Ben Cross, Ned Beatty, and William Russ.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through April 26: "She Must Be Seeing Things" (directed by Sheila McLaughlin), with Sheila Dabney. From April 27: "A Hungry Feeling: The Life and Death of Brendan Behan" (1987; Allan Miller), a documentary.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through April 21: (Separate admissions) "Manon of the Spring" (†) and "Jean de Florette" (†). From April 22: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through April 21: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†). From April 22: To be announced.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Hairspray" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 21: "Bad Dreams" (Andrew Fleming), with Jennifer Rubin. From April 22: "Love is a Dog from Hell" (Dominique Deruddere; in Flemish).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stand and Deliver" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through April 21: "Bright Lights, Big City" (†). From April 22: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 21: "Stars and Bars" (Pat O'Connor), with Daniel Day Lewis. From April 22: "Mondo New York" (Harvey Keith).
Theatre 4: Through April 21: "Hope and Glory" (†). From April 22: "A Time of Destiny" (Gregory Nava), with William Hurt, Timothy Hutton, and Melissa Leo.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 2: Through April 21: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal. From April 22 (tentative): "Casual Sex" (Genevieve Robert), with Lea Thompson.
Theatre 3: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Dominick and Eugene" (Robert M. Young), with Tom Hulce and Ray Liotta.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Appointment with Death" (Michael Winner), with Peter Ustinov.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Through April 21: "Bellman and True" (Richard Loncraine), with Bernard Hill.
From April 22: "White Mischief" (Michael Radford), with Greta Scacchi, Charles Dance, and Joss Ackland.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"The Two Lives of Mattia Pascal" (Mario Monicelli; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through April 21: "Consuming Passions" (Giles Foster), with Vanessa Redgrave and Jonathan Pryce.
From April 22: To be announced.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Stand and Deliver" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Manchurian Candidate" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through April 21: "Subway to the Stars" (Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). From April 22: "Bagdad Cafe" (Percy Adlon).
Theatre 2: "The Pointsman" (Jos Stelling; in Dutch and French).
Theatre 3: "My Life as a Dog" (Lasse Hallström; in Swedish), with Anton Glanzelius.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Babette's Feast" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tampopo" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through April 20: "Fatal Attraction" (†). From April 21: "Someone to Love" (Henry Jaglom), with Orson Welles, Andrea Marcovicci, and Sally Kellerman.
Theatre 2: Through April 21: "Dominick and

Eugene" (Robert M. Young), with Tom Hulce and Ray Liotta. From April 22: "Stormy Monday" (Mike Figgis), with Melanie Griffith, Tommy Lee Jones, Sting, and Sean Bean.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: Through April 21: "Stand and Deliver" (†). From April 22 (tentative): "Permanent Record" (Marisa Silver).

Theatre 2: Through April 21: "The Seventh Sign" (Carl Schultz), with Demi Moore, Michael Biehn, and Jürgen Prochnow. From April 22 (tentative): "A Time of Destiny" (Gregory Nava), with William Hurt, Timothy Hutton, and Melissa Leo.

Theatre 3: "Bright Lights, Big City" (†).

Theatre 4: "Beetlejuice" (†).

Theatre 5: "Moonstruck" (†).

Theatre 6: "Colors" (Dennis Hopper), with Sean Penn and Robert Duvall.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: Through April 21: "Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick. From April 22: "Casual Sex" (Genevieve Robert), with Lea Thompson.

Theatre 2: "The Last Emperor" (†).

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)

"Return to Snowy River, Part II" (Geoff Burrowes), with Tom Burlinson.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Bad Dreams" (Andrew Fleming), with Jennifer Rubin.

Theatre 2: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Beetlejuice" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Seventh Sign" (directed by Carl Schultz), with Demi Moore, Michael Biehn, and Jürgen Prochnow.

Theatre 3: "School Daze" (Spike Lee).

Theatre 4: Through April 21: "The Seventh Sign." From April 22: "Bloodsport" (Newt Arnold), with Jean Claude Van Damme.

Theatre 5: "Bad Dreams" (Andrew Fleming), with Jennifer Rubin.

Theatre 6: "Retribution" (Guy Magar).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Bright Lights, Big City" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Masquerade" (†).

Theatre 3: "Return to Snowy River" (Geoff Burrowes), with Tom Burlinson.

Theatre 4: Through April 21: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†). From April 22: "Permanent Record" (Marisa Silver).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Colors" (Dennis Hopper), with Sean Penn and Robert Duvall.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through April 21: "Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.

From April 22: "Casual Sex" (Genevieve Robert), with Lea Thompson.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.

Theatre 2: Through April 21: "Broadcast News" (†). From April 22 (tentative): "The Unholy" (Camilo Vila), with Ben Cross, Ned Beatty, and William Russ.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"Off Limits" (Christopher Crowe), with Willem Dafoe and Gregory Hines.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

April 18: "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; directed by John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer; and "The Red Badge of Courage" (1951; John Huston), with Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin.

April 19-20: "American Madness" (1932; Frank Capra), with Walter Huston; and "Gabriel Over the White House" (1933; Gregory La Cava), with Walter Huston, Karen Morley, and Franchot Tone.

April 21-22: "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "Key Largo" (†).

From April 23: A festival of Israeli films.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 19: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (1987; Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco; and "Slamdance" (1987; Wayne Wang), with Tom Hulce and Elizabeth Mastrantonio.

April 20-21: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965) and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), both directed by Federico Fellini, in Italian, with Giulietta Masina.

April 22-23: "Cool Runnings" (1988); and "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff.

April 24: "Beethoven" (1936; Abel Gance; in French), with Harry Bauer; and "J'Accuse" (1937; Abel Gance; in French).

April 25-26: "Angel Heart" (1987; Alan Parker), with Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling; and "The Big Easy" (1986; Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid, Ellen Barkin, and Ned Beatty.

From April 27: "The Pearl" (1948; Emillo Fernandez), with Maria Elena Marques and Pedro Armendariz; and "Fever Mounts at El Pao" (1959; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican Film), with Gérard Philippe.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

April 18: "Downstairs" (1932; Monta Bell), with John Gilbert, Paul Lukas, Virginia Bruce, and Hedda Hopper; "Virtue" (1932; Eddie Buzzell), with Carole Lombard and Pat O'Brien; and "The Trial of Vivienne Ware" (1932; William K. Howard), with Joan Bennett.

April 19: "Employees' Entrance" (1933; Roy Del Ruth), with Warren William; and "Skyscraper Souls" (1932; Edgar Selwyn), with Warren William.

April 20: "Gold Diggers of 1933" (Mervyn LeRoy), with Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers; and "Wonder Bar" (1934; Lloyd Bacon), with Al Jolson.

April 21: "Lady Killer" (1934; Roy Del Ruth), with James Cagney; "Picture Snatcher" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with James Cagney; and "Jimmy the Gent" (1934; Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney and Bette Davis.

April 22-24: "Nostalghia" (1984; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian), with Erland Josephson; and "The Steamroller and the Violin" (1960; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).

April 25-26: "The Mirror" (1974; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian); and "Ivan's Childhood" (1962; Andrei Tarkovsky).

From April 27: "The Sacrifice" (1986; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson.

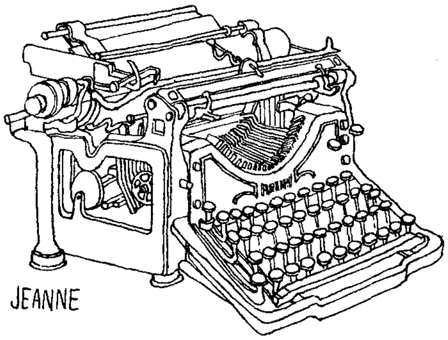
Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

April 18: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "That Man from Rio" (1964; Philippe de Broca; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais.

April 19: "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond.

April 20: "Out of the Past" (1947; Jacques Tourneur), with Jane Greer and Robert Mitchum; and "The Big Steal" (1949; Donald Siegel), with Robert Mitchum, Jane Greer, and William Bendix.

April 21: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "White Heat" (1949; Raoul Walsh), with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, and Margaret Wycherly.



April 22-23: "The Thing" (1951; Christian Nyby), with Kenneth Tobey; and "Hellraiser" (1987; Clive Barker).

April 24: "Lili Marlene" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini; and "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

April 25: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "The Cars That Ate Paris" (1974; Peter Weir).

April 26: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Sylvia Scarlett" (1936; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn, and Brian Aherne.

April 27: "When Strangers Marry" (1944; William Castle), with Dean Jagger and Kim Hunter; and "The Racket" (1951; John Cromwell), with Robert Mitchum, Lizabeth Scott, and Robert Ryan.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 18: "Blackmail" (1929; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, and Sara Allgood; and "Sabotage" ("The Woman Alone;" 1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

April 19: "King Solomon's Mines" (1937; Robert Stevenson), with Paul Robeson, Cedric Hardwicke, and Roland Young; and "Trader Horn" (1931; W. S. Van Dyke), with Edwina Booth and Harry Carey.

April 20: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962; Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn; and "Summer and Smoke" (1961; Peter Glenville), with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel.

April 21: "Moonfleet" (1955; Fritz Lang), with Stewart Granger, George Sanders, Joan Greenwood, Viveca Lindfors, and Jon Whiteley; and "The Informer" (1935 †).

April 22-23: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.

April 24: "Odd Man Out" (1946; Carol Reed), with James Mason, Robert Newton, and Kathleen Ryan; and "Outcast of the Islands" (1952; Carol Reed), with Trevor Howard and Ralph Richardson.

April 25: "Le Jour se Lève" ("Daybreak;" 1939; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean Gabin; and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (†).

April 26: "Road House" (1948; Jean Negulesco), with Ida Lupino, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde, and Celeste Holm; and "They Drive by Night" (1940; Raoul Walsh), with Ann Sheridan, George Raft, Ida Lupino, and Humphrey Bogart.

April 27: "Affair in Trinidad" (1952; Vincent Sherman), with Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford; and "Nightfall" (1957; Jacques Tourneur), with Aldo Ray, Brian Keith, and Anne Bancroft.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre I: April 18 at 2:30: "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974; directed by Louis Malle; in French, with English subtitles), with Pierre Blaise. . . . ¶ April 18 at 6:30: "Poussière d'Ange" (1987; Édouard Niermans; in French, with English subtitles), with Bernard Giraudeau, Fanny Bastien, and Fanny Cottençon. . . . ¶ April 19 at 2:30: "Calcutta" (1969; Louis Malle), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 19 at 6:30: "Jane B. par Agnès V." (1987; Agnès Varda; in French, with English subtitles), with Jane Birkin, Philippe Léotard, Farid Chopel, and Alain Souchon. . . . ¶ April 19 at 9: "Kung Fu Master" (1987; Agnès Varda; in French, with English subtitles), with Jane Birkin and Charlotte Gainsbourg. . . . ¶ April 21 at 3: "Viva Maria!" (1965; Louis Malle), with Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau, and George Hamilton. . . . ¶ April 21 at 6:30: "Tandem" (1987; Patrice Leconte; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Rochefort and Gérard Jugnot. . . . ¶ April 22 at 2:30: "A Very Private Affair" (1962; Louis Malle), with Brigitte Bardot and Marcello Mastroianni; and "The Silent World" (1956; Jacques-Yves Cousteau and Louis Malle), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 22 at 6: "Lacombe, Lucien." . . . ¶ April 23 at 2: "Viva Maria!" . . . ¶ April 23 at 5: "The Fire Within" (1964; Louis Malle; in French, with English subtitles), with Maurice Ronet. . . . ¶ April 24 at 2: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French, with English subtitles), with Léa Massari, Benot Ferreux, and Daniel Gélin. . . . ¶ April 24 at 5: "Black Moon" (1975; Louis Malle), with Cathryn Harrison, Thérèse Giehse, and Joe Dallesandro. . . . ¶ April 25 at 3: "Set-Up" (1978; Kathryn Bigelow); and "Near Dark" (1987; Kathryn Bigelow), with Adrian Pasdar, Jenny Wright, and Lance Henriksen. . . . ¶ April 25 at 6:30 and April 26 at 3: "The Loveless" (1983; Kathryn Bigelow and Monty Montgomery), with Willem Dafoe. . . . ¶ April 26 at 6:30: "Set-Up" and "Near Dark." The director, Kathryn Bigelow, will be present.

THEATRE 2: April 18 at 6: "Phantom India, Parts 5, 6, and 7" (1969; Louis Malle), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 19 at 6: "A Very Private Affair" (1962; Louis Malle), with Brigitte Bardot and Marcello Mastroianni; and "The Silent World" (1956; Jacques-Yves Cousteau and Louis Malle), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 21 at 2:30 and 5: "Hearts and Hands" (1987; Pat Ferrero), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 21 at 6:15: "Calcutta" (1969; Louis Malle), a documentary.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting April 26, a program of sixteen films by Andy Warhol. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A program of comedy films. April 22 at 6:30 and 8:30: "A Cat, Shozo and Two Women" (1956; Shiro Toyoda; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hisaya Morishige.

MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"WNET Thirteen: 25 Years on the Air," over a hundred hours of news, public affairs, documentary, music, dance, theatre, nature, science, and children's programming. The second section, featuring music, dance, and theatre, is on view through April 23; the third section, featuring nature and science, will be on view starting April 26. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

COLLECTIVE FOR LIVING CINEMA, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Through April 20, at 8: "The Houses Are Full of Smoke" (1987; Allan Francovich), a three-hour documentary. . . . ¶ April 21 at 8: "Chinese Roulette" (1976; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 22 at 8: A program of films by Andrew Noren, who will be present. . . . ¶ April 23-24 at 8: Two different programs of videos by Steve Fagin. Mr. Fagin will be present on April 23. . . . ¶ April 25 at 6:30: "As We Were" (1976; Eddie Romero; a Philippine film). . . . ¶ April 25 at 9:30: "La Negra Angustias" (1949; Matilde Landeta; a Mexican film, in Spanish, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 26 at 6:30: "Emitai" (1972; Ousmane Sembène; a Senegalese film). . . . ¶ April 26 at 9:30: "A Song of Ceylon" (1986; Laleen Jayamanne; an Australian film); and "Phoelix" (1979; Anna Ambrose; an English film). . . . ¶ April 27 at 6:30: "Maids and Madams" (1985; Mira Hamarmesh; an English film). . . . ¶ April 27 at 9:30: "Magdalena Viraga" (1986; Nina Menkes).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

AU REVOIR LES ENFANTS (GOODBYE, CHILDREN)—It's set in Occupied France in 1944, when the writer-director Louis Malle was an eleven-year-old at a Catholic boys' boarding school near Fontainebleau that sheltered several Jewish boys. The Gestapo learned they were there, and sent the ones they found to Auschwitz, and the headmaster to a work camp. One of the Jewish boys was in Malle's class, but Malle didn't get to know him well and didn't realize that he was Jewish. For the dramatic purposes of the movie, he has conceived a close friendship between his alter ego, the fair-haired Julien Quentin (Gaspard Manesse), and the dark boy who is using the false name Jean Bonnet (Raphaël Fejtö). But nothing comes into clear focus—not the boys' attitudes, not even the images. The film (especially the first half) seems padded, formal, discreet. It's like watching a faded French classic. And there's something unseemly about the way Jean is used as an aesthetic object—spiritual, sensitive, exotic. With Francine Racette as Julien's mother and François Négret as the informer. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/22/88.) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

BABETTE'S FEAST—In a village on Denmark's gray, blustery Jutland peninsula, sometime in the eighteen-eighties, Babette (Stéphane Audran), the French servant of a pair of elderly unmarried sisters (Birgitte Federspiel and Bodil Kjer), prepares a special dinner for her employers and their guests—a lavish, one-time-only orgy of haute cuisine served to a group of devout Lutherans who are used to receiving the Lord's bounty in the form of grim little slabs of boiled fish. Adapting one of Isak Dinesen's "Anecdotes of Destiny," Gabriel Axel, the writer-director, tells this simple tale simply. He establishes a lulling, bedtime-story tone right from the start, perhaps too successfully: our eyelids begin to seem very heavy after twenty minutes or so. Dinesen's tiny ironies and rather smug narrative mastery are all we have to sustain us through long stretches of this movie, until the feast gets under way. The food looks great, and our senses are briefly jerked to life again—but we may get a little tired of watching the pious villagers trying to repress their delight in what they're eating and *we're* not. The whole thing turns out to be about the consolations of art, and the union of "righteousness and bliss." The film is more righteous than blissful: a more austere celebration of the pleasures of the senses would be difficult to imagine. Also with Jarl Kulle, Jean-Philippe Lafort, Hanne Stensgard, Vibeke Hastrup, Gudmar Wivesson, and, in a cameo, Bibi Andersson. Nicely shot by Henning Kristiansen. In Danish and French—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

BEETLEJUICE—Set in an idyllic New England town, this farce about the afterlife is a variant on "Topper" (1937) and "The Old Dark House" (1932). A devoted, home-loving young couple (Alec Baldwin and Geena Davis) are drowned in a car accident, and when they return to their house as ghosts they are miffed by the redecorating of the New Yorkers who have bought it. Too mild to scare these intruders away, they call upon the services of the rutty little demon Betelgeuse (pronounced Beetlejuice). Michael Keaton plays the part, and his uninhibited comic performance is like an exploding head. He isn't onscreen nearly enough—when he is, he shoots the film sky-high. The story is bland and the movie is slow to get going, but with crazy comedy you settle for the moments of inspiration, and this picture has them. The young director, Tim Burton, takes stabs into the irrational and the incongruous; the film's blandness is edged with near-genius (and some great special effects). The smudge-faced blond Catherine O'Hara, who's the possessor of the freakiest blue-eyed stare since early Gene Wilder, is brilliant as the madwoman who is the new lady of the house. Also with Sylvia Sidney as a caseworker in the social-services bureaucracy of the dead, and Winona Ryder, Jeffrey Jones, Glenn Shadix, Adelle Lutz, and Robert Goulet and Dick Cavett. The story is by Michael McDowell and Larry Wilson; the screenplay is by McDowell and Warren Skaaren. The *cinematography is by* Thomas Ackerman; the production design is by Bo Welch. (4/18/88) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin; through April 21.)

BIZARRE, BIZARRE (1937)—Dadaist frivolity with sequences that one giggles over happily for years. Jacques Prévert wrote and Marcel Carné directed this romantic, satirical comedy, set in Edwardian England, about the English mania for detective fiction. Jean-Louis Barrault is the detective-story reader who decides to commit his own perfect crime by murdering the author (Michel Simon). With Françoise Rosay as Barrault's inamorata (he gathers a bouquet for her by stealing the boutonnières of men who have been clobbered in the Limehouse alleys), Louis Jouvet, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. A memorable, deadpan dinner conversation about a duck à l'orange is the source of the American title. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 25.)

BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY—The Jay McInerney book came out in 1984, in paperback—and that was right for it, because the story has no heft, no substance. Smart and maudlin, it's a just about perfect pop novel—so pop it's almost nothing. The hero works as a fact checker at a magazine modelled on *The New Yorker* (McInerney worked here for a little under six months in 1980) and spends his nights in the coke-snorting high wild life of the disco-party scene. The movie version, directed by James Bridges, from a script he devised with McInerney, follows the novel very closely, but drugs and AIDS have created a time warp between the early eighties and the late eighties, and the movie doesn't provide the seductiveness, the kick, the high. And, without that sexy glow, the movie has no vision. As the hero, Michael J. Fox does fine work; onscreen in every scene, he keeps the character from being an obnoxious crybaby, and he suggests some interior life. The sly John Houseman has become a comedian at eighty-five; he gives the standout performance in the brief role of the magazine's imposing editor-in-chief, his shoulders slumped in sorrow over the factual errors that the hero has allowed to creep into the magazine. And Jason Robards gives the movie a flourish: he's a talkative, lonely old swillpot—a onetime writer, now a hanger-on in the fiction department, who guzzles vodka Martinis until his eyes glaze over. The picture isn't terrible, just terribly dull. It feels dated, especially in the scenes that "explain" the hero and show his redemption—the banality comes down on you like drizzle. With Kiefer Sutherland, Dianne Wiest, Frances Sternhagen, Charlie Schlatter, Swoosie Kurtz, Phoebe Cates, William Hickey, and Tracy Pollan. Cinematography by Gordon Willis; the score, which *seems buried, is by Donald Fagen.* (4/18/88) (Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through April 21.)

BROADCAST NEWS—With William Hurt, Albert Brooks, and Holly Hunter; directed by James L. Brooks. (1/11/88) (National Twin; through April 21.)

THE DEAD—With Anjelica Huston and Donal McCann, directed by John Huston. (12/14/87) (Cinema I; through April 21.)

FATAL ATTRACTION—With Michael Douglas, Glenn Close, and Anne Archer; directed by Adrian Lyne. (10/19/87) (Embassy 72nd St.; through April 20.)

GOOD MORNING, VIETNAM—It sounded like a first-rate idea: Robin Williams doing his manic free-association comedy as a disk jockey, Adrian Cronauer, on Armed Forces Radio in Saigon in 1965. But the picture makes the character out to be a vulnerable, compassionate, respectful-of-the-Vietnamese wonderful guy, and the director, Barry Levinson, has a numbing sense of rhythm. Williams' riffs are chopped short, and the film keeps cutting to soldiers breaking up over his spiel before it's out of his mouth. There is an Adrian Cronauer, and the movie is very loosely based on his exploits, but the way the story line (from the script by Mitch Markowitz) has been directed it's a clumsier version of the plots of fifties musicals. (1/11/88) (D. W. Griffith, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ Embassy; through April 21.)

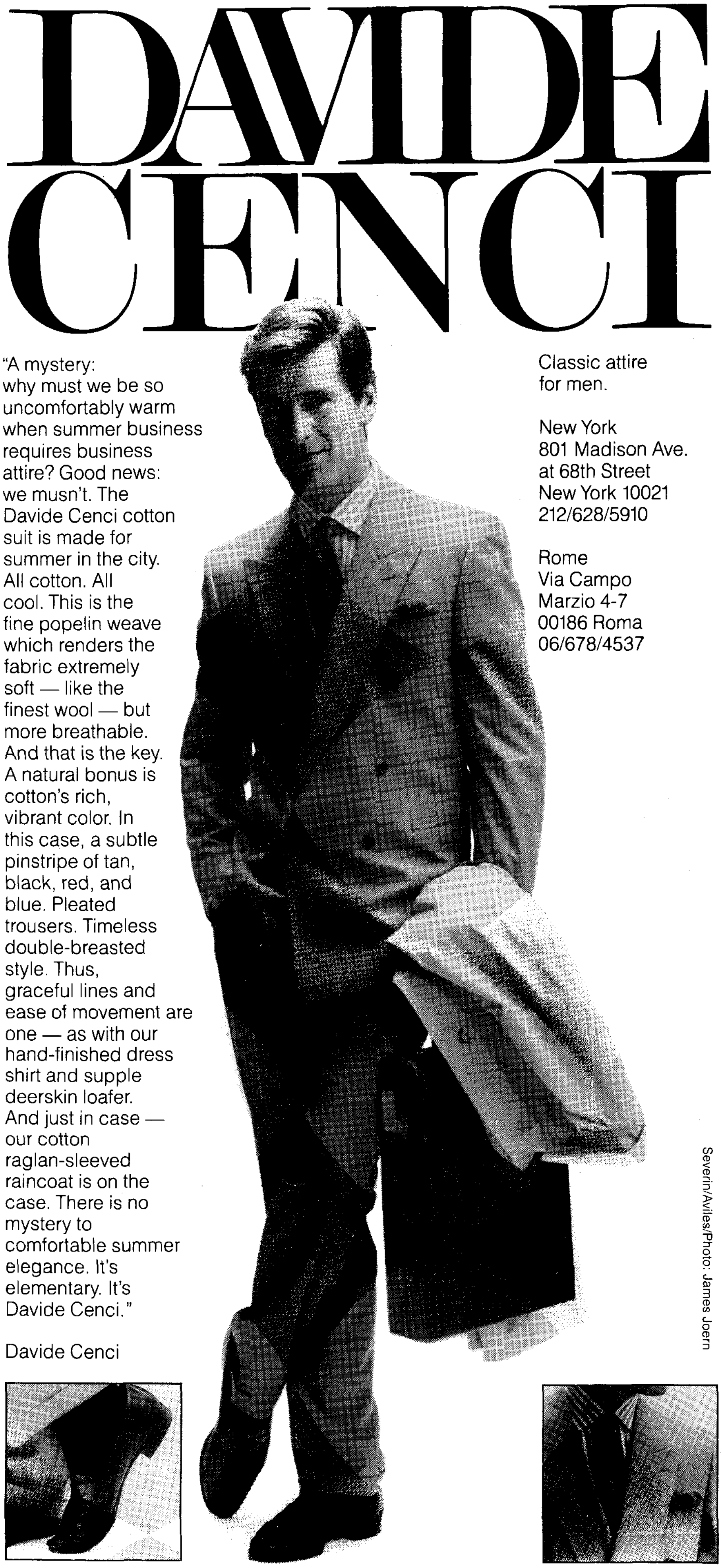
Hairspray—The writer-director John Waters treats the message movie as a genre to be parodied, just like the teenpic. Combining the two, he comes up with a pop dadaist musical comedy, set in Baltimore in 1962. Waters loves narrative, and he has half a dozen plots crisscrossing each other. In the middle are the spherical Mrs. Edna Turnblad (played by the male actor Divine) and her baby-blimp daughter, Tracy (Ricki Lake); they wear matching mother-and-daughter outfits. Tracy, who's the newest teen-age dancer on "The Corny Collins Show," discovers that black kids aren't allowed to take part and she becomes a leader in the fight for integration. Meanwhile, Divine watches over Tracy and preens like a mother hen. There's a what-the-hell quality to Divine's acting which the film needs; it would be too close to a real teenpic without it. When Divine's Edna Turnblad is onscreen in the sleeveless dresses she's partial to, the movie has something like the lunacy of a W. C. Fields in drag. With Ruth Brown, Debbie Harry, Sonny Bono, Jerry Stiller, Shawn Thompson, Ric Ocasek, Pia Zadora, Jo Ann Havrilla, and Waters himself as a sicko psychiatrist. (3/7/88) (Waverly.)

Hope and Glory—With Sebastian Rice Edwards, directed by John Boorman. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema; through April 21.)

The Informer (1935)—Victor McLaglen in his Academy Award-winning role as Gypo Nolan, the Dublin drunkard who turns stool pigeon and betrays his friend (Wallace Ford) to the police for the reward. The period is 1922, during the Sinn Fein rebellion. This John Ford film, taken from Liam O'Flaherty's fine novel, is perhaps too pure and diagrammatic for modern tastes, but if the scenarist, Dudley Nichols, and the director clinched their points they also had the discipline to keep the work all of a piece—naïve yet powerful. (They also won Academy Awards.) It is part of Hollywood legend that Ford got McLaglen boozed up so that he was bewildered and couldn't do his usual brand of acting—and it's probably true. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 21.)

Jean de Florette—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952). The story of Jean de Florette is completed in the film "Manon of the Spring" (see below). The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. In French. (7/13/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through April 21.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston fills the rancid atmosphere of the setting—a hotel in the Florida Keys—with suspense, ambiguous motives, and some hilariously hammy bits, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart plays a Second World War veteran—a major who goes to the hotel, which is run by the widow (Lauren Bacall) and father (Lionel Bar-



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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

rymore) of one of his men. The major has become disillusioned about the value of fighting, but when gangsters (who are symbols of reaction, corruption, Hitlerism) take over the hotel and start killing people, he is forced into action. Bogart wins Bacall, who looks wonderful but gives a stiff, amateurish performance. The most memorable image is that of Edward G. Robinson, as the head racketeer, chomping on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub. With Claire Trevor and Thomas Gomez. (Biograph Cinema; April 21-22.)

The Last Emperor—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reëducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (Loews Tower East, 8th St. Playhouse, 57th St. Playhouse, and Metro Cinema.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A daring, funny, and far-out thriller about political extremists. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. This picture may be the most sophisticated political satire ever made in Hollywood. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, and James Gregory. (Loews Paramount.)

Manon of the Spring—Will Fate settle the hash of César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and his cretinous nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil), the Provençal farmers whose treachery caused the death of gentle, hunchbacked Jean de Florette? Of course it will. To keep us awake while we're waiting for the inevitable, this concluding half of Claude Berri's adaptation of the Marcel Pagnol novel "The Water of the Hills" serves up pretty much the same menu as "Jean de Florette" (see above): changing seasons (exquisitely shot by Bruno Nuytten), Montand looking sly, Auteuil gaping, wiry peasants and fat shopkeepers shouting at each other over bottles of vin ordinaire. With Emmanuelle Béart. Screenplay by Berri and Gérard Brach, with a credit for original dialogue by Pagnol. In French. —T.R. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through April 21.)

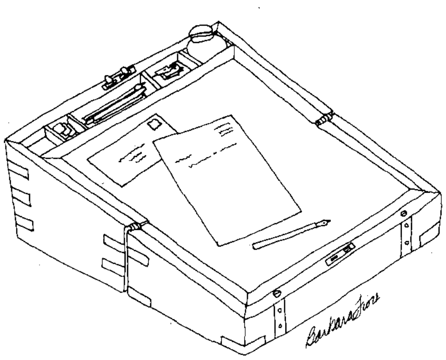
Masquerade—A tranquil, sophisticated thriller set in the Hamptons. The orphan heroine (Meg Tilly) belongs to the old rich; her money—about two hundred million dollars—has a patina. The men who circle around her are Rob Lowe as a hired-hand yachting captain, John Glover as the last of her mother's many husbands, and Doug Savant as a new police officer. Thin as the picture is, it has an odd, subterranean pull. Murders take place, but the narrative just keeps unfolding effortlessly, and you're drawn along, wanting to understand the pattern of deceit. Bob Swaim directed, from a crafty and even-toned script by Dick Wolf; the cinematography, by David Watkin, gives the life of the rich a luxuriance—makes it palpably desirable. (3/21/88) (Embassy.)

The Milagro Beanfield War—The story is about a conflict over water rights in New Mexico between the struggling Mexican-American community and a bunch of powerful developers who are buying up land in the desert. Robert Redford's film of John Nichols' novel treats the material as an occasion for Capra-like populist comedy, and the feel-good, triumph-of-the-little-guy stuff overwhelms the jokes. But Redford has assembled a lively, talented cast here, and their little bits of business keep the movie watchable. John Heard, Rubén Blades, Julie Carmen, James Gammon, Daniel Stern, and M. Emmet Walsh all seem to be having a good time, and Redford's direction is best when it simply relaxes and lets their vitality carry the movie. Also with Chick Vennera, Sonia Braga, Richard Bradford, Carlos Riquelme, and Christopher Walken. Adapted by Nichols and David Ward.—T.R. (Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, and Regency.)

Moonstruck—A rose-tinted black comedy, with its own special lushness. Cher is devastatingly funny and sinuous and beautiful as a widowed bookkeeper who lives with her Italian-American family in a big old brownstone in Brooklyn. When the bookkeeper and her fiancé's brother, a baker (Nicolas Cage), start lusting for one another, a fairy-tale full moon lights up the movie. And when you see that the whole cast of family members are involved in libidinal confusions the opera-buffa structure can make you feel close to deliriously happy. Cage is a wonderful romantic clown: he can look stupefied while he smolders. And the director, Norman Jewison, working from John Patrick Shanley's script, stylizes the ethnic performances given by the husky-voiced Olympia Dukakis, the great, leering Julie Bovasso, Vincent Gardenia, Danny Aiello, John Mahoney, and Anita Gillette. The picture is slender, but it's an original: its mockery is a giddy homage to our desire for grand passion. (1/25/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette," has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's exasperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the sequence with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvellous performances: by Kapoor and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. (11/16/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through April 21.)

Stand and Deliver—Strictly speaking, this educational-inspiration story about a wizardly math teacher in a poor East L.A. high school isn't much of a movie: it's clumsily directed (by Ramon Menendez) and predictably virtuous (it's an American Playhouse production). Yet it's fairly enjoyable—painless, at least. The screenplay, by Menendez and Tom Musca, is based on the true story of Jaime Escalante (Edward James Olmos), who arrived at dispirited Garfield High, which was on the brink of losing its accreditation, and managed to get his students excited about learning his subject—an entire class of these disadvantaged kids (eighteen of them) eventually took and passed the advanced-placement exam in calculus. In the interest of uplift and script construction, the movie fudges a few points: we only see Escalante with his A.P. students, as if this were the only class he taught, and it's implied that he has worked his pedagogic miracle within a year or two of coming to Garfield, when in fact he'd been teaching there for several years before his students' triumph on the calculus test. But Menendez keeps the action focussed and relatively unsentimental: the out-of-classroom crises that usually dominate this kind of story (cf. "To Sir, with Love") are held to a minimum, and are disposed of briskly. And Olmos, who's best known as the supercool Lt. Castillo on "Miami Vice," does a spectacular turn. With thinning hair and a wardrobe of those grotesque shirts that scream "math teacher" to the world, he plays Escalante as a benign psycho, an impassioned nerd whose humor and energy are plausibly inspiring. Also with Lou Diamond Phillips, Rosana de Soto, and Andy Garcia.—T.R. (Art Greenwich Twin and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through April 21.)



Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruption of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio.)

The Unbearable Lightness of Being—Directed by Philip Kaufman, this adaptation of Milan Kundera's novel is touching in sophisticated ways that you don't expect from an American director. A prankish sex comedy, it treats modern political events with a delicate—yet almost sly—sense of tragedy. It's the way the variations of jealousy and erotic attraction are played out by the three principal actors—an Englishman (Daniel Day-Lewis), a Swedish woman (Lena Olin), and a Frenchwoman (Juliette Binoche), all playing Czechs—that gives the movie its wonderfully unresolved texture. The story begins in Prague in 1968, during the period of freedom of expression and artistic flowering known as "socialism with a human face." Day-Lewis's Tomas is a hedonist, a womanizer, and an eminent young brain surgeon; Olin's Sabina, a painter who is his longtime sex partner, and Binoche's Tereza, whom he marries, represent the two poles of his life—lightness and weight. Kaufman has an exuberant temperament, and the spirit of the film is younger and looser than that of the book; a short two hours and fifty-three minutes, the picture has a whirling beauty. (2/8/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews New York Twin.)

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THE NEW YORKER

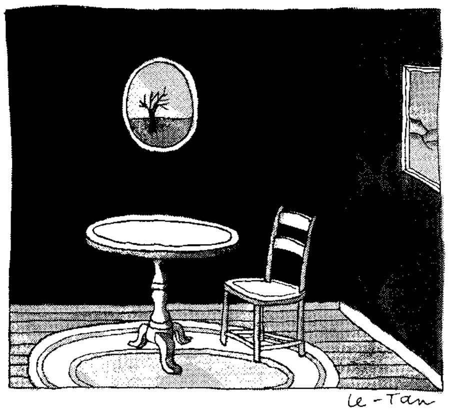
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

INVESTIGATIVE journalism is not much in vogue anywhere in the American press these days, and least of all at the three major networks, where corporate-ordered budget cutbacks and a growing desire for upbeat, feel-good news have made muckrakers something of an endangered species. The other evening, though, viewers of ABC's "World News Tonight" witnessed a remarkable exception to this trend. Introducing "the results of a major ABC News investigation," the anchorman, Peter Jennings, reported that long before the Reagan Administration's ill-fated arms sales to Iran "there was another operation to provide guns for the Contras, which was also against the law," and that "in this operation Americans and Israelis provided arms to the Contras, and then the same network smuggled drugs into the United States."

According to ABC, the guns-and-drugs operation lasted from 1983 to 1986, when the enterprise coördinated by Oliver North and Richard Secord replaced it. Some of the key participants were the Panamanian strongman Manuel Noriega and employees of the murderous Medellín cocaine cartel of Colombia. The operation worked like this: The Israelis, using twenty million dollars of their government's money, which was later repaid from American covert-operations funds, bought weapons from Poland and Czechoslovakia and secretly shipped them, via Yugoslavia and Bolivia, to Panama. Michael Harari, who was the Israeli liaison in Panama and, until recently, a close aide to Noriega, then directed the forwarding of the arms to the Contras. Pilots flying old DC-6 and C-123 cargo planes took the weapons from Panama to sites in El Salvador and Costa Rica. "After dropping off their weapons," the ABC report went on, "the planes and contract pilots of this makeshift Israeli-American airlift went back to business as usual, smuggling illegal Colombian cocaine across the U.S. border. If U.S. officials who'd sponsored this airlift knew it was drug-dealing, they did nothing to stop it. . . . From Panama and Colombia, the planes flew north to the U.S., loaded with illegal drugs."

Despite its explosive political implications, particularly for the Presidential candidacy of George Bush—whose associate Felix Rodriguez, a former C.I.A. agent, was named as a central figure in the operation—ABC's stunning revelation provoked almost no reaction from the rest of the press. The story went completely unmentioned by the other networks and by the Washington *Post* and the *Wall Street Journal*. A piece in the next day's *Times* reporting on the hearings on drugs and foreign policy that were being conducted by Senator John Kerry contained a muted reference: two buried paragraphs that summarized ABC's findings. But among the nation's major papers only the Boston *Globe* deemed the ABC exposé worthy of significant mention. Most striking of all, ABC broadcast no follow-up stories of its own. And so the exposé vanished from the news like a spark vanishing in darkness.



This near-universal neglect was odd for a number of reasons. It's true that ABC's story concerned activities that took place some years ago—ancient history to a press that values the new above all else. But the central players in the operation—Israel, Noriega, the Contras, the Colombian cartel, the C.I.A.—have all been in the headlines recently; the story offered plenty of news hooks for any journalist inclined to grab them. The ABC broadcast took place on April 7th, the day after Attorney General Edwin Meese left on a five-nation tour of Latin America to discuss more effective means of stopping international narcotics trafficking. If any reporter subsequently questioned him about his own government's alleged past dealings with such traffickers, it was not reflected in the news. And yet, if the ABC story is true, United States officials at the very least unwittingly coöperated with smugglers working for one of the most brutal drug cartels in the world.

Peter Jennings' lead-in to the story was clear and measured: it took the viewer from what he already knew to what he was about to learn. But ABC's chief correspondent, Richard Threlkeld, so rushed his delivery of the actual script that it was sometimes hard to follow. Most viewers probably gathered that the story involved Contras, guns, drugs, Noriega, and some fairly shady dealings, but they may not have learned much else. Had the story been budgeted an additional thirty seconds, say, the effect might have been different. Even so, given the current realities of network television, the fact that such an investigative story was broadcast at all may be regarded as a hopeful sign. Paul Friedman, the new executive producer of "World News Tonight," is said to want to have more "family-oriented news" (whatever that is) in his broadcasts. That's hardly the sort of approach that encourages tough, adversarial reporting, and it may help explain another mystery: why ABC declined to make the Vice-Presidential connection in its story. The name George Bush was not mentioned once in Threlkeld's piece, despite the central role of Felix Rodriguez in the operation, and despite the possibility that other officials in Bush's office were involved.

Perhaps ABC backed off for fear that it did not have quite enough evidence. Certainly it's only prudent for a news organization to have the story down cold before it makes serious charges against men working for the Vice-President. Whatever the reasons, ABC's reticence was in keeping with the hands-off attitude toward the Vice-President which the press as a whole has taken since Mr. Bush's infamous January 25th interview with Dan Rather. Informed journalists know that the public record contradicts Mr. Bush's claim that he didn't know arms were being traded for hostages. The record also shows that Donald Gregg, Bush's national-security adviser, was informed of the resupplying of the Contras as early as September 10, 1985, during a meeting with Oliver North and James Steele, the United States group commander in El Salvador. But George Bush has yet to provide a consistent and complete account of his involvement in the Iran-Contra affair, and it is unclear whether he will ever be pressured to do so.

During the Watergate scandal, it took the national press quite a few months to acknowledge that the Washington *Post* reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein were onto a major story. But eventually individual journalists from competing organizations began picking up and pursuing one another's leads, and thereby advanced the story as a whole. That rarely happens these days. Except for the Iran-Contra affair and, to a much lesser extent, President Reagan's Bitburg visit, the press has shown little stomach for sustained, aggressive reporting on this Administration. Reporters seem more disposed to dismiss competitors' stories than to use them as launchpads for investigations of their own. David Gergen, Reagan's former White House communications director, has said, "A lot of the Teflon came because the press was holding back. They didn't want to go after him that toughly."

Indeed, one of the most extraordinary things about the news coverage of the Reagan Administration is how rarely "bad" stories have taken root and blossomed into enduring, and therefore politically troublesome, controversies. Nothing more clearly reveals the internal value system of the press than which stories do and which do not attract the pack. A news story graduates to the status of a continuing story only when enough members of the journalistic community independently agree that it is worthy of pursuit and amplification. Luckily for Ronald Reagan, very few of his potential liabilities have been so judged. Luckily for George Bush, the pattern continues.

• •

Palace

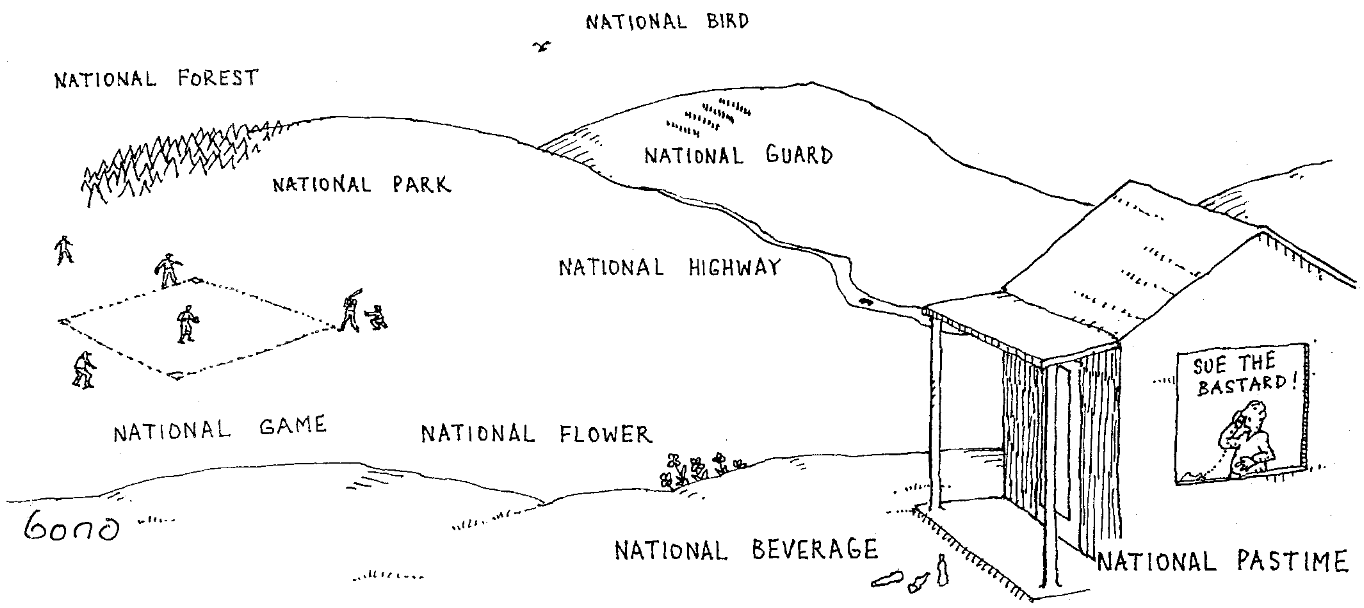
FROM the time the Loew's Kings Theatre in Flatbush opened, in 1929, until it closed for good, in 1977 (the last feature was "Exorcist II: The Heretic"), it was the grandest theatre in New York devoted exclusively to the movies—perhaps the single most ornate movie house in the country. The Kings (it is still standing and, though derelict, is in fairly good shape) has not one but two lobbies: a forty-by-seventy-five foot outer lobby, where you could just collect your thoughts, and an immense foyer beyond it, where you would wait to be seated. The orchestra is a hundred and sixty feet wide and a hundred and fifty-five feet deep; its ceiling is seventy-two feet high. The Kings has more than three thousand seats. Its decoration—the screen is the only unornamented flat area—has been described variously as "Deco-Baroque," "Louis Quelquechose," and "M-G-M Horror Vacui."

From August 9, 1938 (when the main feature was "Holiday" and the second feature "Prison Farm"), until July 4, 1940 ("Waterloo Bridge" and "Dr. Cyclops"), Lester Binger was an usher at the Loew's Kings. On a recent Saturday afternoon, while a man named Charles Sinclair was inside the Kings leading a walking tour called "Flatbush and the Movies" (the other stops were some old houses that the Vitagraph company built for its crews and an apartment building where Fatty Arbuckle once lived), Mr. Binger, sitting a few rows from the front, talked about those years. There are almost no working lights left inside the Kings, and as the visitors let their flashlights race around the enormous, cold theatre, one improbable detail after another suddenly came into view, and then vanished as the flashlights danced off somewhere else: a pair of thirty-foot replicas of the twisted columns on the Bernini baldachino in St. Peters; a twenty-foot mural of high life at Versailles; a group of five gargoyles holding up a balcony.

"I came to the Kings Theatre not to be an usher but as a young man with a dream," Mr. Binger explained. "It was my ambition in life to own and manage a movie house in a small town somewhere on the East Coast. Although I grew up largely in this neighborhood—Flatbush and Maple, and so on—I spent the years from 1924 to 1927 in Lakewood, New Jersey. I noticed that the people who ran the movie house in Lakewood—these were the distinguished citizens in the town. They would open for a matinée at three o'clock, go home for a dinner, and then return for the seven-o'clock and nine-o'clock shows. The Strand Theatre in Lakewood—I never forgot that. It made a great impression on me.

"In 1936, I went to the Kings and applied for a job as an usher. The head usher, Jerry Sager, told me that there were no openings. He told me to go get some seasoning at Loew's Coney Island. The Coney Island and the Kings played the same material—mostly M-G-M pictures—because they were both part of the Loew's chain. The Coney Island was a living nightmare for an usher. My first afternoon, everything was going smoothly until I heard the crack of thunder outside and it started to rain. If you can visualize a two-thousand-seat theatre filling up with people in ten minutes, that is what happened. I thought, Seating two thousand people in ten minutes—this is not a skill I am going to need in a movie house in a small town. I was able to get a job at the Patio Theatre in Flatbush, and I worked there for two years. Once in a while, I would go over

THE STATE OF THE NATION



to the Kings and make a polite inquiry. I waited and waited, and one day, in the summer of 1938, the call finally came.

"Working in a movie house like this was like working in a palace. Really, that's the only comparison I can make. The shows played one week. There were no stage shows. It was a *movie* palace. Punctuality was continually stressed. A day's work had elegance, and it had order. There were eighteen ushers, including four captains. If you opened the house, you would arrive at eleven o'clock. First, you would change into your uniform. We had two uniforms. The winter uniform was dark gray with red trim. In summer, we were all in blue, because in summer everything was done to emphasize coolness. All through the year, you were expected to have an immaculate pair of white gloves. Elegance and order. It was a rule that an usher could *never*, under any circumstances, use the word 'side,' as in 'side aisle.' You never said 'Open the side aisles.' You said 'Open Aisle 7' or 'Open Aisle 1.' 'Side' had connotations. If people heard that they were being sent to a side aisle, they might protest.

"I made twenty-seven cents an hour. I used to tell people that I made twenty-five cents an hour, but I went back and checked my records recently, and it was twenty-seven cents. No tips. 'The acceptance of gratuities is strictly forbidden'—I still remember that rule. At the end of the evening, we had to raise every seat in the entire theatre. The rule, however, was that you could not for any reason disturb a patron. Inevitably, there would be some couple sitting all by themselves, the last people there, and you would have to wait until they were gone before you could even touch a seat in their general area."

Mr. Binger walked up onto the stage to look at the huge screen—still bright silver, but torn and ruined. "I suppose the high-water mark of my years as an usher occurred during the week that 'Gone with the Wind' appeared here," he said. "This was the most long-awaited movie in the history of pictures. They sprayed the screen silver again, just to make it more reflective, more perfect. The electricians had to take down the red 'Exit' signs and change them to blue ones, so that nothing would interfere with the Technicolor effect. It was one of the few reserved-seat pictures. We had to mark out the rows with stencils and paint, and so on. The evening show was O.K. But we began the shows at eight-thirty in the morning. The theatre would fill with older women, and there would be the sound of sobbing from one end of the theatre to the other.

"Then the war came, and I went overseas. The Army—well, you know the Army. Someplace I had written down that I had worked in a movie house, so I ended up handling training films for the Signal Corps. I was still working in the distribution of Army training films when I retired, in 1970. I searched for a theatre after the war—God knows I saw a lot of them—but it never worked out. No matter how good it seemed at first, how high your hopes were, somehow it never checked out. You asked yourself, 'If it's so great, why are they ready to sell it?' Or I thought, I'll buy a ticket and go see for myself, and there was always something. I was travelling once, and I went at midnight just to look at the old Mastbaum in Philadelphia—maybe the biggest movie palace of them all. It had already closed, and a cop came up behind me and said, 'Hey, don't you see that theatre's closed?' I said, 'Yes, Officer, that's why I want to see it.' He said, 'Hey, let me see some identification.' I showed him my driver's license, and he said, 'Hey, this is from *Brooklyn*.' That made him suspicious, and he told me to go back to my hotel. He pointed me back toward the hotel, just like an usher."

Suggestions

WHEN Joel Fram, the proprietor of Eeyore's, which is New York's oldest and largest bookstore for children, announced that he was sponsoring an essay contest on the theme

"If I Were Mayor of New York: Here's What I'd Do to Improve the City," Arielle Shanok (age eleven, Manhattan) decided she'd write a short story with verse, even though the rules stipulated "Essays only, please." Here's part of what she came up with:

> If I were Mayor of New York,
> I would make more jobs so more
> people could earn
> And I'd get rid of teachers that
> were over stern.
>
> If I were Mayor of New York,
> I would help homeless people get
> jobs,
> And make people pay taxes for them,
> Especially the snobs.

Krista Saunders (age eight, Manhattan) suggested creating more space for gardens, holding annual conferences on pollution, and making sure that kids' shoes fitted exactly. Larry Cruz (age eight, the Bronx) wrote, "We shall together with the good citizens of the city, work to fight crack, drugs, cocaine dealers and users. We shall educate the people, provide free check-up clinics, screen the blood supplies more closely, and build a medical center mainly for people sick with AIDS."

On a recent Thursday morning, several weeks after the essays—there were seven hundred—had been turned in, Arielle, Krista, Larry, and three or four other city kids were in Mayor Koch's corner office to receive awards and to discuss their ideas with the Mayor.

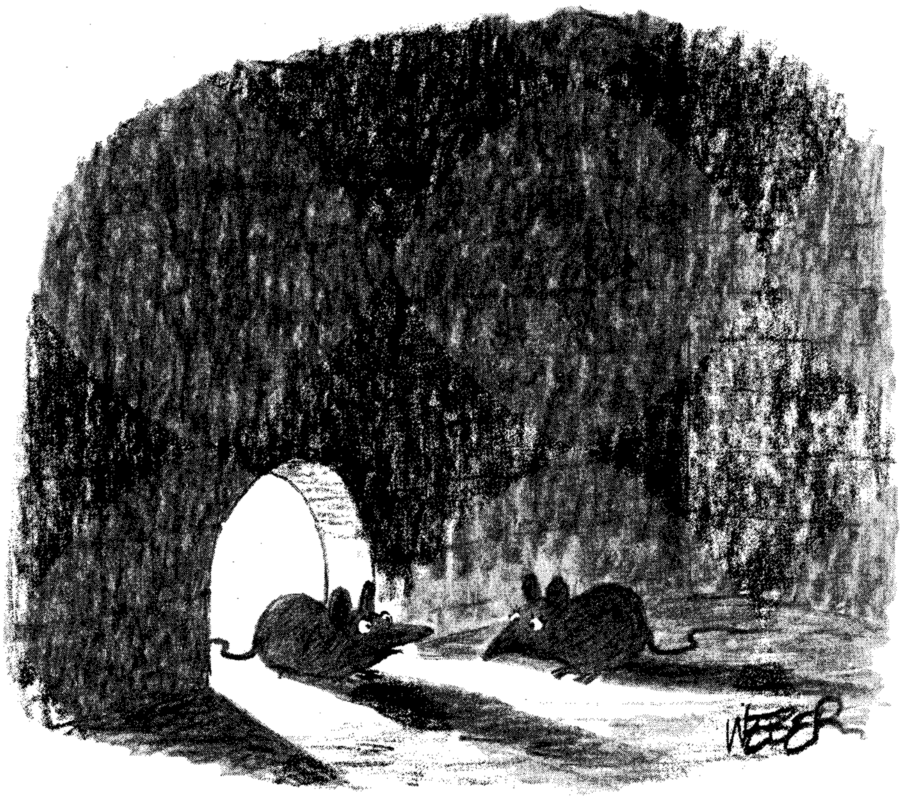
"What's your suggestion to me, sweetheart?" the Mayor asked a blond-haired girl sitting in a large burgundy chair.

"Put drivers who speed in jail," the girl replied quietly, her head down.

"I think if they speed when they're intoxicated they should be put in jail," the Mayor said, clasping his hands and peering intently at the girl. "Do you know what intoxicated means? Drunk? You know liquor? I think every drunken driver who's convicted should spend thirty days in jail. People don't have the stomach to do the tough things." He turned to a round-faced girl sharing the burgundy chair and asked, "What's your suggestion for me?"

"Give money and jobs to poor people," the girl said, almost inaudibly.

"We are making more shelters for the homeless," the Mayor replied. "Nobody has to live on the streets. A man from Economic Development was out in San Francisco and came back and told me there are families living on the street out there. No families are on the street here." The Mayor looked away from the girl and toward a camera. "Now somebody's going to go out and find me a family," he added, with a shrug.



"I'm back. The Brie's not ripe."

"How about you?" he asked, turning to another girl, who at once introduced herself as Arielle. "Arielle's a beautiful name," the Mayor commented. "Doesn't that appear in Shakespeare?"

"I have a bunch of ideas," Arielle said.

"Give me one," said the Mayor.

"Getting the homeless people off the streets," said Arielle.

"We *do* that," said the Mayor. "We have permanent apartments. It's a very involved story, and I'm not going to bother you with it."

Cameras clicked as the Mayor turned away from the children for a moment. Then he looked at Krista. "Have you figured out what you want to do?" he asked her. "When you're grown up, as they say?"

"I'm not quite sure yet," said Krista.

"How old are you?" asked the Mayor.

"Eight," said Krista.

"At eight, you really shouldn't be quite sure about what you want to do with your life," replied the Mayor. "That's the smartest thing that's been said this morning." He turned to Larry. "What would you like to do?"

"Maybe be a baseball player," Larry said.

"Who's your favorite?" the Mayor asked him.

"The Mets," said Larry.

"The Mets are a team," said the Mayor. "Even I know that."

"Keith Hernandez," said Larry.

"Do you know that I met Keith Hernandez once?" said the Mayor. "Next time I see him, I'm going to tell him he's your favorite." He asked Arielle, "What would you like to do?"

"A writer, an artist, or an actress," said Arielle.

"Those are all in the same field," said the Mayor. "Cultural endeavors."

After a few more comments, the Mayor turned the questioning over to the press.

"Would anybody like to be Mayor?" one reporter asked.

"It sounds like a good job," Larry said.

"Well, it is," said the current officeholder. "But it's not too steady. You have to run every four years. It's probably the most interesting job in America."

"Can you turn this way, Mr. Mayor?" a photographer called out.

After two quick photo sessions, a

man by the door called out, "O.K., everybody, please take your conversations outside."

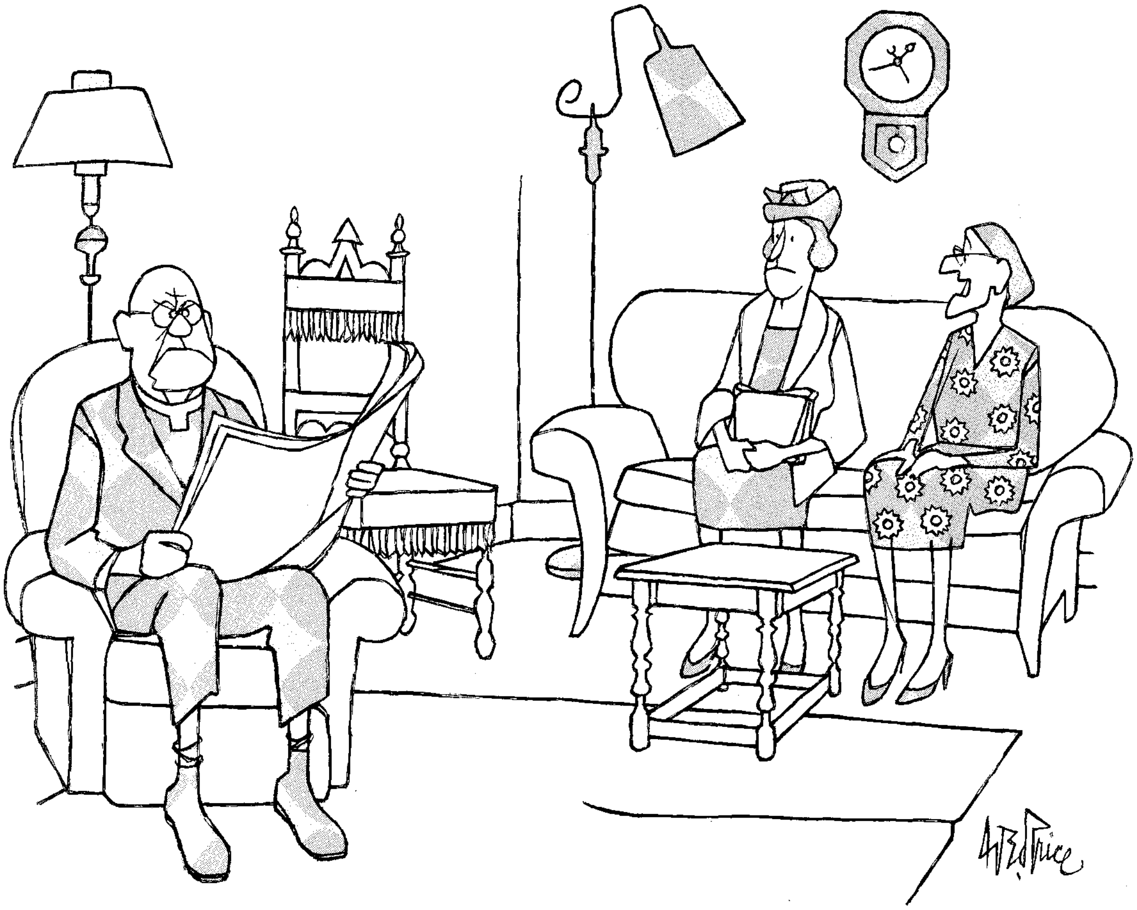
Parents and children wove their way through the labyrinth of rooms outside the Mayor's office. "I didn't expect to see comic things in his office," Arielle said. "He has comic-book pictures on his wall. I wasn't close enough to see which ones. I just thought of him as a serious person, who didn't have time for comics. He's serious with his work, I guess."

"I see him on TV a lot, so I knew what he was like," Krista said.

"Should he run for reëlection?" someone asked her.

"No," said Krista. She looked up at the elaborate molding on the ceiling. "City Hall's a nice place. Maybe it would be too much stress if he ran again."

Larry Cruz sat down on some stairs. "It was all a little quick," he said, looking down at a bright-red Big Apple pin the Mayor had given him. "I thought we'd be in there for like one hour. I was the only boy in there. It was kind of lonely. There was one girl I liked in there, though. I think the Mayor was fun. But he should stick to TV. I just like him better when he's on TV. I can't explain why."



"His sermon last Sunday, 'The Meek Shall Inherit the Earth,' had them rolling in the aisles."

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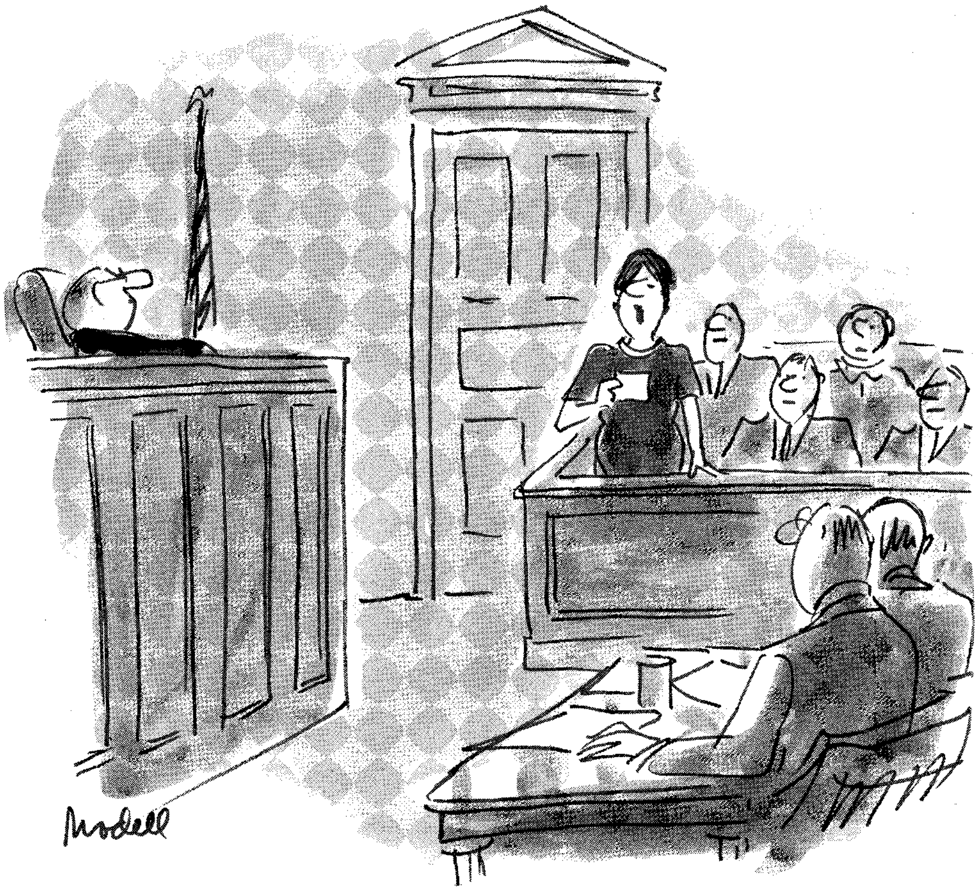
Sanctuary

SANCTUARY, which bills itself as "New York's first New Age light club," occupies two rooms in a basement on West Eighth Street. The larger features a small stage and a dance floor surrounded by cushioned banquettes, colorful paintings that depict scenes of enlightenment, and a bar that serves fruit juices, crystal elixirs, and flower essences. No smoking is permitted in this room, and the scent of burning incense hangs in the air. A short, dark passageway leads to the smaller room, which is panelled with mirrors and is essentially a bar. Smoking is permitted there. We attended the club's second-night opening, which celebrated the publication of both "The New Age Catalogue," compiled by the editors of the magazine *Body, Mind & Spirit*, and "Inner Silence," by Andrew Da Passano, the founder of the Temple of Esoteric Science, in Los Angeles, and we spent the evening absorbing Sanctuary's distinct yin and yang vibrations.

In the yin room: We met Stephen Santa Romita, the club's owner. A tall and handsome young man with dark, wavy hair and a mustache whose tips had been waxed and twirled into little wings, Mr. Santa Romita told us that he had earned a million in real estate by the time he was twenty-eight, and that his interest in parapsychology, ESP, Buddhism, Teilhard de Chardin, past-life regression, the Egyptian Book of the Dead, etc., had been incubating since he was a student at St. Francis Prep, in Greenpoint. "We're looking for people from all walks of life and from all age groups," he said, surveying the smoke-free room from the temporarily people-free dance floor. "I think there's a lot of curiosity about the New Age, because it's so undefined. We don't want to impose a dogma. Not at a light club. There are segments of the New Age movement that have taken on a kind of spiritual-élitist attitude. They feel if you make money there's something wrong with you—you're part of the establishment. That's unfortunate, because there are people out there making money, living a nice life style, and also working on raising their consciousnesses. You *can* be a New Age stockbroker."

"What goes into crystal elixirs?" we asked.

"I researched these elixirs extensively before I brought them into the club," Mr. Santa Romita said, looking pleased. "In the same way that various herbs have qualities that can be extract-



"We find the guilty defendant not guilty."

ed into a tea, the company that makes our elixirs takes a gemstone, puts it in a Pyrex glass with distilled water, and then places the glass in sunlight in the Berkshire Mountains. The water picks up the charge from the particular stone—uncut stones are usually used—and a little grain alcohol is added, so that the water retains the vibrational qualities of the stone."

"Does it have a flavor?" we asked.

"No," he said. "There's no discernible flavor, per se."

In the yang room: A tall, thirtyish man wearing a blue blazer and an ascot was holding a drink and a cigarette in one hand while with the other he grasped the shoulder of an older man with a full head of white hair and an impressive white beard. The man in the blazer leaned over and bellowed, above pumping reggae, "Hey, are the machines going to mean the end of man in the twenty-first century?"

The other man thrust his white beard forward and said, "We must learn an inner maturity to deal with high technology."

The man in the blazer turned to a buddy who had bellied up to the bar and shouted, "Is this guy something special, or what?"

In the yin room: We met Michael Goodrich, of Cosmic Contact, an agency for psychics. He told us that the evening's special entertainment, the psychic channels Bill Kase and Rock Kenyon, were his clients. "They'll do mini-readings on the spot for people at the club, and sometimes they'll tune in to other people's past lives," he explained. Then he gave us a printout of several celebrity readings Kase and Kenyon had done as a Valentine's Day promotion, among them Cher & Rob's, Sean & Madonna's, and Donald & Ivana's.

In the yang room: The man with the white hair and white beard, who was standing near the bar, introduced himself as Andrew Da Passano, the author of "Inner Silence." Mr. Da Passano said he was born in St. Petersburg in 1905, and recalled feeling that he was part of the New Age by the time he was seven or eight. "I discovered it just before the great pain of losing people I loved through war and revolution," he said. "I was a furious young man, not a Goody Two-Shoes. I was a submarine captain. That's how I met my spiritual master, Giulio Castellani, who was known as the Venetian. I worked eight years with him—*hard* work. I felt I had to find the causes."

"Of?" we prompted him after a moment.

"Of every damn thing!" he cried. "And I learned that if you want to realize your full potential, don't go by someone else's system. If you want to have faith, that's what religion is for. If it's a belief system, you have to make it for yourself. I don't mean to say that because something is entertaining it's bogus. In fact, I believe the first thing a person has to do is dedramatize everything and conserve a good sense of humor. But under the heading New Age there are those who will only be interested in a Shirley MacLaine bringing some guy on to tell them about their past lives. I'm a great admirer of hers, but there is always a certain amount of collateral junk that attends any spiritual movement."

In the yin room: Paul Zuromski, the editor of *Body, Mind & Spirit,* and of "The New Age Catalogue," had come in from Rhode Island for the second-night opening of Sanctuary, and we joined him in a booth on the far side of the dance floor. We asked Mr. Zuromski how "The New Age Catalogue" differed from the "Whole Earth Catalog."

" 'The New Age Catalogue' is not so much a neat-idea collection as it is information about a number of ideas that have been loosely called New Age, so that people can get a feel of what's included and decide if it has any value in their lives," he said. "There are some people who don't like the label. People who make futons don't necessarily want to be associated with, say, channellers. And there are some people who simply view 'New Age' as a substitute for 'occult.' It doesn't matter. The fact is, a lot of people have responded to the idea of New Age, and, if nothing else, they've lent their energy to it."

We noticed that the cover of Mr. Zuromski's magazine said, in tiny letters, "Formerly *Psychic Guide.*" "It began as a directory for psychics," he explained. "We found that a lot of people, especially advertisers, had trouble with the word, so we changed the name last year. It was an instant success. People forget very quickly."

NOT AN ENDORSEMENT

WE—that is, I and Ed (this is my boyfriend, no relation to the Mayor)—are not endorsing anyone at this time. However, we feel that no harm will be done to any of the announced Presidential candidates if we engage in some "wishful thinking" about a well-qualified man who is too little known outside our home state of New York. If this be unrealistic, perverse, useless, irrelevant, and counterproductive, so be it, though Ed is a bit more realistic than I am.

MY SCENARIO

Late April: Someone gives Matilda Cuomo a copy of "Women Who Love Too Much," and she rebels against her subservient, nurturing role and moves out to Colorado to study poetry writing with Allen Ginsberg at the Naropa Institute for eight years—the average term that an intense lust like mine for Mario takes to play itself out. (Note: My subsequent projections do not necessarily hinge on such a dramatic turn of events; this is simply a "best case" scenario. The same result could be obtained by amnesia, a tour of the U.S.S.R. gone awry, a mistaken-identity or twins plot, etc.)

Early May: Out from under her shadow, Mario looks more desirable than ever. Insists he isn't "available," but men *say* all kinds of things.

May 14: "Super Saturday": I pretend to have a dentist's appointment in Albany, and one thing leads to another.

May 15: Mario panics, says I misunderstood his body language, and sends me packing. But there are frequent hangups on the answering machine—I can tell it's him.

June 6: Al Gore has stopped bothering me. A good sign—he probably knows something I don't.

June 7: Mario goes on "Nightline" and gives an impassioned speech asserting his loyalty to his long-standing relationship with Matilda no matter what she does. But Ted Koppel is on the ball; in masterly, tough questioning he manages to suggest that Mario's "denial syndrome" masks a deep-seated fear of change. Mario is furious, showing Koppel got to him.

End of June: Seeing a lot of Mario. Nothing has "happened" yet, technically, but I'm overwhelmed by the feeling that this thing is bigger than both of us.

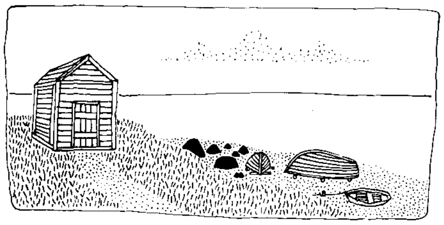
July 1: Mario being a real tease, sensing his power now. Has taken to wearing a big, wide-brimmed hat and using it to hide his face, like Bob Dylan in "The Last Waltz." Yet I suspect he wants me to seize control, so he won't have to feel responsible or guilty. As if part of him feels, "It's not bigger than both of us—it's just bigger than *me*."

July 17: Mario not thrilled about tagging along with Dukakis, Jackson, Gore, and their wives on trip to Atlanta. Hoping to get him to myself here for a whole week, I make the mistake of trying to pin him down to a definite decision. In a desperate attempt to elude my clutches, he runs away to Atlanta to hang out with his cronies. They need him more than I do, Matilda flies down for a reconciliation (I was just a pawn in their sick psychodrama), and the rest is history.

ED'S SCENARIO

Late April: Not long after the New York primary, Dukakis, Jackson, and Gore leave the state. This gets them off Governor Cuomo's back. He now has time to catch up on the newspapers, and finds that he ruled out a draft—a subtle misrepresentation of his signal. He clarifies his position as being more complex, less simplistic. Although I, Ed, am far from being a professional politico, the Governor seems to be thinking along the same lines I am—brooding yet dynamically watchful, playing a brilliantly disciplined cat-and-mouse game.

Early May: I make my move—put out feelers for a Draft Cuomo effort at our weekly tenants' meeting of West Side Glenliving Towers Independent Democrats. The response is impressive (ninety-eight per cent of those whose second choice is Dukakis favor a Cuomo draft if the combined popular vote for Dukakis, Jackson, and Gore *after* the Oregon primary is not proportionate to their delegate count in the citrus states), so I take on more leadership—hardball negotiations with Elevator Bulletin Board Committee, advance trips to Coast, etc. *Somebody's* going to have to broker this thing.



May 14: "Super Saturday": Huge success with the guest speaker I get for our North Dakota Strategy Tea—Madam Oracula, a psychic, who predicts that Cuomo will receive the nomination when "great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane hill shall come."

May 15: "Forest Hills Diary," by Mario Cuomo, becomes the focus of our Study Group.

May 16: Still no word from Cuomo about our grass-roots support. But a lot of hangups on the answering machine, which constitute indirect authorization. Extremely smart move.

June 6: Dave Garth quits the Gore campaign to make anti-smoking commercials—so he says. Shrewd guy.

June 7: Cuomo devastating on "Nightline." Comes off as conscientious yet electable, family man yet political animal, exuding hidden depths of wise omniscience in not showing his hand. Koppel hasn't a clue.

June 8: Duke and Jesse claim confidence after their respective showings in California, but they don't understand the forces of destiny at work.

June 9: Aide to Dukakis releases a weird report that an owl attacked a hawk at midnight near the White House. Duke, a very superstitious man, freaks out, charges omen is a Jesse hoax. Both camps in disarray, giving Mario an excuse to delay endorsement.

July 10: Madam Oracula, filling in for Robert Novak on "The McLaughlin Group," repeats the Birnam Wood prediction she made for the first time at West Side Glenliving Towers Independent Democrats. This makes us look very good with Mario's people, and we are in superb shape going into Convention week.

July 17: I have the greatest girlfriend in the world! Somehow through her twin sister, who works for Ted Turner in Atlanta, she wangles me Superdelegate-at-Large credentials to the Convention. So I'm right there to play a major role in the healthy, democratic brokering process, the good old-fashioned horse-trading, caucuses and smokers, shakedowns, paternity suits, heavy drinking, threats and deals. When it's all over, I wake up from a blackout in a motel with two itchy tree branches tied to my head for some reason. I can't recall exactly how it happened, but the best man won.

—Veronica Geng

HOME

LIGHTED windows: cutouts of home in the night. When Nils came from his meeting he turned the key, but the door was quickly opened from the inside—Teresa was there, a terribly vivid face. The law classified her as Colored; now the blood of her Xhosa and Javanese ancestry surfaced, dark and glowing. Her thin feet clutched the floorboards; she was wearing her cotton nightgown that in bed he would draw away tenderly, the curtain of her sweet body.

"They've taken my mother. Robbie and Francie and my mother."

He must have said something—"No! Good God!"—but was at once in awe of her, of what had happened to her while he was not there. The questions were a tumble of rock upon them: When? Where? Who told her?

"Jimmy. From a call box in Johannesburg. He didn't have enough change, we were cut off, I nearly went crazy, I didn't know what number to call back. Then he phoned again. They came to the house and took my mother and Francie as well as Robbie."

"Your mother! I can't believe it! How could they take that old woman? She doesn't even know what politics is—what could they possibly detain her for?"

His wife stood there in the entrance, barring his and her way into their home. "I don't know . . . because she's Robbie's mother. Robbie and Francie were with her in the house."

"Well, Francie still lives with her. But why was Robert there?"

"Who knows—maybe he just went home."

In the night, in trouble, the kitchen seems the room to go to; the bedroom is always too happy and intimate a place, and the living room, with its books and big shared desk and pictures and the flowers he buys for her every week from the same Indian street vender, is too definitive of the life the couple have made for themselves, apart.

He puts on the kettle for herb tea. She can't sit, although he does, to encourage her. She keeps pulling at the lobes of her ears in a travesty of the endearing gesture with which she habitually feels for the safety of the earrings he has given her. "They came at four o'clock yesterday morning."

"And you only get told tonight?"

"Nils, how was Jimmy to know? It was only when the neighbors found someone who knew where he works that he got a message. He's been running around all day trying to find where they're being held. And every time he goes near a police station he's afraid they'll take him in as well. That brother of mine isn't exactly the bravest man you could meet . . ."

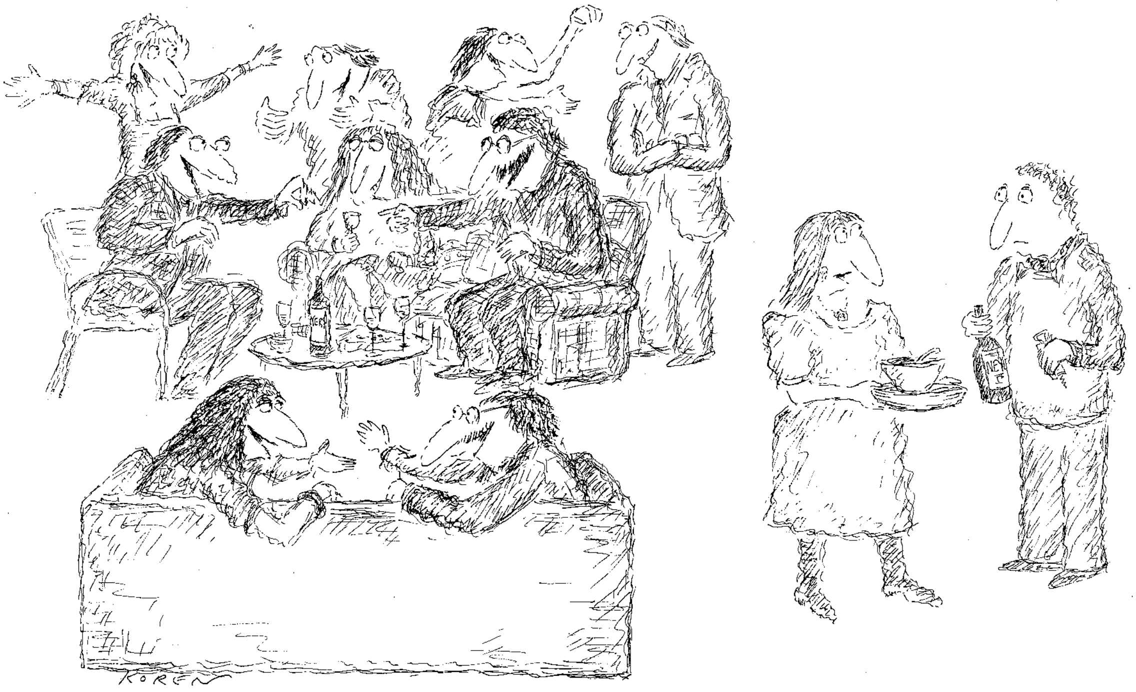
"Poor devil. D'you blame him? If they can take your mother, then anybody in the family—"

Her nose and those earlobes go red as if with anger, but it is her way of fiercely weeping. She strokes harder and harder the narrow-brained head of the Afghan bitch, her Niki. She had never been allowed to keep a dog in her mother's house; her mother said they were unclean. "It's so cold in that town in winter. What will my mother have to sleep on tonight in a cell?"

He gets up to take her into his arms; the kettle screams and screams, as if for her.

IN bed in the dark, Teresa talked, cried, secure in the Afghan's warmth along one side of her, and her lover-husband's on the other. She did not have to tell him she cried because she was warm and her mother cold. She could not sleep—they could not sleep—because her mother, who had stifled her with thick clothing, suffocating servility, smothering religion, was cold. One of the reasons why she loved him—not the reason why she had married him—was to rid herself of her mother. To love this Swede, someone from the other side of the world, a world unknown to her mother, was to embrace snow and ice, unknown to her mother. He freed her of the family, fetid sun.

For him, she was the being who melted the hard, cold edges of existence, the long black nights that had blotted out half the days of his childhood, the sheer of ice whose austerity was repeated, by some mimesis of environment, in the cut of his jaw. She came to him out of the houseful, the streetful, of people as crowded together as the blood of different races mixed in their arteries. He came to her out of the



"The conversation has turned to parking."

silent rooms of an only child, where an engraving of his countryman Linnaeus hung in lamplight, and out of the scientist's solitary journeys in a glass bell among fish on the seabed; he himself had grown up to be an ichthyologist, not a botanist. They had the desire for each other of a couple who would always be strangers. They had the special closeness of a couple who belonged to nobody else.

And that night, relating it to him, she relived the meekness of her mother, the subservience to an unfeeling, angry man (the father, now dead), the acceptance of the ghetto place the law allotted to the mother and her children, the attempts even to genteel it with lace curtains and sprayed room-fresheners—all that had disgusted Teresa and now filled her with anguish because "How will a woman like my mother stand up to prison? What will they be able to do to her?"

He knew she was struggling with the awful discovery that she loved her mother, who was despicable; being imprisoned surely didn't alter the fact that her mother was so, proved over many omissions and years? He knew his Teresa well enough not to tell her the discovery was not shameful; that would bring it out into the open and she would accuse herself of sentimentality. Her *mother* was sentimental: those bronzed baby shoes of the men and women who had not grown up careful to stay out of trouble—who had married a blond foreigner with a strange accent, or taken to drink and bankruptcy, or got mixed up in politics, secret-police files, arrests in the small hours of the morning. He listened and stroked her hair, sheltered her folded hand between his neck and shoulder as she cried and raged, pitying and blaming—and cursing (she who kept of her mother's genteelism at least her pure mouth) those fucking bastards of government and police for what they had done, done not only at four in the morning in that house, with its smell of cooking oil and mothballs, but for generations, tearing up lives with their decrees on bits of paper, breaking down doors in power of arrest, shutting people off from life in their cells.

Later in the night when he thought she might at last have fallen asleep, she sat up straight. "What will she tell them? What does she know?"

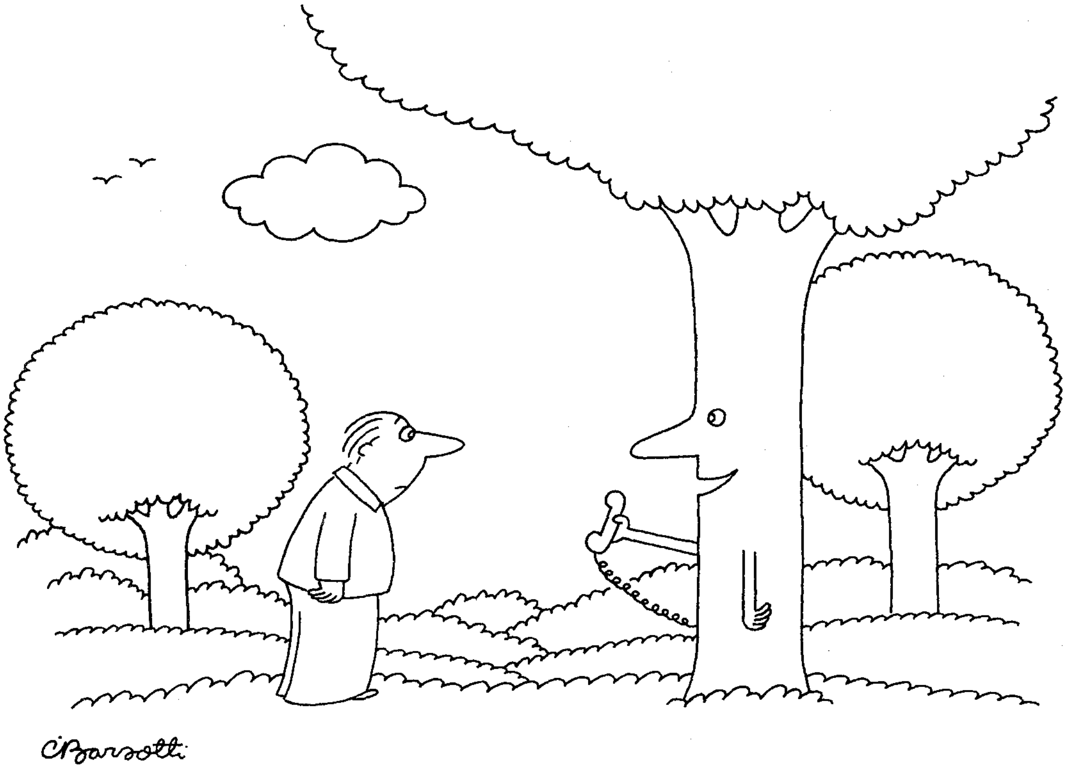
She meant about Robbie. Teresa and that brother, Robbie, were the ones who had got mixed up in politics. Living in this backwater coastal town in the company of marine biologists who were content to believe all species are interesting and to inquire no further into questions of equality, Teresa and her Swedish husband belonged to progressive organizations that walked the limit of but did not transgress legality, going no further than protest meetings. This was a respectable cover for the occasional clandestine support they gave Robbie, who really was mixed up not just in avowals but in the deeds of revolution. Sometimes they supplied money; sometimes shelter, when he arrived unannounced in the middle of the night, with the need to go underground for a day or two.

"Robbie won't have told her anything. You know how, even if he ever wanted to, she'd stop her ears," he said.

"It's not what she *knows*. She's never known anything about us. But they won't believe that! They'll go on interrogating her—"

"Don't you think they'll soon discover it—that she's never known anything that would matter to them?"

His slow voice was the anchor from which she bobbed frantically. Suddenly her anger spilled in another direction. "What the hell got into him? What did Robbie go there for? How could he *dare* go to that house? How could he possibly not know that there, of all places, would be where they'd pick him up! The idiocy! The self-indulgence! What did he want, *a home-cooked meal*? I don't know what's gone wrong with the movement, how they can let people behave so undisciplinedly, so childishly. . . . How can we ever hope to see the end, if that's how they behave? . . . The idiot! Just handed over—*yes, do come in and meet my mother and sister*—quite a social occasion in the family, all ready to be carted off to prison together. I hope he realizes what he's done. Some revolution, left



"Mr. Hoffman? Ed Hoffman? Your office has been trying to reach you, sir."

• •

to people like him. . . . How *could* he go *near* that house?"

They did not call each other by the endearments used commercially by every patronizing saleswoman and every affected actress—"love" and "darling"—but had their own, in his language. "*Min lilla loppa*, we don't know what his reasons might have been—"

His "little flea" beat the pillows with her fist, frightening her dog off the bed. "*There can't be any reason.* Except she ruined them all, for everything, for the revolution, too. He's no different from my other brother, in the end—he goes crawling back under his mummy's skirt. . . . You don't know those people, that family—"

He went to the kitchen to fetch her a glass of hot milk at four in the morning. While the milk was heating on the stove he stood at the kitchen window and put his palm on the pane, feeling the dark out there, the hour of the end of night into which, forty-eight hours before, mother, brother, and sister had been led to police cars.

THE DAIRY COWS OF MARÍA CRISTINA CORTÉS

Although they may be
the most mothering of all the animals,
the ones with the gentlest
complaint, the ones whose milk
has left on our tongues
the knowledge that life can be simple
and good, still,

in their pendulous,
earthbound, solitary ways, they remind me
of nothing quite so much
as those people we become after
the houselights rise
on a movie that finds us wiping back
a tear. And since

sadness, however
privately borne, secreted however far inside,
is a thing that finally
weighs us down, they are also
the ones most likely
in the end to inherit the earth; so wherever
they go, wandering

the mud lanes out
from the dairy, or wading into grasses
at a pond's edge, they
move the way a slow-forming storm
cloud moves, gathering
within it a heaviness drawn from deep
in the soil,

a heaviness it will
return there. And yet a cow jumped over
the moon, we're told, and
what in the world has ever been
more filled with light
than a glass of milk placed by the bed
of a child still struggling

from a nightmare?
But whatever it is we say about the cow,
it's the face we love,
a face that, in spite of what we do
with our fences and barbs
and electrically charged cattle prods,
shines equally on us

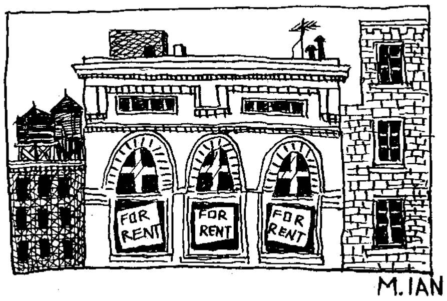
and on the grasses
of the world; and shines in a way that makes
us feel forgiven after all
for forgetting we, too, are animals—base-
born, landlocked, spattered
with mud, and filled with an ancient cow-
sorrow and -wonder.

—Sherod Santos

• •

IN the morning, she didn't go to work. She was soiled and blurred by helplessness. He had been in her family house only a few awkward times over their seven years together, but he saw for the first time that she would resemble her mother if she were ever to grow old and afraid. With her lips drawn back in pain, her teeth looked long—the face of a victim. Distraught, her beauty dragged out of shape, there was the reversion to physical type that comes with age; someday he himself would become the listing old Scandinavian hulk who was his father or his uncle. He begged her to take one of his tranquillizers, but she wouldn't—she had a horror of drugs, of drink, of anything she had seen give others power over the individual personality. He had always privately thought this came subconsciously from her background, where people of one color were submitted to the will of those of another.

He went to the Institute for an hour to set his team the tasks of the day and explain why they both would be absent—in a humbler capacity Teresa, too, was employed there, their marriage and his encouragement having let her satisfy her longing for some scientific education. When his colleagues asked what he was going to do, he realized he didn't know. If it turned out that Teresa's family were detained under Section 29, they would have no access to lawyers or relatives. Between his colleagues' expressions of sympathy and support he saw them share regarding silences: they could have predicted this sort of disaster, inconceivable in their own lives, as a consequence of his kind of marriage.

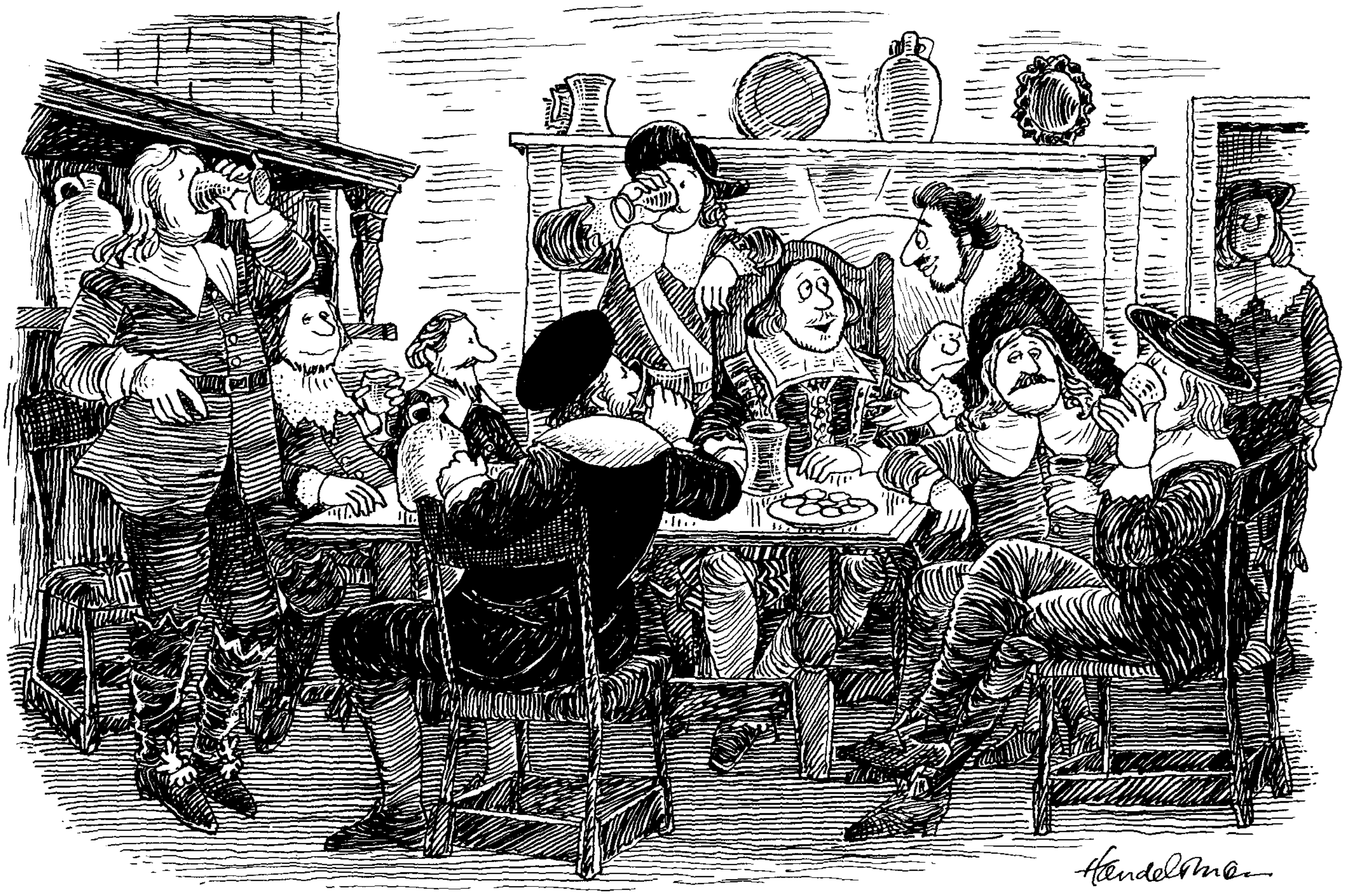


Back home he found her talking on the telephone. She was clutching the receiver in both hands, her feet were bare and wet, and the dog—the dog had undergone a change, too, shrunk to a bony frame plastered with fringes of wet fur.

She had bathed the dog? On this day?

She saw his face but was hysterically concentrated on what she was hearing, signalled, Don't interrupt, be quiet! He put his arm round her, and one hand left the earpiece and groped up for his and held it tightly. She was cutting into the gabble on the other end: "But I must be able to reach you! Isn't there anywhere I can phone? If I don't hear from you, who will tell me what's happening? . . . Listen Jimmy, Jimmy, listen, I'm not blaming you. . . . But if I can't phone you at work, then . . . No! No! That isn't good enough, d'you hear me, Jimmy—"

There was a moment when he tried



"It's nice of you to say so, Ben, but somehow the idea of 'Shakespeare in the Park' doesn't really appeal to me."

• •

to hold steady the shifting gaze of her eyes. She put down the phone. "Call box again. And I've forgotten the number he just gave me. I've been waiting the whole morning for him to call back, and now . . . I didn't know how to get myself away from sitting here looking at that phone—do anything, anything. . . . He phoned just after you left and said he had a lawyer friend of a friend, someone I've never heard of, he was going to find out details, something about approaching a magistrate."

The phone sprang alive again and she stared at it; he picked it up. There was the voice of her brother, hesitant, stumbling: "Ma and them, they in under Section 29."

She sat at the phone while he tried to activate the house as if it were a stopped clock. To keep them going there would have to be lunch (he cooked it), later the lights switched on, the time for news on television. But she couldn't eat not knowing if her mother was able to eat what there would be in a plate pushed under a cell door, she couldn't read by lamplight because there was darkness in a cell, and the news—there was no news when people were detained under Section 29. She telephoned friends and could not remember what they had said. She telephoned a doctor because she suddenly had the idea her mother had low blood pressure or high blood pressure—not sure which—and she wanted to know whether her mother could have a stroke and die from the one or collapse from the other in a prison. She did not want to go to bed. She brought out a small cracked photograph of her mother holding a baby (Robbie, she identified) with a cross-looking tiny girl standing by (herself). A piece of a man's coat sleeve showed where the rest of the photograph had been roughly cut off. The missing figure was her father. Exhausted, the two of them were up again until after midnight while she talked to him about her mother, was filled with curiosity and flashes of understanding about her mother, the monotony and smallness of her mother's life. "And it has to be this—the only big thing that's ever happened to her has to be this." Her whole face trembled. He suffered with her. He reminded himself that it is a common occurrence that people talk with love about one they have despised and resented once that person is dead. And to be in prison under Section 29, nobody knew where, was to be dead to the world where one did not deserve to be loved.

In bed, she would not (of course) take a sleeping pill, but they had each other. He made love to her while her tears smeared them both, and that put her blessedly to sleep. Now and then she gave the hiccupping sigh of a comforted child, and he woke at once and lifted his head, watching over her. There was a smell of clean dog fur in the bed that second night.

"TERESA."

He woke to find she was already bathed and dressed. She turned her head to him from the bedroom doorway when he spoke her name; her hair was drawn away tightly from her cheekbones and ears, held by combs. Again something had happened to her in his absence—this time while she was beside him but they were parted in sleep. She was ready to leave the house long before it was time to go to work: going first to see a woman lawyer whom they'd heard speak at protest meetings against detention without trial. He agreed it was a good idea. That was what must have come to her overnight, among these other things: if she was right about her mother's hypertension (or whatever it was), Jimmy must get a statement from her doctor confirming a poor state of health—that might get her released, or at least insure special diet and treatment inside; and something must be done about that house: it would be rifled in a week, in that neighborhood. Somebody responsible must be found to go there and see that it was properly locked up—and tidy up, too, yes, the police would have turned everything upside down; if they arrest, they also search the scene of arrest.

"Shall I come with you?"

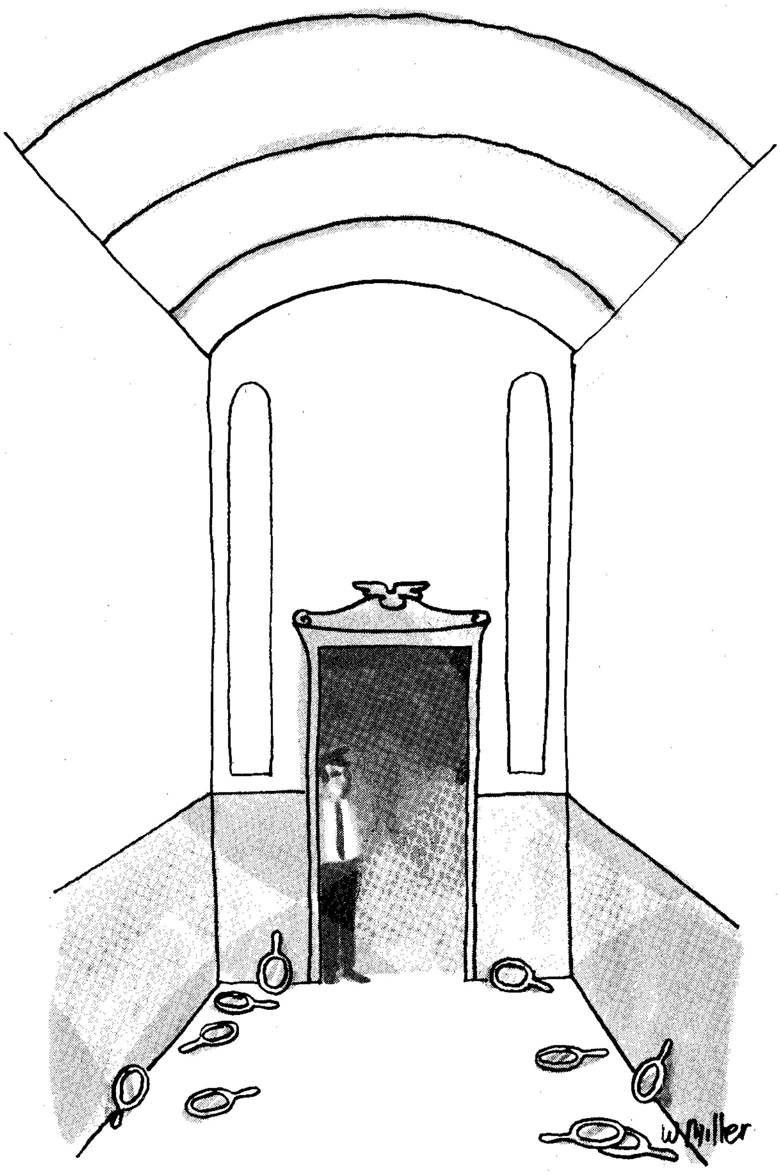
No, she had already phoned. Carrie was waiting at her law office. Teresa paused a moment, ready to go, rehearsing what she had to say to the lawyer; she blew him a kiss.

There were no more tears, no more tremblings. She came to the Institute straight from the lawyer's office, reported to him on the advice she had been given, put on her white coat and did her work. She found it hard to concentrate those first few days and had a dazed look about her, from the effort, when they met for lunch. In the canteen, they would seek a place to sit apart from others, like clandestine lovers. But it was not sweet intimacies their lowered voices exchanged. They were discussing what to do, what should be done, what could be done—and every now and then one or the other would look up to return the wave or greeting of a colleague, look up into the humid, cheerful room with the day's specials chalked on a board, people gathered round the coffee and tea and Coke dispensers, look out through the expanse of glass that the sea breathed on, to the red collage of flamboyants and jazzy poinsettias in the Institute's park—and her mother, brother, and sister were in cells somewhere. All the time. While she and Nils ate, while they worked, while they took Niki for her walk. For that progression of repetitions known as daily life went on, with only a realization of its strange, dogged persistence; what will stop it covering up what is really happening? In the cells, and here?

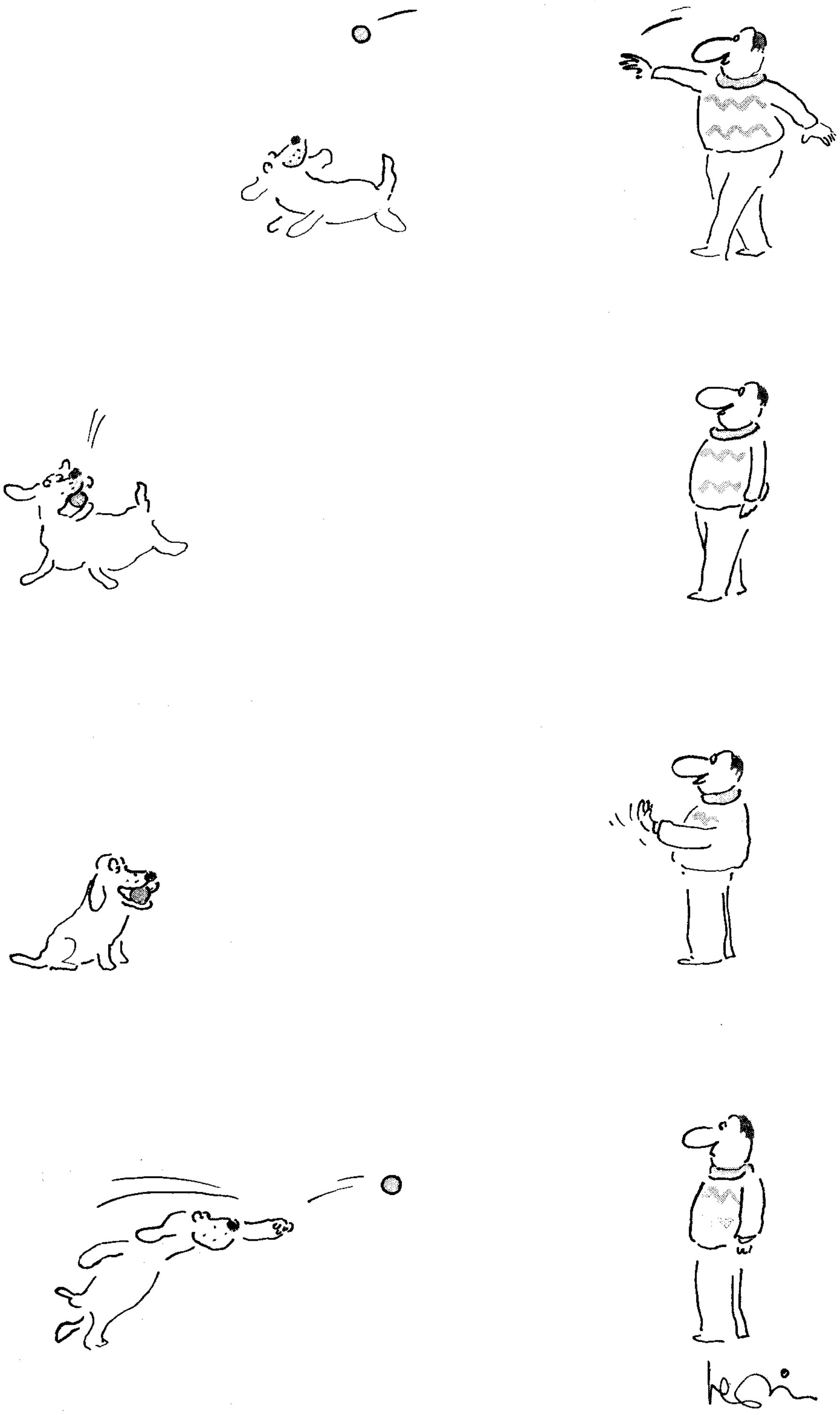
While he took care of that daily life (she had too much on her mind to be expected to shop and take clothes to the dry cleaner's) she spent all their spare time seeing lawyers, collecting and filling in applications to magistrates, to chiefs of police, to government officials, and consulting organizations concerned with the condition of detainees. She was no longer dazed; hair out of the way, her attention never deflected, determination hardened her gestures and emboldened her gentleness, sloughed it away. She importuned anyone she could use—that was how she put it: "Maybe we can use So-and-So. He's supposed to be a good liberal. Let's see what he'll do. Carrie says he's an old Stellenbosch buddy of the Police Commissioner." To ask for help was apparently too weak a demand—people would reply that they'd help if they could, but . . .

"We must pick people over whom there's public leverage of some sort."

He marvelled at how she had come to this knowledge. She who had always been so endearingly primly principled even went to see a Nationalist politician who was said to be close to the Minister of Justice; she who had always been so sincere revived acquaintance with people he and she had avoided as materialistic, incompatible, pushy, because now their connections might be of use. Her entire consciousness was a strategy. When she had managed—through Carrie's consultation with lawyers



THE HALL OF MIRRORS
JERETSKI PALACE, PLOVDO



in Johannesburg—to get a parcel of blankets and clothing to her mother, brother, and sister, she turned pressure on her mother's doctor, telephoning him at his home late at night to urge that the prison medical officer attend her mother. When that succeeded, she contacted the local lawyer friend of a friend to take food to the prison—dried fruit, yogurt were the things one most needed, she ascertained from those who had been political prisoners—and try to get the chief warder to accept it for her mother, Robbie, and Francie. She was always on the telephone; he brought her plate from their interrupted meals to the stool where she sat, elbows on knees. This was her corner now, just as Niki had her particular place under the table. That terrible ivy, daily life: how to pull it away and see—what?

She was constantly on the telephone because what was happening in the cells was far away in Johannesburg. She became stern with impatience—sympathy irritated her, and he had to realize that, for all their closeness, their apartness together, he couldn't really claim to be feeling what she was feeling. Every inquiry or instruction from her had to be referred through a third person. Jimmy's timidity made him even less intelligent, she said, than he had ever been. He wasn't to be relied on, and he was the only member of the family *there*. Where she should be. Every time some proxy bungled, it came up: she should be there. And then it was Nils who became distraught, could concentrate on nothing but the cold anxiety that she would go there, walk into the waiting car of the Security Police—he saw them ready for her, counting on her coming to that house, to that prison where her mother, brother, and sister were held. Hadn't he said to her, of Jimmy's fears, that it was a fact that *anyone* in the family could be . . . ? And she was the one who had connections with Robbie beyond blood ties!

"*Exactly!* They might turn up here any time and take you and me. Both of us. How do we know what's come out, in there . . . what he might have told my mother or poor frightened Francie—my sister's only nineteen, you know. Those two women'll never stand up under interrogation from those beasts; they couldn't even judge what's compromising and what isn't."

His height and strength seemed to hamper him when opposing the will that tempered her slender body. He spoke, and it was as if he made some clumsy, inappropriate move toward her. "But they haven't come. I mean, thank God they haven't. Maybe they don't know about you." She gave a disparaging half-grunt, half-laugh. "Maybe no one's said anything about us . . . you. But if you go there, at once they'll decide they might as well see what you know. And there is something to be got out of you."

She gestured away the times her brother had appeared for refuge, the packets of papers that had been hidden under research documents about the habits of fish in the desk of the Institute's Swedish expert.

"Teresa, I won't let you go!" He had never before spoken to her in that voice—probably it was the ugly voice of her father; he felt he had struck her a blow, but it was on his own breastbone that his fist had fallen. He was shouting. "*I will not have it! I'll* go, if someone must, I'll go, I'm not one of the family!"

The dissension was like a sheet of newspaper that catches alight, swells and writhes with flame, and quickly dies to a handful of black membrane. She dropped the idea. He thirsted with relief; she watched him go to the cupboard and pour himself a whiskey, but she didn't need anything like that.

Yet every few days something would precipitate the ordeal all over again. By now she had made connections who knew ways of smuggling news out of the prison: Robbie was on a hunger strike, her mother and Francie had been moved to another prison. Why? She ought to be there to find out. The lawyer's application to the Minister of Justice for her mother's and Francie's release was awaiting decision; she ought to be there to see if it couldn't be hastened. Her husband brought in friends to back him up: he, they, wouldn't hear of her going.

She took leave of absence from the Institute. He didn't know whether or not *that* was a good idea. At least work was a distraction—thinking about other matters, talking to people who had other concerns. This one had been cleaned out in a burglary, lost everything. *Things*? He saw the question in her face, flung back. That one had a dying wife. *Death*? Of course, death's natural; he reflected that if her sixty-something-year-old mother had become ill and died, in that house, it would have been an event to accept.

So the practical preoccupations of her mother's and siblings' detention became her work as well. Even her few pleasures—no, wrong word, her few small satisfactions—were part of the disaster. There was the news that a banner calling for the release of her family had been displayed at a liberation-movement meeting that was broken up by police and dogs. There were messages from the movement-in-exile for which Robbie was active: they preferred this lawyer rather than that to be engaged on his behalf. And the fact that they knew to contact her drew her into another kind of cell, of new associates for whom detention was a hazard like a traffic fine, and clandestinity, with all its cunning, a code for survival in or out of prison.

THE OSSABAW BOOK OF HOURS

The island queen has a golden clock in her eyes
with topaz and sapphire for dawn and dusk.
Luminous, the spokes of light revolve
the slow stars through her bright ephemerides.
Each hand is set in short and long beginnings.

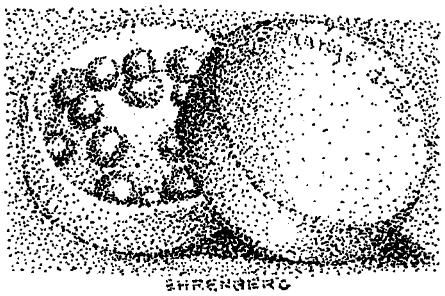
XII Midnight shifts the hourglass of the marsh
I to the I, anima spirit, one.
II In the garden she conjoins the ribs of man and woman
and while they sleep the intruding cottonmouth
III races through the dark Ogeechee, bearing live young.
IV Four. The family of fallen countenance sorrows
V the dawn. With callipers she measures the distance to sun
VI and prays protection from the hex of soothsayers.
VII Seven holy days and hours tick their cabalistic metaphor
through her primordial estuaries.
8 This hour is infinity on its side,
a diaphanous conch polished by the tidal moon.
IX The cardinal chants novena, each note a drop of blood
X for the cross that *Hyla crucifer* peepers
bear on their backs.
XI Gently on the wings of noon all disciples
but one descend like angels to the garden.

The island queen's horologe
winds down to saurian sleep.
Illuminating manuscripts of red and gold,
the poets hold her burning hand
and follow.

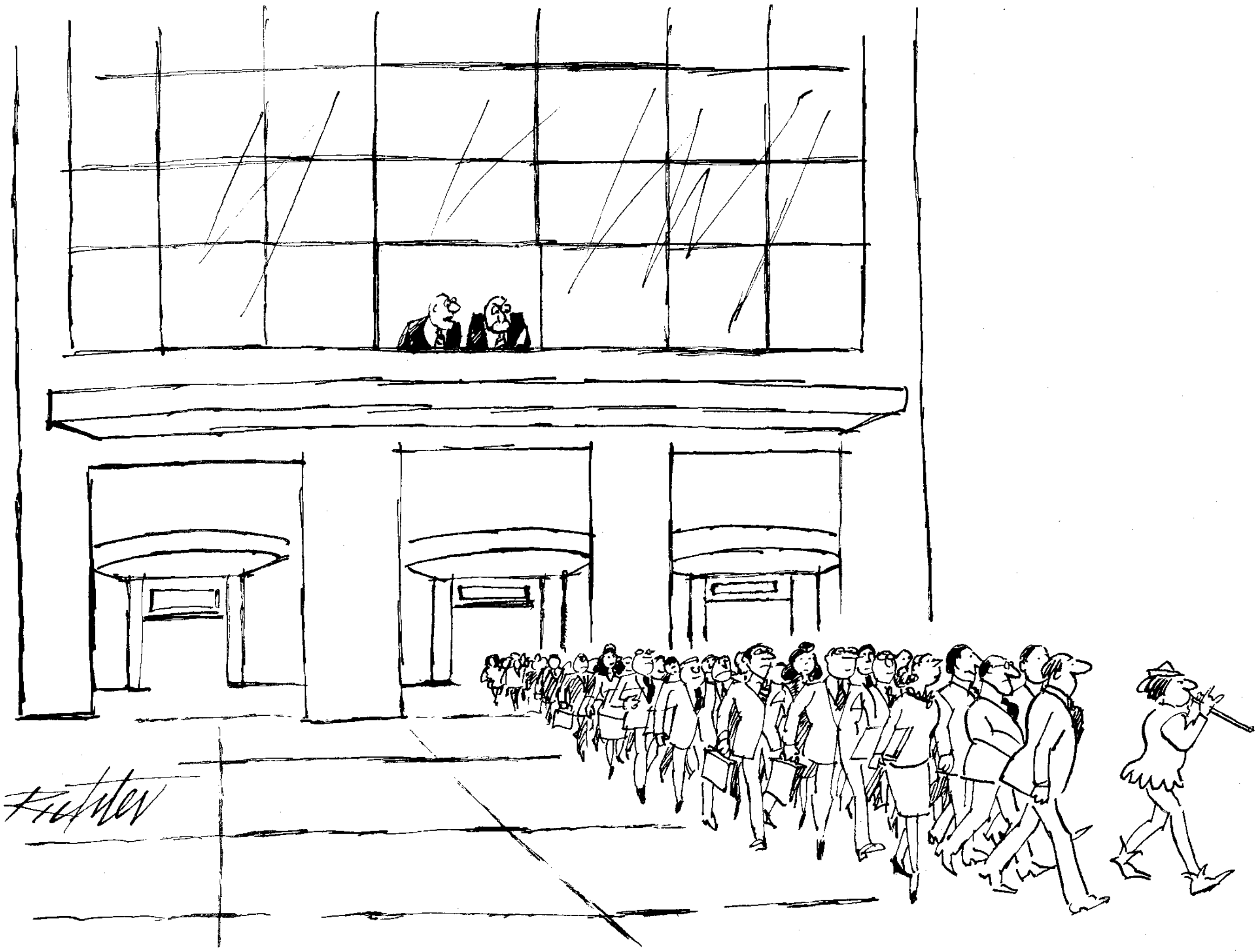
—JULIA OLDER

• •

It was on their advice that she started sleeping away from home. Well, it was a disinterested confirmation of his own fears for her, and—at the same time—of her conviction that she could just as well be picked up here as in the region of her mother's house or place of imprisonment. She stayed with this good friend or that. "I may be at Addie's tonight, if not with Stephen and Joanna." She held him tightly for a moment, buried Niki's slim snout against her, before she slipped out, and she would be back early in the morning for breakfast. But he lay in their bed full of deserted desire for her, although they had not made love for weeks, not since the second night after the news came. He sensed she was ashamed of their joy happening while the others—that family—were in prison out of human touch. Once, he gave in to the temptation to hear her voice and phoned her where she said she would sleep, but she wasn't there; and of course it would defeat the whole purpose of her absence if the friend who answered the call were to tell him where she had moved to—more than likely, his bedside phone was tapped. He was too ashamed, next day, to confess to her his childish impulse.



She never wore her heavy black hair loose now. No doubt because she didn't have the heart to spend time putting it up in rollers and brushing it out, innocently enjoying the sight of herself in the mirror, as she used to. Yet she looked differently beautiful; a woman becomes another woman when she changes the way she wears her hair. The combs scragged it away from her cheekbones and eye hollows. She



"My God! There goes middle management."

• •

looked like a dusky Greta Garbo. When the front door banged and she came in to breakfast in the mornings, he felt—and it was like a fear—that he was falling in love with her. But how unpleasant and ridiculous. He had loved her for seven years, Teresa, Teresa—there was no need to abandon that, to start something new.

And then there came to him the mad thought—mad!—that it was not he who was falling in love with her, someone else was. There was the mark of it on her, in the different beauty. *She was the way someone else saw her.* That was what he confronted himself with when she arrived in the mornings.

There was a day when the hair was wet, twisted up, and the combs pushed in any old how. "The sea looked so cool, I couldn't resist a dip on the way."

"I'm glad, *min lilla loppa*. Was it lovely?"

At the time, he was tenderly pleased, as at the sign of an invalid's recovery to a normal interest in life. But walking through the Institute's aquarium, while the fish mouthed at him, he was overcome by what could not be said: who was it who swam with her, and she must have been naked, or only in her panties, because surely she didn't take a swimsuit with her when she went away to elude the Security Police at night.

An hour or two later he hardly believed he could have thought so cheaply about her, Teresa, Teresa. There was a little beach where he and she had often swum nude, sheltered by rocks; it was their beach she would have been to, alone, without him.

Because he had these moments of thinking badly of her, he became shy of her. They had always shared the discomfort of one another's small indispositions—her period pains, his bouts of indigestion if he sat too long crouched over a microscope. Now he suffered, all to himself, an embarrassing ailment—a crawling sensation round the anus. It seemed to him it must be one of the signs of middle age, the beginning of the deterioration of the nervous system. What would such a distasteful detail mean to her, at this time? Getting older, decaying, was natural. And she was young: why should she want to be bothered with his backside while her mother and brother and sister were still in prison—it was nine weeks now. And she had a young lover.

Oh, why did these thoughts come!

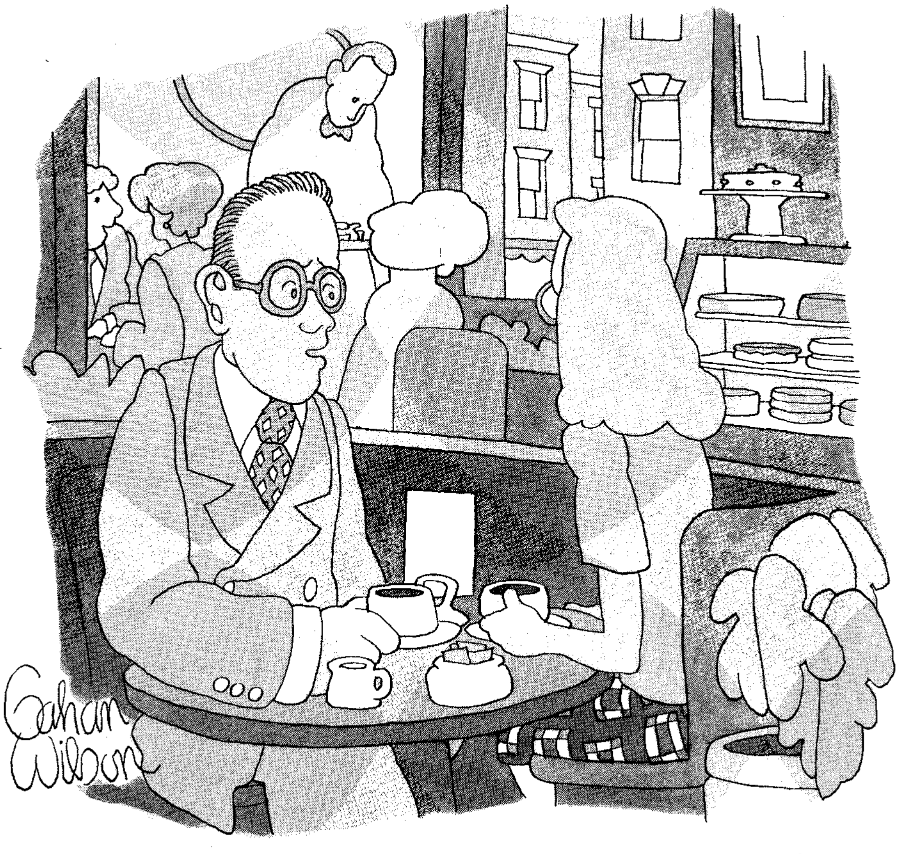
Why should she not have found a lover, young like herself, brought up in comradely poverty, someone who had already been in prison, whose métier—outwitting those bastards of policemen, warders, government officials—was newly her own?

And now every sign could be interpreted that way. She who had always been so love-hungry, passionate, had not come to him in weeks, and had created an atmosphere round herself that made it indelicate for him to come to her. When she slept out and arrived home early in the morning, she could have slipped into their bed, where he still lay; she didn't. The night he had phoned Stella's flat—she wasn't there; and how had Stella sounded? Hadn't the voice been constrained? Lying? Covering up? Teresa, Teresa. He was thinking about all this *in Swedish.* What did that mean? He was retreating, going back to what he was before they had made their life apart from the past, together; she was thrusting him back there, leaving him, she had a lover. He began to try to find out who it was. When she talked about fellow-members of the Detainees' Support Committee he listened for the recurrence of certain names. And there was new dismay for him—it might even be that she was having an affair with someone else's husband. Teresa! At the occasional parties they had gone to, over seven years, she had not even danced with any other man, because he himself did not dance; she would hold his hand and watch.

And then one night—no, it was morning already behind the curtains—the dog jumped off the bed and whined, and he heard the front-door latch click. He waited, but Teresa did not come into the bedroom. He must have fallen asleep again, waiting, and when he woke he felt the silence of an empty house. In the kitchen was a note: "I'll be gone for a few days. Don't worry. *Lilla loppa.*" It was the kind of note left these days by people like Robbie, people like the ones she mixed with. If they had to disappear, if they didn't want anyone who might be questioned about their whereabouts to get into trouble with the police. The less you know, the better for you. But he knew. He was sure now. Perhaps it was even her way of letting him know. If the police came, he could tell them: she has gone away with a lover.

He could not imagine her without himself, just as she, when it all began, could not imagine her mother able to eat or sleep in prison. Teresa across the table from someone who would put dead flesh on her plate (theirs was a vegetarian home) and she would eat it. Teresa in one of the cotton nightgowns—if she could take a swimsuit in her handbag for a secret early-morning rendezvous, she would not hesitate to take the nightgown. Unlike Teresa, he drank whiskey and swallowed sleeping pills so that he might not think any further. But he dreamt horribly, from the mixture. In the dream they had a child who was playing at the water's edge on their beach, where he was making love to Teresa, and he fiercely pursued his climax while he knew a high surf was washing the child out to sea. He woke like a schoolboy, wet with the dream.

Standing at his tanks in the Institute, he followed the movements—currents and streamers: rose, violet, yellow, and blue—of the tropical fish from these southern waters that would have devoured the child's drowned body, and he thought of the scrubbed satiny floors, the white muslin curtains, and the white-trunked birch trees of the house with the silent rooms he had inherited outside Stockholm. He had not thought he would ever have to live there again.



"Surely two people as intelligent as we are can work out some method of falling in love."

AFTER three days, she telephoned the Institute just before noon.

"Where are you?"

"Here. Niki's head's in my lap!" She was laughing.

He left at once, and again as he put his key in the door it was opened from the inside. She held out her hands, palm up; he had to take them, and did so slowly. They went into the kitchen, where he saw she had been eating bread and avocado, hungrily spreading crumbs, in her way. The bitch was sniffing her over to sense where she had been and what she had done. He, too, wanted and feared to get the scent of her betrayal. Dread poured into him with every decibel of her voice.

She sat back in a kitchen chair and faced him. "I've seen her. And I've got notes from Francie and Robbie, smuggled out. She's all right. I knew you'd stop me if I told you I was going."

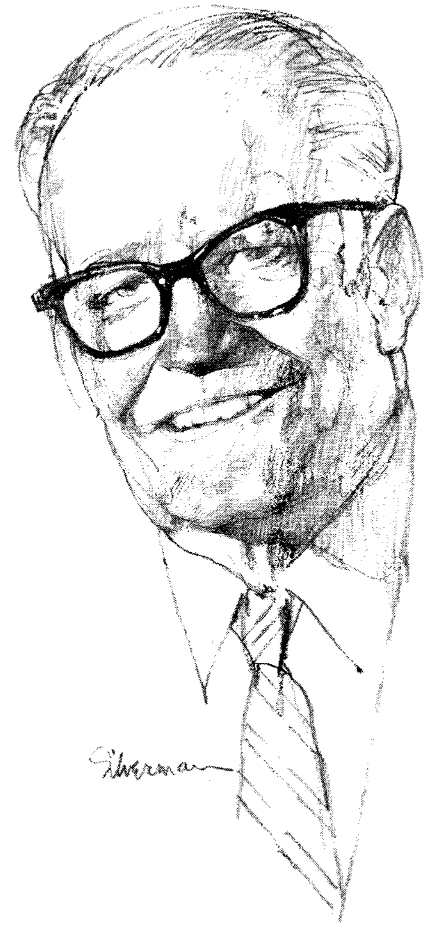
She lifted her shoulders, shook her head, smiling, closing the subject.

Perhaps there was no lover? He saw it was true that she had left him, but it was for them—for that house, the dark family of which he was not a member, her country, to which he did not belong.

—NADINE GORDIMER

PROFILES

AuH_2O



Barry Goldwater

THE familiar jaw still juts to a dimpled point from the handsome, weather-creased Southwestern face. The broken nose, with its incongruous Old Testament flaring nostrils, still seems to be sniffing for a good fight. Familiar, too, are the clear blue eyes, impish as ever behind thick lenses of black-rimmed glasses, and the thin white hair combed straight back over the freckled pate. Barry Morris Goldwater, at the end of the eighth decade of a remarkably full life, does not look his years. It's true that his drawl is noticeably slower, his six-foot stature is less military, and his cane-aided walk is painfully difficult. Indeed, he is in more or less constant pain, whether he is on his feet or seated.

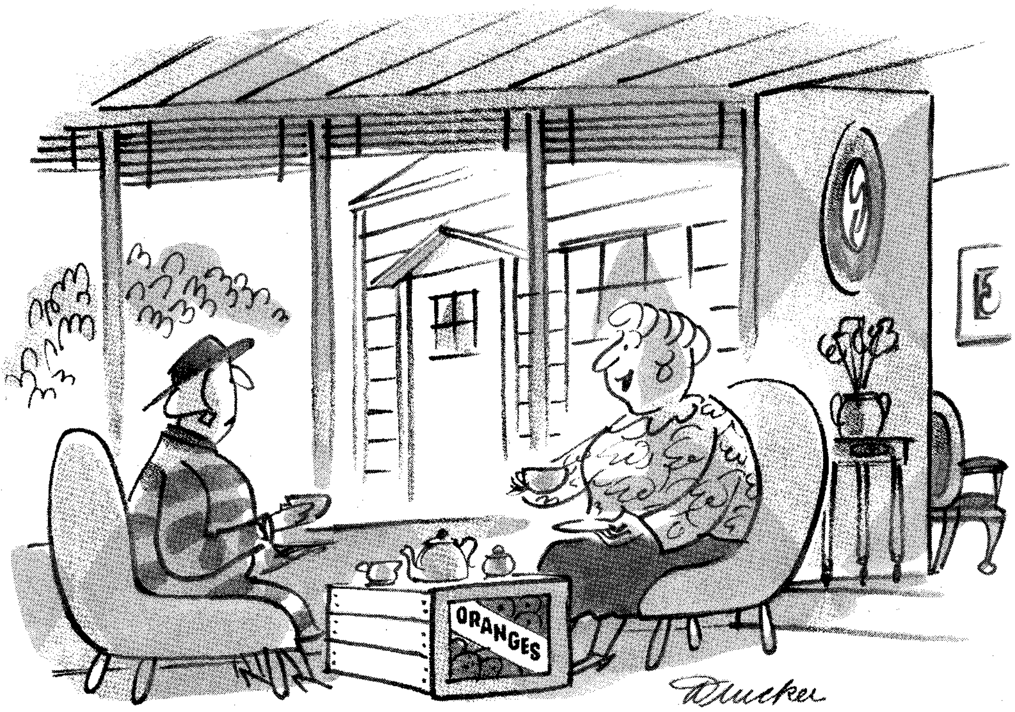
"I have two artificial hips, an artificial knee, another broken knee," he said recently in the living room of his house, overlooking his home town, Phoenix, Arizona. "This knee was football, this knee was basketball, the hips were—what the hell—arthritis. Then there was that triple-bypass heart surgery, in 1982. The funny thing is, I feel pretty good, having gone through about fifteen operations on this old body, starting with circumcision and winding up God knows where. I came out of the last operation with a sore back, and I tried everything to correct it. Then I found a doctor who said that he had discovered two little vertebrae down near my tailbone and when they got together they caused this pain. So he took a needle, about from here to town, and stuck it in my back and, by God, I've been able to walk almost naturally again. I swim half a mile every day in my pool. That's just about my only exercise these days. Can't jog or play golf or tennis anymore. I just hobble up and down the hills here and swim."

Officially retired since January of 1987—after being a Republican senator from Arizona for thirty years, the Republican Presidential candidate in 1964, and the conservative revitalizer of the Republican Party—Goldwater can't quite let go of things. His pronouncements, as sleazeless and quotable as ever, make news whether they are about local politics or national and international issues. He speaks before groups he likes (usually military or Republican), lectures regularly at Arizona State University, in Tempe, devoutly practices his sundry hobbies, and looks after his considerable assets. Among the assets are nine and a half acres of scrubby desert below his house, on a hillside in the Phoenix suburb of Paradise Valley. Goldwater estimates that the land is worth up to two million dollars.

The house is Goldwater's base of operations—his home, office, and playground, all contained in one sprawling complex with a decidedly Indian theme. Built in 1957, the house is roughly the shape of an arrow, and its shell is made of red sandstone quarried from the Navajo reservation. Indian designs and Indian art are everywhere from the front door to the kitchen, and even the doormat proclaims that you are about to enter Be-Nun-I-Kin—Navajo for House on Top of the Hill. (Goldwater's Presidential-campaign jet was named Yai-Be-Kin, or House in the Sky; his whistle-stop train was Baa Hozhnilne, meaning To Win Over; his boat was Toh-Be-Kin, or House in the Water; and Goldwater himself is called Chischilly—Curly Hair—by the Navajos.) Enclosed by a chain-link fence and crowned by a gigantic ham-radio antenna, Be-Nun-I-Kin is a highly visible Phoenix landmark. Arizona and out-of-state tourists alike drop by unannounced to visit, and the house was a regular stop for sightseeing buses until one of them collapsed the septic system. Lillian Burke, Goldwater's longtime housekeeper, said that she must guard the Senator's privacy all day long. At night, policemen check the grounds, and electronic-surveillance equipment alerts the sheriff to intruders. "The sheriff has two big filing-cabinet drawers full of threats on my life," Goldwater said. "But I always figured, What the hell, if somebody wants to kill me he can do it. With all the policemen in the world watching over you, someone can still get you."

Goldwater spends most of his days in his living room—his command center. Seated at a large desk, and surrounded by a telephoto-lens camera and consoles of telephone, radio, meteorological, and other electronic equipment (much of which he built himself), he oversees the Phoenix valley, through a series of picture windows, and quite literally the world, by means of his powerful ham-radio station, K7UGA. Fine Western paintings, Hopi kachina dolls, comfortable furniture, and a lifetime of mementos lend warmth to a room that might otherwise be confused with the bridge of an aircraft carrier.

He apologized for what he called the "smust"—a combination of modern exhaust fumes and the eternal wind-blown dust of the desert—over the Phoenix valley, stretching spectacu-



"This is another little table Jack made out of an orange crate."

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larly to the south. "Today is actually not too bad," he said, gesturing toward the picture windows. "Some days, I can't even see the part of downtown Phoenix where I was born—on New Year's Day, in 1909." He pointed to a white smudge in the smusty distance. "That's it, that's the spot on North Central Avenue. This valley had only about ten thousand people then. I can remember my father saying when I was a little boy, 'This place is never going to grow very big.' We all kind of believed him. Land sold for fifty cents an acre then. We used to ride horses up this hill and camp out here, and I always said to myself that I'd love to live up here someday. Now the city has marched right up to my property line, and it's even gone around behind me. Anyway, about forty years ago I talked an old Irishman, Frank Brophy, into selling me his land on this hill for seven hundred and fifty dollars an acre. Brophy said, 'I finally screwed a Goldwater.' Then, when the land started going sky-high, he said, 'You know, Barry, you ought to give me some of that back.' I loved that man. He was a real character, a Westerner—the kind that had to work like hell to make a living and put up with a lot of problems, which is why they were all so damn strong-willed and conservative.

"Well, my wife, Peggy, and I enjoyed this house while we could. She was a marvellous woman. We were married fifty-one years. She passed away two years ago. She smoked, got emphysema, then other troubles started, and there was nothing we could do about it. We had four children, and there are ten grandchildren. I'm alone now except for the kids and my brother, Bob, and my sister, Carolyn. My brother and sister live nearby, and we're very close, just as we always were. I can't say I'm lonely, but there'll never be another one like Peggy—not that I'm looking."

All politicians profess to value their family above almost everything else in life, and the Senator—as he is generally called, although he prefers "Barry"—is no exception. What is exceptional is that the institution of the family really does mean a great deal to him. He is an unabashedly proud man, especially proud of his heritage. It doesn't take him long to bring up the subject.

"My grandfather, Michel, was born in 1821 in Konin, Poland—one of twenty-two children of Hirsch and Elizabeth Goldwasser, who were poor Orthodox Jewish innkeepers there," Goldwater said. "Besides being poor, Michel didn't much like the idea of being drafted into the military, so when he was fifteen he went over the border, and he finally ended up in Paris, where he worked as a tailor until the French government crumbled in the revolution of 1848. Then he fled to London. Most of the kids in that family fled somewhere. I found out about one relative who became the mayor of Bulawayo, in Rhodesia, and ran off with about a quarter of a million bucks and was never heard of again. Another went to Australia, and a few came to America. Anyway, Big Mike, as he was later called—he was over six feet tall—married Sarah Nathan in London, and they changed their name to Goldwater. Big Mike's younger brother Joseph—called Little Joe, because he was well under six feet tall—also turned up in London, and together they caught California gold fever, so over they came, leaving Sarah behind, with her two children. I think they stopped in New York and then went around to San Francisco, probably through Central America."

The gold rush wasn't as advertised, however, and for two years the Goldwater brothers worked at menial jobs to scrape together a small stake to open a saloon in rough-and-tumble Sonora, California, where there was still talk of gold. By 1854, they had made enough money to bring over Sarah and the two children. She preferred more civilized San Francisco for raising her children, while Big Mike and Little Joe continued to scramble up the slippery American success ladder. They tried their luck with a few profitless enterprises in Los Angeles and then, for a time, went their separate ways. Big Mike peddled supplies to Indians, miners, farmers, and soldiers at the Colorado River outpost of La Paz. La Paz was on the Arizona Territory side of the Colorado, its citizens described by the New York *Herald* as "greasers, Indians, Jews, outlawed white men, and desperadoes." Big Mike was peddling for a Los Angeles entrepreneur named Bernard Cohn, whom he bought out after four years. The brothers reunited and founded the firm of J. Goldwater & Bro. They expanded into the freight-forwarding business, using river steamers and wagon trains, and prospered

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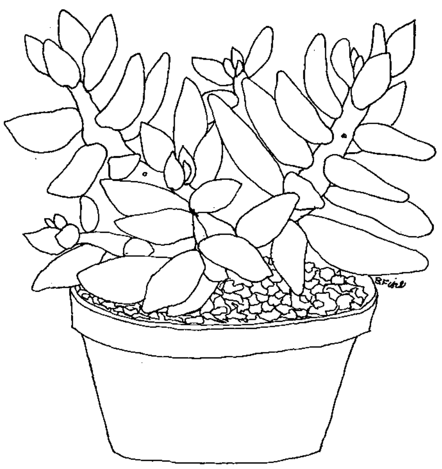
despite such frontier rigors as running battles with Apaches. Thanks to his frequent visits to California, Big Mike fathered three more children (there were eight in all) with Sarah, who still preferred to live outside the wild Arizona Territory. The older two sons, Morris and Sam, soon joined their father in Arizona and helped out with the business. By 1876, Morris was deemed responsible enough to manage a general-merchandise store in Prescott—a mining town somewhat more promising than Phoenix, a desert settlement to the south. Thus what was to become Goldwater's department-store chain was born. "They were very fine Americans," the Senator said of his pioneer forebears.

Upon the occasion of his youngest brother's bar mitzvah back in San Francisco, Morris wrote the boy a letter advising him to obey his parents and to choose good friends. The bar-mitzvah boy, Baron, heeded Morris's advice, and three years later, in 1882, he went to Prescott to learn the family business under Morris's tutelage. By 1894, he was Morris's partner, and looked to Phoenix for a branch store of his own. Morris was hesitant about expanding; the question was resolved, in true Old West fashion, by a game of casino. Baron won. Despite his years in the Territory, Baron remained more Californian than Arizonan. He was something of a dandy, who affected a pince-nez, cologne, slicked-down hair, and fine clothing—a dashing eligible bachelor in provincial but up-and-coming Phoenix. Baron's branch store dealt mainly in apparel for the town's wealthier ladies, and his buying trips to New York City lent a worldly touch to his celebrated charm. In 1907, his carefree bachelorhood ended when he married Josephine Williams, a Nebraska nurse who had travelled to Arizona to recuperate from tuberculosis. A strong-willed Episcopalian, Josephine fully recovered—indeed, thrived—in the Arizona climate, and became active in all the outdoor pursuits her husband eschewed. Two years to the day after they were married, Barry Morris was born, in the family house on North Central Avenue. The former nurse did not trust hospitals, because they sometimes mixed up babies.

"When my father came to Phoenix, there wasn't any place for Jews to worship and to meet Jewish women, and that's why he married an Episcopalian," Goldwater explained. "We children were all raised as Gentiles. My father really didn't practice any religion. He left that to my mother. In fact, we were pretty much raised by my mother, my father was away so much on business trips. She took us camping and hunting and on vacations at the seashore. I never knew my father very well."

Goldwater's siblings concurred. His brother, Robert, said that their mother was the one who drove the car, ran the household, and attended to their upbringing. "She was a pretty lady, tall and slender," he said. "She loved to play golf and hunt and fish right along with the men. I suppose she was quite different from my father, but they both loved to have a good time." His sister, Carolyn, said that she had known her father better than her brothers had: "He spoiled all of us, more or less, but I was closer to him. Girls always are to their fathers. I was a junior in high school when he died, in 1929. The night before he died, the Goldwater's store was giving a fashion show at the Arizona Biltmore, here in Phoenix, and Dad was all dressed up in his tux—a handsome man, I thought. I told him he looked great, and he said that if I liked we'd dress formal for dinner every night. I said that was great, I'd love it. When he died, the next day, he was buried in his tux. He had a bad heart for some time. My mother lived to see Barry run for President."

In the absence of his father, the young Barry found a surrogate in his Uncle Morris. A slight, fine-featured man, whose drooping black mustache and omnipresent cigar ruled his face, Morris was a man's man—a no-nonsense, archetypal mover and shaker of the pioneer West. As a mercantile power in the community of Prescott, he used his substantial clout to help found the Arizona Democratic Party, the first Arizona Masonic Lodge, the first local telegraph line, the Prescott Volunteer Fire Department, and the Prescott Rifles, a self-defense militia. He was vice-president of the Arizona Constitutional Convention, served in both the territorial and the state legislatures, and was mayor of Prescott for twenty years.



"My uncle was my guiding light," the Senator said. "He taught me a lot about politics, history, and getting along with people—although he had his own way of doing that. He was a very direct person. I remember walking down the main street of Phoenix with him one day, and this man stopped him and said, 'Mr. Goldwater, I bet you don't know my name.' My uncle looked at him and said, 'No, and I don't give a God damn,' and then just walked on. Not standard political behavior, but he got away with it. Uncle Morris was just a little bit over five feet tall, but he could drink more whiskey than any other man I ever knew. I used to drive with him and his opponent in a Model T Ford when they were campaigning in Prescott, and the two of them would debate like hell and then climb into the back seat and slug whiskey together until it was all over their mustaches. Morris lived with this woman who owned saloons on Whiskey Row for years before he married her. That was Aunt Sallie. He said Republican pressure forced him to get married. Uncle Morris was a Jeffersonian Democrat. People say that I sound more like a Jeffersonian Democrat than a Republican, and I tell them that I was raised by a Jeffersonian Democrat—Uncle Morris, who was far more conservative than I will ever be. Of course, if he were alive today he'd be a Republican. He hated big government and high taxes. There's a lot of him in me. He raised me in Masonry. I learned a hell of a lot from him. He was just a remarkable man."

If all this behavior sounds atypical of the progeny of Orthodox Polish Jews—even pioneer Orthodox Polish Jews—it really wasn't, considering the multifarious West of the nineteenth century. Jews were accepted as just another colonizing group, especially in Arizona, and they behaved pretty much the same as any other group. Goldwater claimed that as a boy he didn't know what the term "anti-Semitism"

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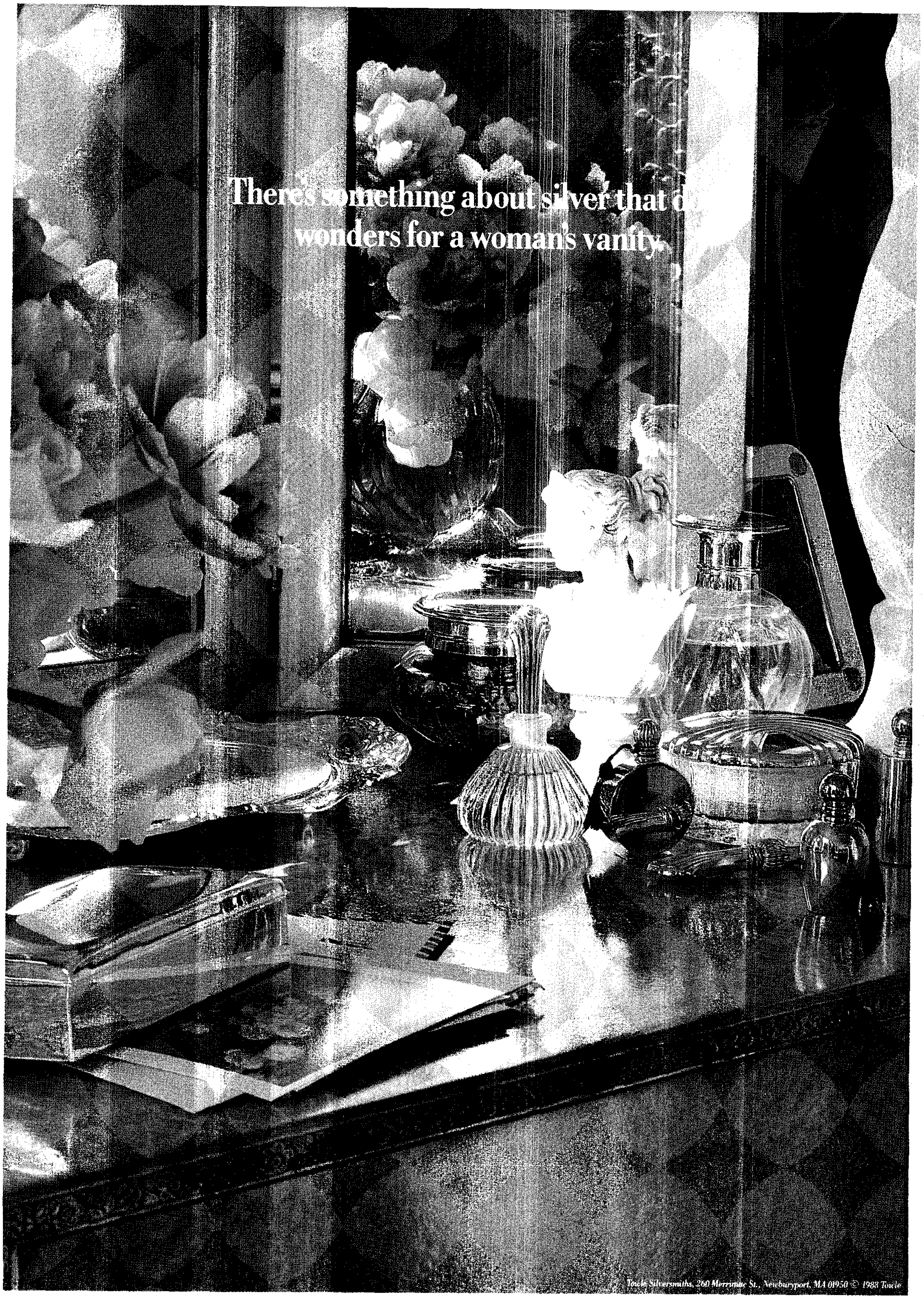
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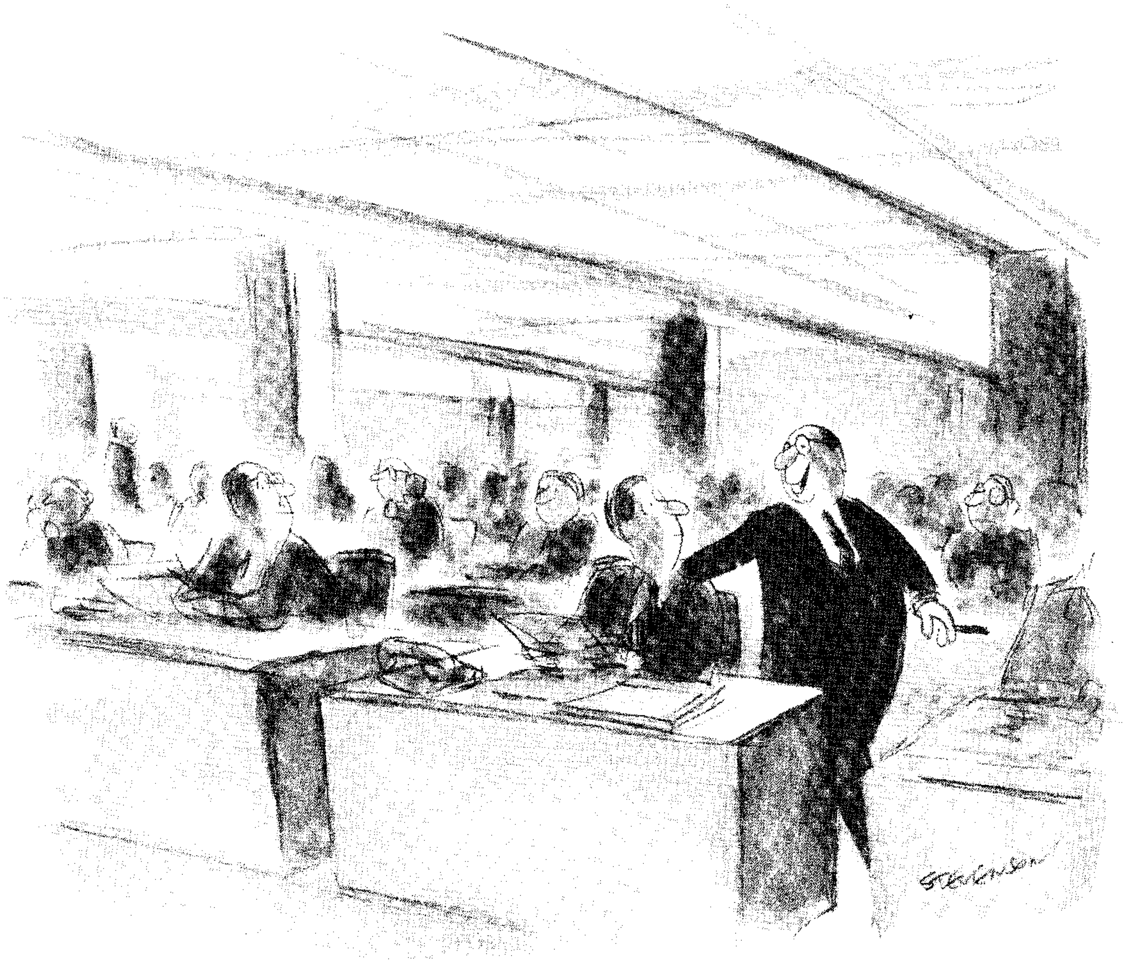


"*Keep up the good work, whatever it is, whoever you are.*"

• •

meant. "In the history of Arizona, Jews had a very important role," he said. "The Mormon people—this is a strong Mormon state—they'd build a town and the first thing they'd do is go out and get a Jew to run the bank. That's why we have a lot of wealthy Jews here. They came west from New York and Philadelphia. My oldest and best friend is Harry Rosenzweig, who comes from early settlers. We were born about a block away from each other. I can't remember when we weren't best friends."

Rosenzweig, a prosperous, tanned, white-haired retired jeweller, who was chairman of the Arizona Republican Party for ten years, agreed that pre-First World War Phoenix, a small city of about ten thousand disparate people, was a model of tolerance. "My father, an Orthodox Jewish immigrant from Europe, planted roots here in the eighteen-nineties," Rosenzweig said recently at his office, in downtown Phoenix. "Like Barry's father, he found that there was a scarcity of Jewish women to marry, but, unlike Mr. Goldwater, he sent for a Jewish woman from New York. There was no anti-Semitism of any sort here. Hell, before the first Phoenix synagogue was built, in 1922, by my father and others, I used to go to church with my friends—just for something to do on Sunday mornings. But in spite of being brought up as an Episcopalian Barry never denied his Jewishness. He's very proud of his heritage. Once, when he was speaking in San Francisco, some people put together a book on his Jewish ancestors, and Barry was very moved. He's never been a partisan Zionist, but he's been to Israel a couple of times. He told me that twenty years ago he spent a couple of hours visiting with an old rabbi there, and I don't think he would have been as happy if he saw the head of the Episcopal Church."

Rosenzweig first encountered Goldwater when they were just toddlers. "Our nursemaids, girls from the Indian school nearby, took us out in strollers," he said. "The girls liked to chat, so they'd leave us alone to play together. We became fast friends. Barry was one year behind me in school. He was no better a student than I was, and I wasn't a good student. We never got into really serious trouble, but we had our share of regular trouble. When his family was out looking for him for one thing or another, he'd hide in our garage and my mother would say that she hadn't seen him around. Finally, he'd go home. Barry managed to grow up without being sent to jail or reform school. He lost a year in high school because of poor grades, but he was one of those guys who could read a book in an afternoon and retain it all pretty well. Everybody liked him."

That Goldwater was a hellion in his youth is attested to by everyone who knew him, and even by Goldwater himself. "I guess I was a spoiled well-off kid," he said. "I've often told people that I was born in a log cabin equipped with a golf course, a pool table, and a swimming pool. I was lazy, took too long to get through school, liked athletics and the outdoors—hunting and fishing and riding. I went all over the state on foot or on a horse. Arizona has been my life's main interest. I know it upside down and backward. When I got to Phoenix Union High School, I was elected president of the freshman class, but the principal told my father that he didn't think I should come back for the next year, so I wound up at Staunton Military Academy, in Virginia."

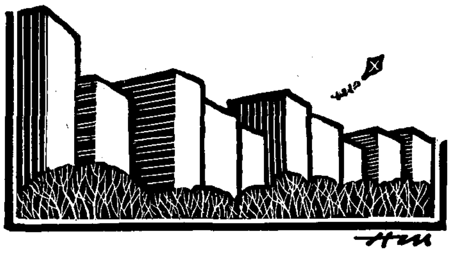
His brother, Robert, recalled the time that Barry filched Robert's saxophone and pawned it for money to spend on a girlfriend ("Girls were just nuts about him," Carolyn has said), and when the brothers picked cotton as children to aid the First World War effort Barry was caught putting rocks in his bag to augment the five-cent-a-pound payment. They also developed a precocious entrepreneurship. Barry and Robert bought soda pop for two cents a bottle and sold it in front of their house for five cents. When they were in high school, they promoted prizefights in a makeshift ring over their garage, charging twenty-five cents for admission and paying each boxer a dollar. The high-school principal insisted that they give the money back or else they would all be declared professionals and wouldn't be able to play on school teams any longer. Barry and Robert struck a deal with the principal, settling the matter by giving the school a new pair of boxing gloves. By and large, their parents were indulgent and forgiving—even somewhat pleased by their children's spirit.

Being an incurable rascal complemented young Barry's fondness for practical jokes. Carolyn recalled that when he was a teen-ager he cut a crescent moon in the door of the downstairs bathroom of their house and wired the toilet seat for sound so that "when you sat down he'd say 'Good morning' and you'd jump a mile." Years later, he similarly wired the eighteenth-hole cup at the Phoenix Country Club and harassed tense golfers. "He always had a great sense of humor, and he was a kind of genius with mechanical things," Carolyn said. That genius never deserted him. He once designed and rigged an automatic flag-raising device, linked to a photoelectric cell, for his house, and an air-pump contraption that allowed him to relax in magnificent isolation on the bottom of his pool.

Goldwater's avocational activities are still famous and various: photography (he is a member of the Royal Photographic Society), ham radio, flying, Indian lore, exploratory travel (he discovered a natural bridge in northern Arizona and has roamed as far afield as the South Pole), meteorology, sports (from golf to football), model-building, vintage automobiles, and, of course, mechanical tinkering of all kinds. "People ask me what my hobbies are, and I just tell them 'Hobbies,'" Goldwater said. "Hobbies are unusual in a politician, I guess. Maybe they're what kept me sane in politics all those years. In Washington, I'd get up at five in the morning and work on models, to give me something different to do. I've been an amateur radio operator since I was thirteen, a pilot since I was twenty. I've collected books for many years—finally donated most of them to the University of Arizona—and as a photographer I'm in the process of cataloguing about fifteen thousand negatives to give to the university. I also collect guns, and I've even made a few. I love to hike and camp out in the wild, although I can't do that anymore. Arizona itself has been my constant hobby. You see, politics isn't the beginning and the end of the day for me, the way it is for some people. I've watched those people—they get elected to a six-year term, and the next day they want to have a fund-raising dinner for the next election."

Of all Goldwater's hobbies, flying holds an almost mystical appeal for him. "Back in 1929, where the Phoenix Sky Harbor Airport is now, there was a landing strip, and for ten dollars an hour you could get dual instruction," he said. "No time requirement then. After ten hours, my instructor said, 'Go ahead and take it around.' 'It' was a Great Lakes trainer—a wonderful open-cockpit biplane. I could've bought a new Great Lakes then for twenty-five hundred bucks; today, they're about eighty-five thousand. Anyway, I soloed out there, and then they closed the field and made a lettuce patch out of it. Later on, a friend who learned to fly with me got a drag from a Japanese farmer and we dragged out a landing strip, which is now Runway Eight Left at Sky Harbor. That was the reopening of the airport. Today, Sky Harbor is one of the busiest in the nation. Arizona is beautiful country for flying.

"Over the years, I've flown about a hundred and sixty types of aircraft—conventional propeller airplanes, jets, helicopters, balloons, sailplanes. I like the silence in a sailplane. Aviation is a great thing that got to me early. I'll never quit until I've convinced myself that I can't do it. I hold my breath when I take the medical exam for airmen, though. The flight surgeon passed me, in spite of all my physical problems, but he said that when I carry passengers I should also carry a co-pilot, so I do that now. 'If you want to go solo, that's your own business,' he told me. All in all, I have about fifteen thousand hours of flight time. Flying is like sex—hard to give up. The Lord makes up your mind for you, I guess."



As it turned out, the rigorous life at Staunton Military Academy was just what the wayward fifteen-year-old Barry Goldwater needed. Both the commander of the Staunton Reserve Officers Training Corps and the football coach instilled in him a sense of discipline and patriotic commitment. He excelled at athletics, and developed an affection not only for military but also for academic pursuits. In 1928, he won the school medal for best all-around cadet—a distinction that so surprised his family that Robert credited it to Barry's dating the commandant's daughter, as indeed he did. Every summer after graduating from Staunton, he attended an Army Reserve camp near Nogales, on the Arizona-Mexico border. He liked the training so much that he signed on for extra summer duty, but he was still given to raising a little hell now and then. One night on the Mexican side of Nogales, he and some Army buddies whooped it up and ended the evening in the local hoosegow. Goldwater was released when he paid a twenty-five-dollar fine by forging a friend's name on a check.

"I loved the military," Goldwater said. "I dearly wanted to go to West Point, and I could have had one of Arizona's two appointments, but my father took sick and I thought I should be near him, so I went to the University of Arizona, at Tucson, instead. He passed away before my first year there. I left school and went right to work in the family business." At twenty, Goldwater, unfulfilled as a student but already an Army Reserve second lieutenant with a pilot's license, found himself selling piece goods for fifteen dollars a week in what was described in a Phoenix newspaper as "a veritable palace of feminine finery."

Goldwater wasn't a junior clerk for long. He had inherited, along with the store itself, his family's mercantile talents. "I learned that business from the ground up," he said. "In those days, to be a merchant you had to know merchandising. I had to be able to tell what a piece of cloth was just by the feel of

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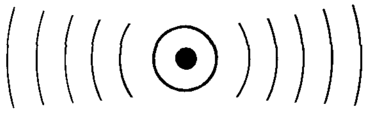

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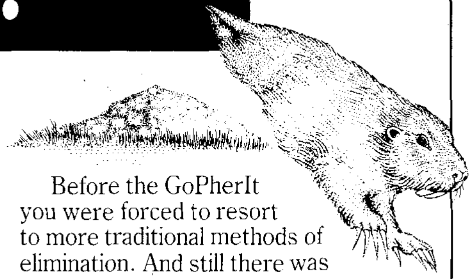

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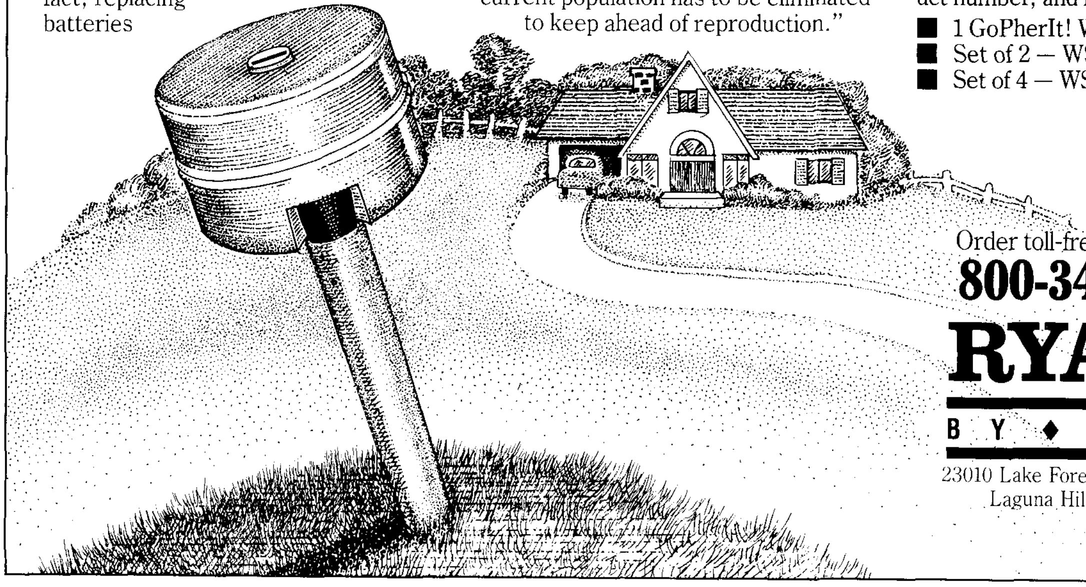

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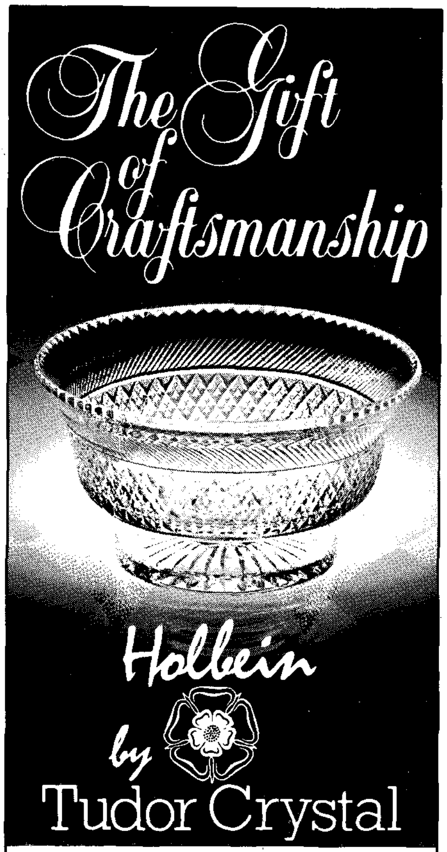

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it. I knew intimately everything I was selling. I had pretty good taste, too, I thought. Then, after I married Peggy, in 1934, she was a great help to me. Her father was one of the founders of the Borg-Warner Corporation, but she was interested in the dress business. She once had a little shop in Muncie, Indiana, and she had been a designer in New York. We liked to work together."

Among Goldwater's successful merchandising innovations were blue denim dresses ("We sold about two thousand on Long Island alone"), mesquite wood, piñon nuts, pre-Christmas evenings for male shoppers only, cattle-brand-print fabrics, and—a national rage—Antsy Pants, men's undershorts aswarm with large red-ant imprints ("You'll rant and dance with ants in your pants," the ads proclaimed). He was also an instinctive executive, becoming president of the firm in 1937 and, despite the Depression, offering his employees such progressive fringe benefits as health and life insurance, a profit-sharing plan, and the use of a vacation ranch. Goldwater's was also the first Phoenix store to hire blacks as salesclerks. The hard work and the Depression took their toll of Goldwater: he suffered two nervous breakdowns brought on by exhaustion, and on occasion he was known to imbibe more than his usual daily ration of bourbon—facts that were well publicized during the 1964 Presidential campaign. Robert joined him in the family business, handling its financial affairs mostly, and the department store expanded until, in 1962, it was sold to the Associated Dry Goods Corporation. Both Goldwater's brother and his sister are convinced that if Barry had stayed with the firm instead of going into politics he would be an extremely wealthy man today. Goldwater himself is not so sure. "I've often wondered whether I was cut out for business," he said.

DESPITE his mercantile achievements, his happy marriage to the former Margaret Johnson, the births of their four children—Joanne; Barry, Jr.; Michael; and Margaret, born in fairly rapid succession—and his unquestioned status in the prospering Phoenix community, Goldwater was restless. He had a continuing need for involvement with the military, and the military, it seemed likely, might soon need to involve him. Not long after the Second World War broke out in Europe, Goldwater took advantage of his position as chairman of the Armed Services Committee of the Phoenix Chamber of Commerce to look up the commander of the Luke Field Army Air Corps school nearby, and swiftly talked his way into uniform as an active-duty first lieutenant, teaching gunnery at the base.

"I said to the commander, 'Look, I'm a pilot with a commercial ticket and I want to fly,' " Goldwater recalled. "But I was too old, and my eyes weren't good enough for me to become a flight cadet. I managed to hustle some flying time with instructors at Luke in exchange for taking photographs of them aloft. Then the Army came out with a rating called service pilot—towing targets, flying mail, ferrying airplanes, instructing, that sort of thing. So I became an Army pilot, but since I wasn't Army-trained they wouldn't let me go into combat. I flew with the Air Transport Command, ferrying airplanes and supplies across the Atlantic and then in Burma, India, and China. Over the Hump, and stuff like that. I flew every kind of transport as a command pilot, and I ferried some new fighters, too, but I never really saw combat. At the end of the war, I came back as a lieutenant colonel, and they asked me to organize the Arizona Air National Guard, which I did. By the way, I insisted that the Guard unit be desegregated."

In effect, Goldwater has never left the service. He is a retired major general in the Air Force Reserve, and during his years in Washington he was known as the Air Force's man on Capitol Hill and as Mr. Air Power. The 9999th Combined Air Force Reserve Squadron, made up of eligible members of Congress and their aides, was Goldwater's idea. He still lectures at the Air War College, in Alabama, and his house contains shelves of aviation medals, citations, and trophies. "I can't seem to give it up," he said. "I love it." The war and his active service probably saved him from a few more business-induced nervous breakdowns, or worse.

Returning to his family and his business in Phoenix—but still able to put on a uniform and fly once in a while—Goldwater was essentially a contented man in the postwar years. He was instinctually a Jeffersonian Democrat but a voting Republican in a thoroughly Democratic state (“You could hold our Republican state convention in a telephone booth then,” he once said), but politics per se was not an overriding concern of his, or even a hobby. He had been elected president of his freshman class in high school, but that was the extent of his political ambitions. He claimed that he was too thin-skinned to mount any more electoral battles. But he did.

This is how Goldwater remembered his entry into the adult political world: “While I found business fascinating, I got to lecturing. I had taken some moving pictures of a trip down the Colorado River. The first time I showed them was one night at the Heard Museum, in Phoenix, and I had to show them five more nights in a row to satisfy everybody. That started me off, and I guess I averaged five days and nights a week all over the state, talking about the Grand Canyon—the river, the history, and so forth. That gave me access to so damn many Arizonans that it was just a natural step for me to go into politics.”

However, Harry Rosenzweig takes credit for launching Goldwater on the career that would soon monopolize his life. In the late nineteen-forties, Phoenix was growing in several directions, not all of them wholesome. Its population had swelled to a hundred thousand (many of the new citizens were veterans who had had their military training in Arizona and liked the state’s salubrious climate and open spirit), but with the attendant thriving economy came increased municipal corruption—graft, prostitution, gambling, bossism, mismanagement. A reform slate of candidates for an enlarged City Council was assembled, under the rubric Charter Government.

Rosenzweig recalled, “In 1949, I was asked to run on the Charter Government ticket to clean up City Hall. My father thought that politics was a very dirty thing, and it didn’t mean anything to me, either, but it was a chance to bring some stability to the city. Finally, I said I’d run if I could pick a running mate, somebody I could trust. Mayor Nicholas Udall was a Mormon, so they wanted a Jew, a Protestant, a Catholic, a woman, and a labor guy on the ticket. I was the Jew. The labor guy pulled out, because he thought the whole idea was too high-powered and it wouldn’t treat labor properly. That left a place open. I said, ‘I’ve got a guy for you. I know you don’t want two Jews on the same ticket, but this guy is really an Episcopalian—Barry Goldwater. I think I can get him to run.’ So I called Barry and invited him for dinner at my house. He was a businessman then, but he was more and more active in local issues. I brought out a bottle of the best bourbon, the kind he liked. We had a few drinks. Around ten o’clock, I walked him to his car and said, ‘How about running for City Council with me? We can trust each other.’ He didn’t think we could make any difference, but finally he said, ‘O.K., I’ll run.’ So I called the powers that be and said, ‘We have another candidate, and if you seat him next to me I can turn him off when he gets wound up.’ Well, we won. Barry did a lot of talking on the Council. Some of it made sense. Sometimes he’d go off on a tangent and talk about things nobody understood, but he emerged as the leader of the group. We ran again for another two-year term, and each year we did a better, more efficient job. Barry made a name for himself. But when he was having a bad day he’d say to me, ‘You son of a bitch, see what you got me into!’ ”

Goldwater was hooked. Apologetically at first, and then with unabashed verve, he plunged into politics. The results were soon evident. Phoenix was blessed with the title All-America City for its sudden civic cleanliness, and Goldwater was being talked about as a new-style Republican politician, who called them as he saw them, pulled no punches, and got things done. He became as much of a spokesman for the city as Mayor Udall was. And he had developed a rudimentary political philosophy: private enterprise and self-reliance were good; anything smacking of welfarism—even municipally sponsored parking lots—was bad.

In 1950, Goldwater stumbled into the middle of a hot gubernatorial campaign. “The Republicans were looking for a man to run for governor against Ana Frohmiller, the state auditor and the biggest Democratic vote getter,” Goldwater said. “The Young Republicans had their eye on a man named

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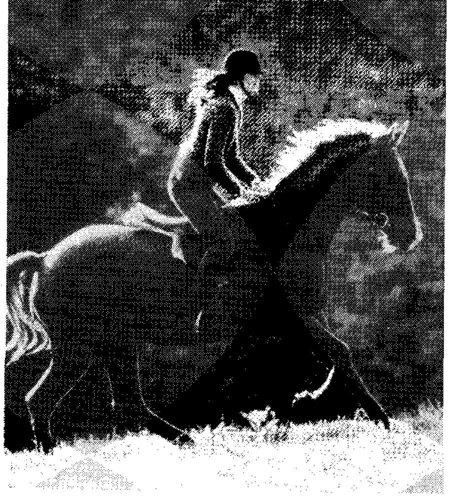

Howard Pyle, who was a popular local radio talker. He read poetry on the air, and every Easter he did a national broadcast at sunrise from the rim of the Grand Canyon. He was trained to be a minister and he learned singing, so he had a voice that wouldn't quit. Anyway, one night I talked him into running. He said he wouldn't run unless I agreed to be his campaign manager. I said that I didn't know anything about managing a campaign—'About all I can do is put you in my airplane and fly you around the state and introduce you to people.' I owned a single-engine Beechcraft Bonanza then. So I flew Howard around the state. I think we flew close to fifty thousand miles, to every damn cowtown. I'd introduce him, let him make a speech, and then we'd move on. I started out thinking, There's no way Howard can win. But the more I travelled with him the more I began to think he could win. There was an old bar in town, run by a friend of my father's, and you could walk in there and place any kind of bet you wanted on a blackboard. I saw bets up on that blackboard for fifteen to one against my man, and I covered them. I made more money off that election than I ever saw in my life, because we elected Howard by about three thousand votes. Maybe Arizona wasn't ready for a female governor. Then, one day after the election, Howard and I were driving out to a Rotary meeting at some little town. It was raining like hell. Howard said, 'You know, you're going to have to run against Senator McFarland in 1952.' Ernest McFarland was a longtime Democratic incumbent and, what's more, was the Majority Leader of the Senate under Truman. I said, 'Howard, I've been supporting him. I give him money. I don't openly say so, but I have.' Well, Howard talked me into it."

"My life is O.K., but it's no jeans ad."

Another version of the Howard Pyle gubernatorial race of 1950 is part of Arizona political lore. According to that version, Goldwater was originally asked to run for governor, and Pyle was supposed to be his campaign manager. Pyle agreed, on the condition that Goldwater would support him in the 1952 Senate race against McFarland. However, Pyle's mellifluous voice so entranced the Young Republicans that they nominated him, not Goldwater. Whatever the case, a certain edginess marked their relationship in the ensuing years. Goldwater has said about Pyle, "When he was up for reëlection, he told me that he was going to close down Short Creek, a Mormon polygamist community up near the Utah border. I advised him not to do it—that there are plenty of Mormons in this state who find nothing wrong with polygamy. Well, he went up there with the press and raided the place, and as a result he got his ass beaten in the election." He was beaten by, of all people, former Senator Ernest McFarland, who had lost the 1952 Senate race to, of all people, Barry M. Goldwater.

How did Goldwater, the forty-three-year-old babe in the political woods, come to challenge and ultimately defeat the powerful old pro? Goldwater's explanation for the incredible upset is that McFarland felt he didn't have to come home to campaign against the Republican neophyte in what was still heavily Democratic Arizona—a state that had never elected a Republican senator. "I campaigned hard, flying all over the place in my Bonanza, and I beat him by about seven thousand votes," Goldwater said. "It was no landslide—like Eisenhower, who took the state by forty-two thousand votes—but it surprised the hell out of me. I had no business beating him."

There were more reasons than simply McFarland's contempt for a political pipsqueak, however. President Truman's popularity was at a new low, because of the seemingly endless Korean War and his firing of General Douglas MacArthur. Goldwater cleverly tied McFarland to "the Truman gang." His campaign manager, Stephen Shadegg, covered the state highways with Burma Shave-type signs reading:

MAC IS FOR HARRY
HARRY'S ALL THROUGH
YOU BE FOR BARRY
'CAUSE BARRY'S FOR YOU
GOLDWATER FOR
SENATOR

Harry *was* all through, and Eisenhower's charisma and his promise to "go to Korea" proved to be unbeatable by Adlai Stevenson. Goldwater had supported Eisenhower over Robert Taft at the Republican National Convention (Goldwater was not yet all that conservative), and even a political pipsqueak could ride into office on Ike's coattails. Then, too, Goldwater did not lack campaign funds; money came in from anti-labor and anti-Communist groups, from wealthy Westerners, and even from some highly questionable sources—two gangsters called Willie Bioff and Gus Greenbaum, who were acquaintances of both Harry Rosenzweig and Goldwater.

Rosenzweig said of the gangster connection, "I was raising funds for Barry then, and we got some money from people we were critical of. Gus Greenbaum was running the horse-betting wire in Phoenix. He was a gambler—an honest gambler and a very kind man. He was a perfect gentleman, as far as I was concerned. Gus said he'd put up some money for us, and at his brother's anniversary party he handed me a package, which I didn't look at till I got home. He said you can get this amount of money every month for the next six months. I said that we'd take this amount but we don't want the rest of it, since it wouldn't look right. So to hide who gave it I called up ten Democrats and put it under their names; they didn't think Barry would win, but if he did it would make them look good." Both Bioff and Greenbaum were later killed in what appeared to be gangland assassinations. Goldwater raised several eyebrows by attending the Greenbaum funeral.

Friendship, no matter what the political cost, has always been of paramount importance to Goldwater. Blake Brophy, a son of Goldwater's old friend Frank, travelled with Goldwater during the 1952 Senate campaign. "I was a reporter for the Arizona *Republic* then, and I was having more fun flying around the state with Barry, because Stewart Udall, a Democrat, was running for Congress at the same time and Barry would give him lifts in his plane," Brophy recalled. "They'd check their schedules, and Barry would say, 'Well, Stew, I'll drop you off here and pick you up after I finish in Winslow.' That's absolutely in character for the guy. Just like with my father, politics doesn't ruin a friendship." About the Udalls, Goldwater has said, "I would never vote against a Udall. The Goldwaters and the Udalls grew up together in politics in this state. Of course, I officially opposed the Udalls in various elections, just as they did me. The Republicans expected me to speak for the Republicans running against the Udalls. I'd say a few words, but nothing bad. People generally understood it."

At first, Goldwater, like most freshman senators, was unsure of himself. Then, as he began to find his way through the senatorial thicket, he developed a reputation for outspoken unreliability. Although he was supposedly a conservative Republican, he initially supported the continuation of federal social benefits and voted to outlaw one of the conservatives' favorite parliamentary instruments, the filibuster. President Eisenhower appreciated his outspokenness until Goldwater turned against what he saw as Eisenhower's caving in to liberalism. The Senator went as far as to call the Administration "a dime-store New Deal." But enough of Goldwater's Republican colleagues found his brashness so attractive that they elected him chairman of their Senatorial Campaign Committee—a position that enabled him to travel the land preaching a maverick, mercurial, conservative gospel according to himself. The results were effective, and a quirky political philosophy called Goldwaterism emerged.

Because of his love for the military—especially the Air Force—Goldwater wanted a seat on the Senate Armed Services Committee; instead, he was assigned the Labor and Public Welfare Committee. "One of the first men I met when I got to the Senate was Bob Taft," Goldwater said. "He knew that with my business background I didn't want to serve on the Labor Committee, but he talked me into it. I never enjoyed the work, but I became the ranking Republican member. That's where I had my first run-in with Walter Reuther. I never liked Reuther's efforts to organize his union more in keeping with the Soviet idea than our own. I accused him of it, and he completely denied it. Before he died, though, we got to talking to each other in a pleasant way. I got along with him as a man. It took me nine years to win my seat on the Armed Services Committee, which was where I wanted to be all the time.

"It was also on Labor that I got to know Jack Kennedy so well. He had just been elected to the Senate and was stuck with that committee, too. Jack had what I call a blotter mind. He would walk into a room where we were discussing a subject he didn't know a damn thing about, and inside of five

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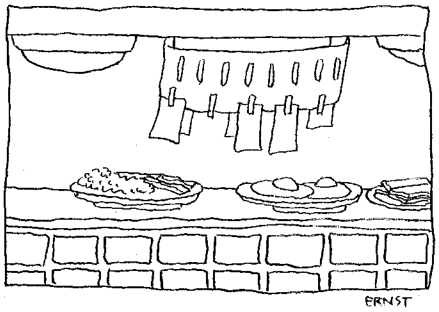
minutes he knew enough about it to enter into the discussion intelligently. I always admired that about him."

A serious dilemma during Goldwater's early years in Washington was his wife's dislike of the capital and its hectic social life. Peggy had become a zealous Arizonan who loved her Phoenix home, friends, and volunteer activities, such as the Planned Parenthood clinic and the blood bank. According to Lillian Burke, the Goldwaters' housekeeper, whenever Mrs. Goldwater had to leave for Washington she would stand at a window and stare out at the desert and mountains with tears in her eyes, trying to memorize the landscape. She was totally deaf in one ear, a disability that made her extremely anxious in Washington social situations, her sister-in-law Carolyn said—"having to smile and not know what the devil people are saying, although Peggy could read lips a little." Goldwater recalled that his wife spent only a few years with him in Washington, and he put in a lot of time commuting to Arizona to see her. "The first year we were in Washington, we carefully kept our invitations," he said. "We could've gone to two dinners every night of the week, but we didn't, because of Peggy. After a while, we just threw the invitations in the wastebasket. She worked her heart out for charities and never asked for recognition. And she was always a tremendous help to me. When I asked her to marry me, she said that she would if I quit flying and learned how to play bridge. I never did either one."

An even more serious Washington quandary for Goldwater was his colleague and friend Joseph McCarthy, who had preceded Goldwater in lending his name to a seductive ism. The junior senator from Arizona had aligned himself early with the junior senator from Wisconsin's ferocious, thuggish war on Communists abroad and alleged Communists at home. He was a staunch defender of Tailgunner Joe to the bitter end. Nowadays, however, he views McCarthy with the dispassion of historical hindsight. "I knew McCarthy before I went to the Senate," Goldwater said. "Joe came out to Arizona for his health. He had a ruptured diaphragm. I got to know him through a man who made fraternity rings. Didn't see him again until I was elected to the Senate. I didn't dislike Joe. I recognized his weaknesses, though. Quite a crowd of us tried our damnedest to get him to change. Booze was his trouble. I even went to Cardinal Spellman once about him. The Cardinal said, 'Why don't you take him away someplace where there's no booze?' A friend of mine had an island in the Bahamas, and I got a group of fellow-senators together, borrowed an airplane, and we all flew down there for a week. Joe went ahead of us—I don't know how he got there. No booze was the rule. Goddammit, Joe had a cabin off from the rest of us, and he was drunk all the time. He had laid in a stock somehow. Booze was his downfall, and there was nothing we could do about it."

In 1954, when the Senate was in the process of censuring McCarthy for abusing his colleagues, Goldwater and Edward Bennett Williams, who was McCarthy's attorney, tried to forestall the censure by persuading McCarthy to apologize to his victims. "Joe was in the Bethesda Naval Hospital at the time," Goldwater recalled, "and Eddie Williams and I sneaked in there to see him with two letters of apology for the senators Joe had badly insulted. We thought that if Joe signed the letters everyone would get off his back. So Eddie and I climbed thirteen flights of stairs and got to Joe's room, and we talked him into signing one letter. Then, just as he was beginning to sign it, he suddenly started to call us every kind of son of a bitch and bastard and dirty people, at the top of his voice. He rang all the bells, and the first thing you know here come the nurses and the admiral in charge. The admiral said, 'What are you doing up here?' I said that we were on Senate business. He said, 'I don't give a damn. Get out of this hospital or I'm going to arrest you!' Eddie and I got out of there in a hurry, but we came close to getting the whole censure thing killed. By that time, Joe had pretty much lost control. Once, he got up on the Senate floor to make a speech, and we stole his speech. It was a bad speech, so we just took it away.

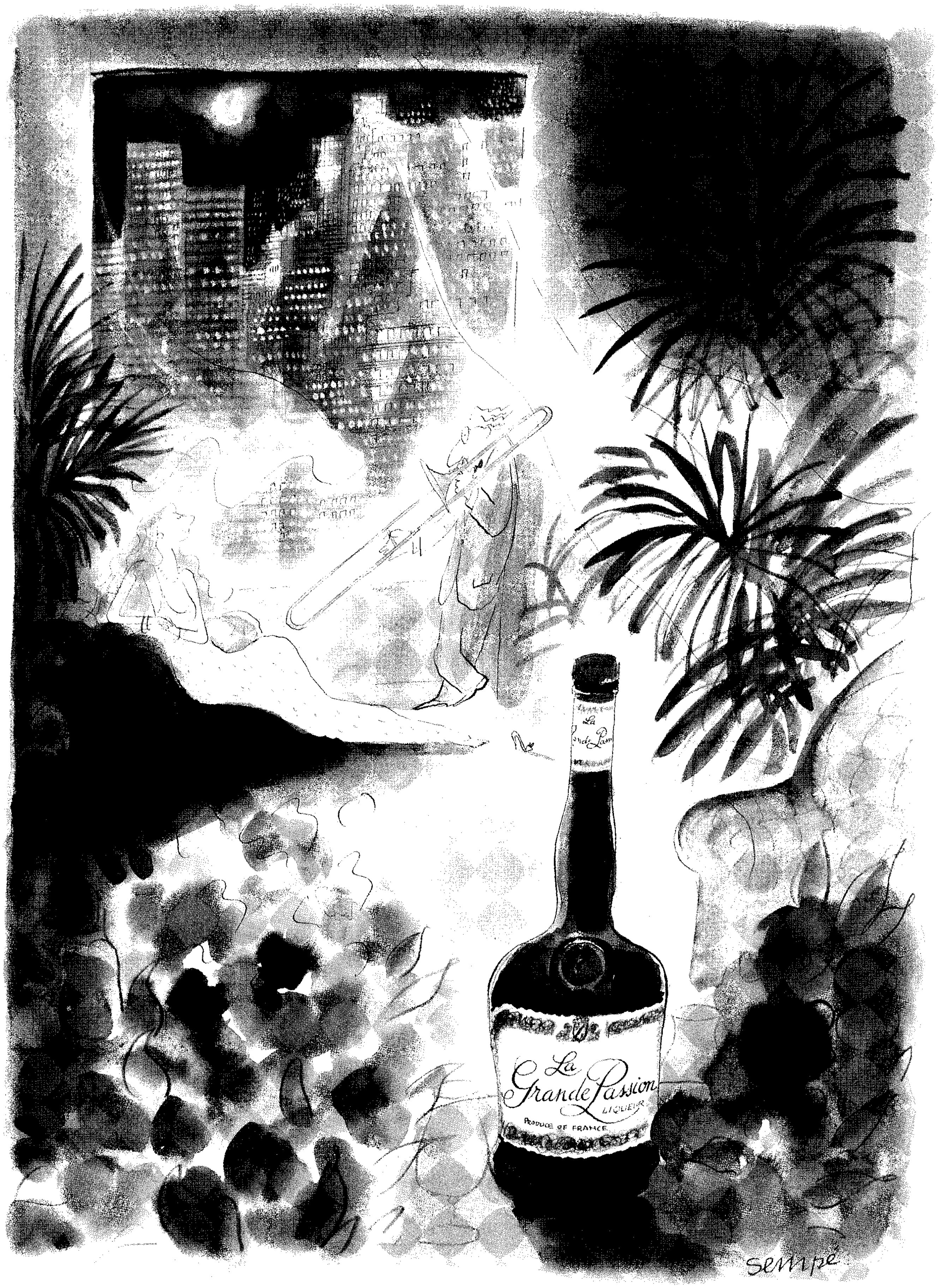
"I never took Joe's accusations seriously. After he held up that list in West Virginia, I asked him if he could prove it and name one member of the State Department who he knows is a Communist. He couldn't name a single, solitary one. I told him that if he kept it up he was going to get into trouble—that you can't go around falsely accusing people when there's nothing to accuse them of. Well, he kept it up too long. There were some people who were very, very badly hurt. Joe certainly scared the country. He was a bad case."



When the censure vote came up in the Senate, twenty-two Republicans joined with forty-four Democrats and one independent in condemning McCarthy. Goldwater's vote was not among those Republican twenty-two.

To nobody's surprise, Goldwater ran for reëlection in 1958. He ran not only against McFarland, for the second time, but against the entire American labor movement, which had mounted a concerted effort to defeat him. Nevertheless, he demolished McFarland by thirty-five thousand votes and established himself as a national symbolic figure—perhaps, some said, Presidential timber. He was being written about in the national press: *Newsweek* said that he had propelled himself "to the acknowledged leadership of conservative Republicans," and *The Saturday Evening Post* called him "the most aggressive, articulate, colorful, and possibly most conservative conservative in the United States Senate." Through regular appearances on the banquet circuit, he attracted the attention of young and old, male and female, rich and not so rich with his Western-style frankness, his stubborn commitment, his John Wayne "loner" individualism, and his often self-derisive humor. The people who cheered him were bored by some Republicans' "me-tooism" (as Goldwater described it) and the same old Democratic liberal cant.

Goldwater was a fresh face—sometimes too fresh for his own good. Even admirers called him "the fastest lip in the West," especially when he discarded a prepared speech and began to ad-lib, or shot from the hip in an interview. Occasionally, he couldn't quite yank the pistol out of the holster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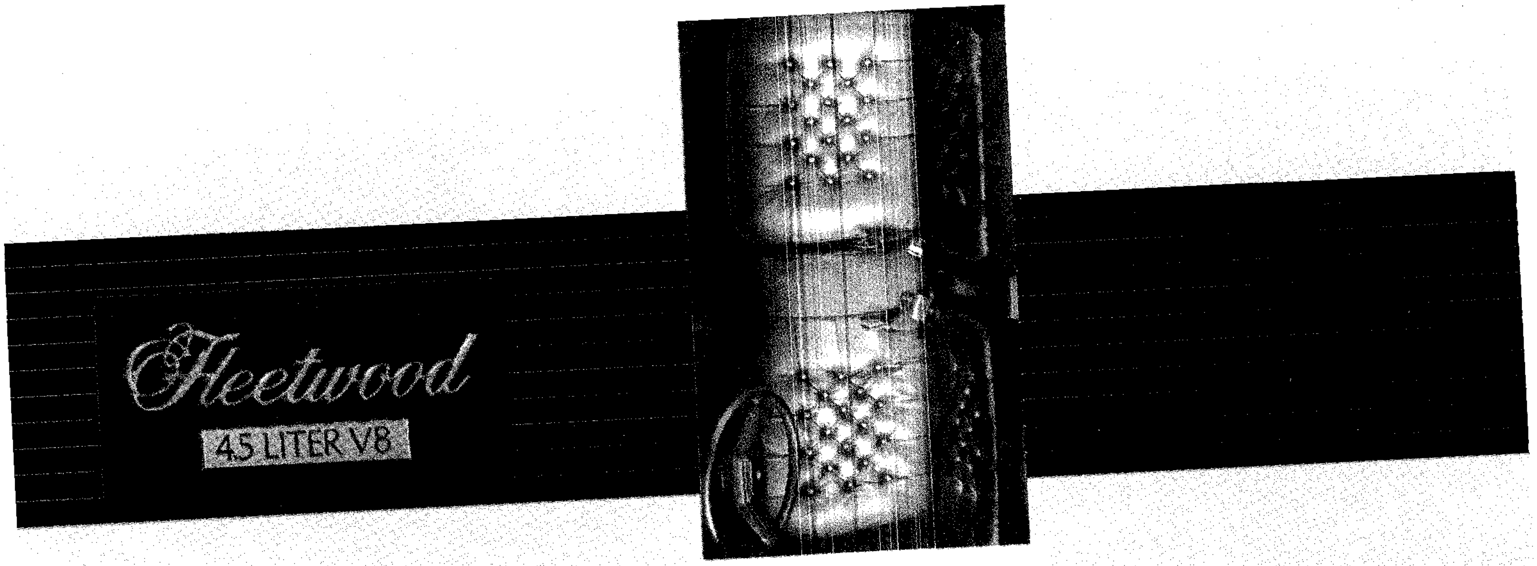

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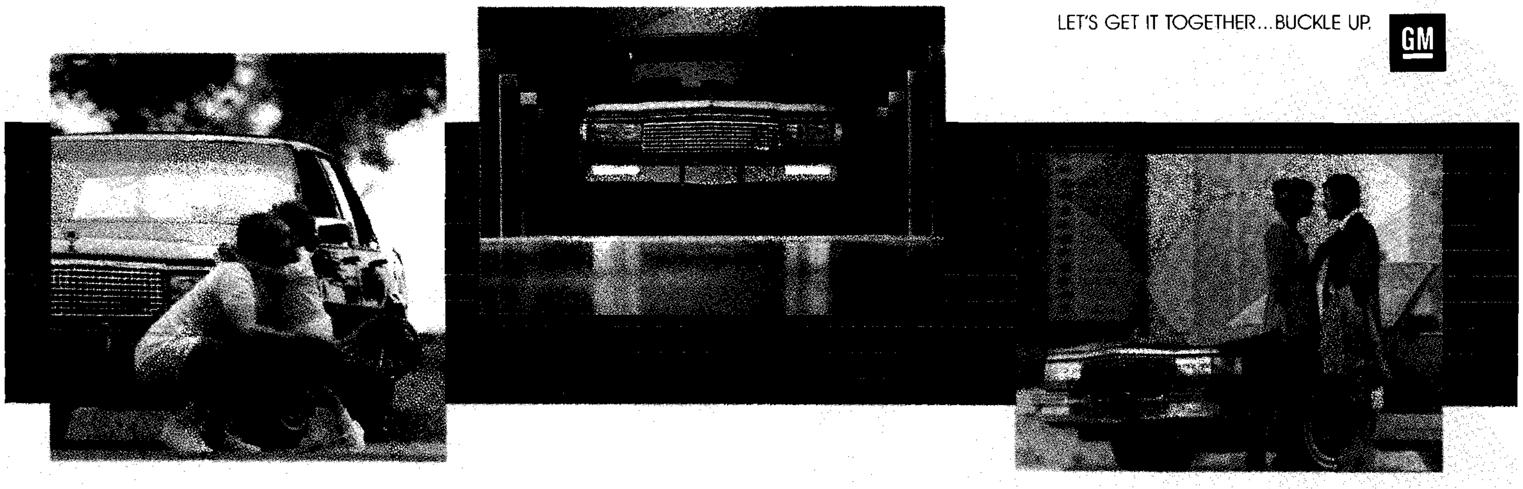

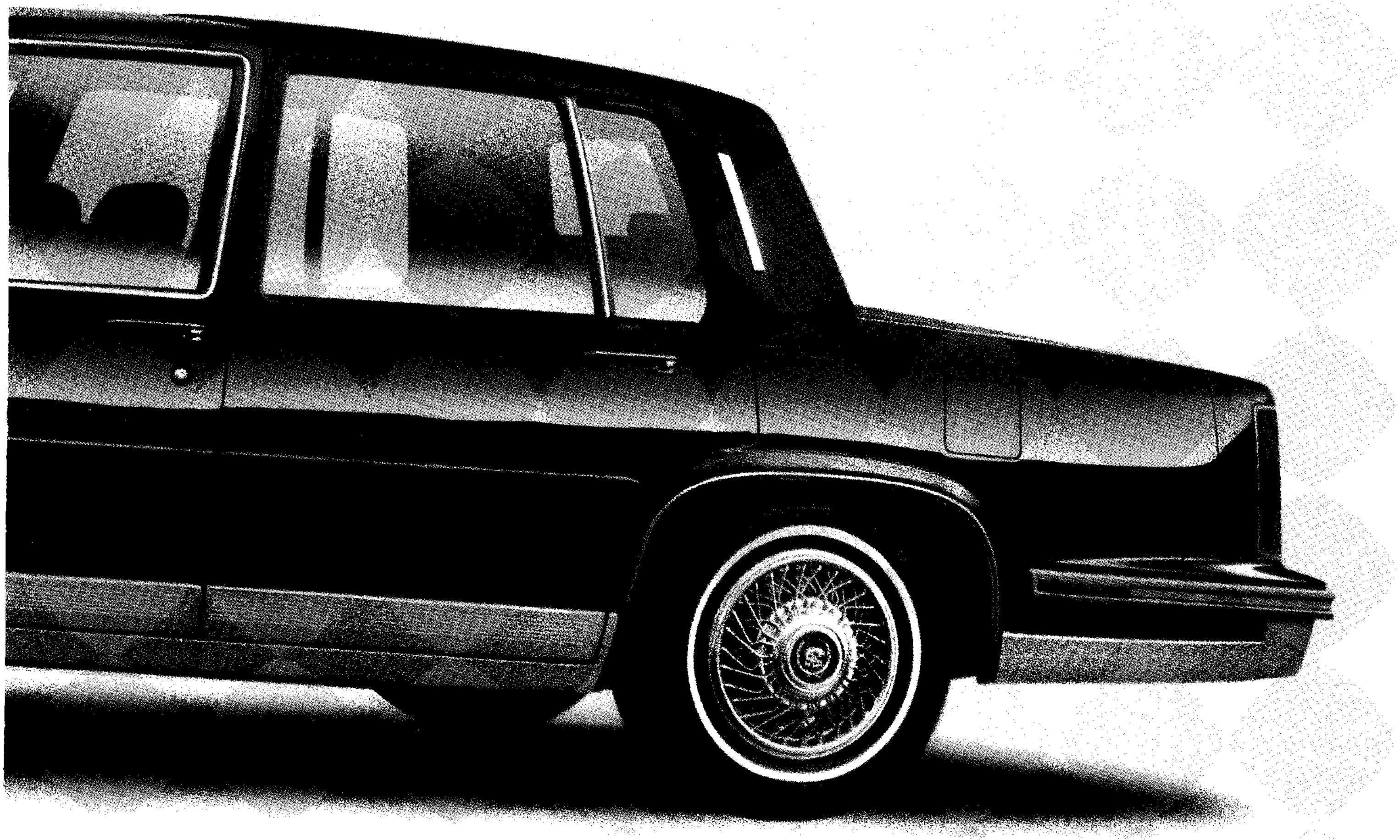

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in time and would shoot himself in the foot. ("Ready! Fire! Aim!" was how one critic put it.) He was quoted as saying that Walter Reuther was a bigger threat than the Russians and that Chief Justice Earl Warren was a socialist and that Fidel Castro was just a Communist who needed a shave. He said, "It would be a good thing to saw off the Eastern Seaboard and let it float out into the Atlantic" and "I don't give a tinker's damn what the rest of the world thinks about the United States as long as we keep strong militarily" and "I don't like to see my taxes paid for children born out of wedlock" and, of members of the Phoenix chapter of the John Birch Society, "They are the finest people in my community" and the mind-numbing "Where fraternities are not allowed, Communism flourishes." (Goldwater is a devoted Sigma Chi.)

"Do you folks ever get up North?"

His big mouth tended to trap him in whopping inconsistencies and contradictions. By turns, he praised and damned the Social Security system, United States membership in the United Nations, the Tennessee Valley Authority, higher education, nuclear warfare, and civil rights, among other things. As his mostly ghostwritten syndicated column ("How Do You Stand, Sir?") blossomed into a best-selling book ("The Conscience of a Conservative"), he provided a field day for his opponents, who tried to sort out what he was saying on and off the cuff. Still, the inconsistencies and the contradictions didn't disenchant his vocal followers; on the contrary, they saw in Goldwater a non-intellectual, calls-'em-as-he-sees-'em personality who more or less reflected their own confusion about sticky modern issues.

For the second time in a decade, the nation was grappling with a superconservative ism. At its best, Goldwaterism served to realign the two major political parties, to present the voter with real options ("A choice, not an echo"); at its worst, it stimulated suspicion, fear, and pettiness. By and large, it was a negative crusade, calling for severe reductions in welfare programs, farm subsidies, taxes, big government, and foreign aid. On the positive side, it demanded a tough military stance against Communist regimes ("Why not victory?"), enhancement of the free-enterprise system, and a return to constitutional fundamentalism. That last call made Goldwater very popular in the South, where strict adherence to the principle of states' rights meant thwarting desegregation. Again, Goldwater was caught up in a still unresolved contradiction: the man who had early in life befriended the Arizona Indians, contributed money to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and desegregated his department store and the Arizona Air National Guard came to be pegged as a racist. Recently, he said, "I voted against civil-rights legislation because I thought it was unconstitutional. I still believe that if you have a boarding house and you don't want to rent to a Jew or a black man or an Irishman, you have that right." Despite his growing brain trust of spirited young conservatives and right-wingers, few of the voluminous pronouncements that went to make up Goldwaterism seemed particularly well thought out. Rather, the doctrine's founder and his disciples seemed to be winging it. The appreciative audiences weren't in a mood for reasoned treatises anyway.

Goldwater was mentioned as a possible Republican Presidential candidate for the 1960 election, but Richard Nixon, as the Vice-President in the Eisenhower Administration, was the Party's obvious choice. Goldwater's role, as Mr. Conservative, was to keep Nixon as conservative as possible, and to that end he travelled widely, campaigning for a candidate he did not wholly trust. To Goldwater, the so-called New Nixon was an enigma. When that eminently practical politician struck a deal with Nelson Rockefeller—Goldwater's despised symbol of the Eastern Republican establishment—it was almost more than Mr. Conservative could bear. After a characteristic explosion of invective, he calmed

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down and continued to work hard to prove to Nixon that he could win the Presidency only with conservative support. When Nixon lost to Goldwater's Senate friend John Kennedy, Goldwater justifiably could, and did, say, “I told you so.”

During the Bay of Pigs fiasco, President Kennedy invited Goldwater to the Oval Office for some conservative input into the situation. “Do you want this job?” Kennedy asked him.

“You can have it,” Goldwater answered.

The truth is that Goldwater dearly wanted to run for President against Kennedy. “The two of us talked about travelling around the country in the same airplane and really doing some old stump politics—sort of like what I had seen my Uncle Morris do with his opponent,” Goldwater said. “I'd get up in one place and make my point, and then he'd get up and tear me apart. I think if we had done such a debate it would've been great for American politics and it would've shown the American people a hell of a lot more about the Presidency and the problems of the office. And it would've been one hell of a campaign. I had polls showing that Kennedy could be beaten.” Kennedy, too, was keen on the idea; he was quoted by Benjamin Bradlee as saying of Goldwater, “I really like him, and if we're licked, at least it will be on the issues. At least the people will have a clear choice.”

But that great, friendly debate was not to be. “Jack was shot, and I decided I didn't really want to run for President if I couldn't run against him,” Goldwater said. Still, pressure had been building for a Goldwater candidacy. Nixon was presumably finished as a contender; a Gallup poll showed that forty per cent of the Republican voters were for Goldwater; and several right-wing Republicans, including the *National Review* crowd, were talking about a draft.

“I did not want to run against Lyndon Johnson,” Goldwater said. “The American people couldn't take three Presidents in as many years. In December of 1963, I said to some people right here in this living room—I remember I had my leg in a cast for something or other—I said that we can't beat Johnson, nobody can. I said, ‘But if I run let's make the point—not too open about it—that we want to take the control of the Republican Party away from New York, Pennsylvania, and the New England states.’ I turned to Peggy and asked her, ‘What do you think about it, honey?,’ and she said, ‘I think you're out of your mind.’ Finally, they talked me into it. I've been criticized for not having the fire in the belly for that election campaign. It was because I knew damn well that nobody could beat Johnson—and the ghost of Jack Kennedy, too.”

THE first obstacle that Goldwater had to surmount on his way to the 1964 Republican National Convention, at San Francisco's Cow Palace, was the Stop Goldwater movement, composed of his fellow-candidate Rockefeller and the Eastern Republican establishment. After a slow start in the primaries (Goldwater lost in New Hampshire to Henry Cabot Lodge, an absentee write-in candidate), he steamrollered that obstacle and ultimately packed the Convention with dogged partisan delegates. The Goldwater phenomenon could not be stopped.

He had far less success with the second obstacle—himself and his big, honest mouth. When he declared his candidacy, in early January of 1964, he proclaimed, “I will not change my beliefs to win votes,” and he never did. For instance, he voted against the landmark civil-rights bill on constitutional grounds, despite the racial rioting in the cities. The press hung on his every word, because his every word meant juicy news: Social Security should be made voluntary; NATO commanders should be permitted to employ tactical nuclear weapons; the United States should withdraw from the United Nations if mainland China was seated. Eisenhower told him, “Barry, you speak too quick and too loud.” The slightly scary “AuH_2O” was his political emblem, and “In Your Heart, You Know He's Right” was his slogan; it wasn't long before the latter became, in some circles, “In Your Guts, You Know He's Nuts.” (Goldwater was capable of cracking his own jokes about himself. When asked what he would do in the event of a Russian nuclear attack, he said, “First, I'd circle the wagons,” and he announced that a movie of his life would be made by “Eighteenth Century–Fox.”)

The Cow Palace became a madhouse of reaction. Last-ditch efforts of the Stop Goldwater movement were met with crudeness and rudeness. Whenever the cheerleaders deemed interruptions necessary, organized shouts of "*Viva!*" were answered by mindless roars of "*Olé!*" Delegates suspected of being less than ecstatic about Goldwater were sometimes denied credentials. When Rockefeller took the rostrum on behalf of a proposed platform plank repudiating extremist groups, he was booed and heckled into silence; he finally managed to say, "This is still a free country, ladies and gentlemen." To the millions watching on television, the Convention appeared to be a sort of Latin-American coup d'état by Fascist plantation owners. And all through the hullabaloo Barry Goldwater—the cause of it all—stayed in his suite at the Mark Hopkins Hotel, trying to overcome his feeling of being imprisoned by talking on a portable ham-radio set to anybody out there. ("The perfect democracy," he called hams.)

The zenith of the Convention (or the nadir, depending on one's political persuasion) was what instantly became known as the extremism speech. Goldwater, as no one had doubted for a moment, was nominated as the Republican candidate for President—unanimously, finally, when William Scranton, the governor of Pennsylvania and a last-minute Stop Goldwater aspirant, asked all the delegates to rally round the candidate, much as Goldwater himself had done for Nixon at the 1960 Convention—and the beaming, exultant man of the hour appeared in the hysterical Cow Palace. At last, the tumult subsided enough for him to deliver his acceptance speech, written by Karl Hess and other staff right-wing intellectuals. "Anyone who joins us in all sincerity, we welcome," Goldwater told the listening millions. "Those who do not care for our cause we do not expect to enter our ranks in any case. And let our Republicanism, so focussed and dedicated, not be made fuzzy and futile by unthinking and stupid labels. I would remind you that extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice. And let me remind you also that moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue."

Well, the Cow Palace came down. The dreaded buzzword "extremism" had been used approvingly, and what mainstream voters feared most about Goldwater—that he was indeed an extremist—seemed to be confirmed. It was, to put it mildly, a poor choice of words. Goldwater's dogmatic, amateurish aides had let him down, but to this day Goldwater is unapologetic about the rhetorical disaster. "There's no question that the average American feared extremism of any kind," he said. "But you have to look at the makeup of that Convention. The conservatives owned it. They booed Rockefeller, and that was frightful. They wouldn't let other people speak. Scranton was a dead horse. The Eastern Republicans had lost control of the Party—and, to be honest, that's the major reason I ran. It was my Convention from the day the doors opened.

"I'll never forget—Eisenhower called me the next morning, and he said, 'What the hell did you make that speech for?' I said, 'What are you doing?' He said, 'Come on over,' so I went over to his hotel. I said to him, 'You didn't like the speech?' He said, 'No!' I said, 'Listen to me just a minute. You put together the biggest, strongest, most expensive army in the history of the world to, in effect, wipe out some people. Now, war is the most extreme thing we can engage in. Will you agree with that?' He said, 'I do.' I said, 'That war you were in was to defend liberty, so what the hell is the difference?' He said, 'I never thought of it that way,' and I never heard any more from him about it. A while later, I saw Jake Javits—one of the Eastern liberal Republicans who deserted me—and I asked him what he could find wrong with what I said in San Francisco. He told me, 'It wasn't so much what you said as the time you said it.' 'Extremism' was a dirty word then, and it still is. But protecting freedom is what this country has been about. We'll go to any extent to protect it. I know people were thinking 'nuclear' when I said the dirty word, but it didn't bother me a damn bit. I made the speech, I think it had to be said, and I never lost any sleep over it. I thought it was a hell of a good speech. I didn't write it, but I approved it.

d. ehrenberg

"I'm almost certain that that 'extremism' line came from way back, from Cicero. When I see Senator Joe Biden next, I'm going to tell him, 'Joe, if you want to take from somebody's speech, do like I did—go *way* back.' "

In the ensuing Presidential campaign, Lyndon Johnson and the Democrats made the most of the extremism issue. Buttons soon appeared with the legend "I Am a Moderate Extremist." Then, in early September, a television commercial showed a poster-perfect little girl plucking daisy petals in a field, to the sound of a sinister countdown. At last, she evaporated in a mushroom cloud, and an announcer urged viewers to vote for President Johnson: "The stakes are too high for you to stay home." After the Republicans justifiably complained to the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, the chilling commercial was dropped. Goldwater said, "When I first saw it, I thought, Goddam, that's a clever ad. But I couldn't stand still for that kind of stuff."

The Democratic-commercial incident was one of the rare moments of drama in the entire election, whose outcome was a foregone conclusion. Goldwater's running mate, the nebulous Representative William Miller, of New York, certainly didn't add any spice to the proceedings, and a further disappointment was the decision by Goldwater's close friend and Arizona neighbor Henry Luce to support President Johnson, personally and editorially. However, Luce's wife, Clare, actively worked for Goldwater. Sex appeal was something definitely in Goldwater's favor; women were his most dedicated and best-organized adherents. ("It's true, I just got a lot of lip service from the men," Goldwater has said.) The women helped bring out roaring crowds of the already convinced, but the newly converted were very few. One bright spot for Goldwater was a speech delivered by Ronald Reagan. "He made the best speech in the whole campaign," Goldwater said. "It was written for me, but I took one look at it and said that I don't have the ability to deliver this speech. A professional has to do it, like Reagan, and he did a hell of a job with it. Well, from there he got Californians behind him, ran for governor, and right away people were talking about him being President.”

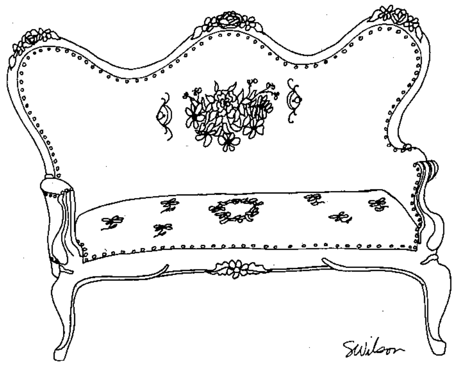
Finally, the torture was over. Goldwater returned home to Arizona to vote and await the inevitable results with his family, who had played a small role in the campaign. The results were even worse than he’d expected: forty-three million votes for Johnson to twenty-seven million for Goldwater, and forty-four states for Johnson to only Arizona and five Southern states for Goldwater. Years later, the defeated Republican would say, “I never met a guy who says he didn’t vote for me. I think I’ll demand a recount.”

GOLDWATER has never been the sort of man to hold a grudge, but in the case of Lyndon Johnson (and a couple of other political figures) there is lingering bitterness. As his brother, Robert, put it, “I don’t know if Barry would ever forgive Johnson—not so much for things he did to Barry as for things he did to the country.”

When the subject of Johnson came up, Goldwater reddened. “Johnson was a completely dishonest man,” he said, with deliberateness. “He’ll have to be taken care of by history. I’ve got to say that he was the best Majority Leader I’ve ever seen. The tactics he’d use—any kind of muscle, he’d break your arm. I took pictures of him once out on Harry Byrd’s farm, when he was using what I called the half Johnson, just leaning on you, and the full Johnson, with his arm around you. You needed a bridge built on some highway, and, by God, he got your vote or you didn’t get the bridge. No subtlety. He didn’t know what it meant. He came to Congress without a dime, and yet he was able to buy a television station in Texas. A woman I knew was trying to get that station for three years. They told her to take her application out and by tomorrow she’d have her station. She took it out, and by the next day Lyndon Johnson owned that station. I think he died worth twenty million dollars. Now, you don’t do that in politics. Whatever he accomplished was because he beat the living Jesus out of me. When that happened, the entire Congress said this is our new leader and we better do what he says. He was at that moment the most popular President in history. So that’s how we acquired the welfare state in total, and we’re doing nothing but paying for it now, God help us.”

Unemployed (he had given up his Senate seat to run for President) and still a little shell-shocked from the campaign, Goldwater in the middle nineteen-sixties came to believe that he had lost the battle but perhaps won the war. As titular head of the Republican Party, he made sure that it remained strongly conservative and under the firm control of its Western faction. When he wasn’t attending to his hobbies or taking his family on trips, he preached Goldwaterism throughout the land, as he had a decade earlier. At one point, he received as many as thirty invitations a day to speak. Meanwhile, because of the Vietnam War, Johnson steadily sank in esteem, and Nixon made his startling comeback. It appeared that the political war had indeed been won by the conservative Republicans after all. Some people began to speculate about what would have happened if Goldwater had been elected in 1964.

What *would* have happened if Goldwater had been elected in 1964? The defeated candidate has been asked that question many times, and his answer comes pat: “Everything bad about this country since then is traceable back to Vietnam. When you decide to go to war, you should immediately decide to win it. As President, I would’ve flown B-52s over North Vietnam and dropped leaflets saying something like ‘If you don’t quit the war and make an accommodation with the government of South Vietnam, the next time we come over, there will be bombs.’ I’d give them three days, and if they hadn’t indicated that they’d quit hostilities I would have literally made a swamp out of the North. The threat is one of the great instruments of warfare. You threaten them with a military procedure that they know damn well you can do, and they’ll weigh it and, if they think they’re going to lose, they’ll quit. I’m sure they would’ve done just that, and the war would’ve been over in a month. We came out of it all a shambles. We lost South Vietnam, we left twenty billion dollars’ worth of equipment sitting around over there, and we’ve seen the downfall of most of Southeast Asia. Veterans threw their medals away. I can’t blame them. I know that if I were young enough to have fought in Vietnam I would’ve been a very pissed-off guy.



“My radio shack next to the house here put through thousands of phone patches from the troops in Southeast Asia to their families, and you’d hear the soldiers just moaning and groaning. The men knew goddam well they weren’t fighting out there to win. They didn’t like seeing a friend get killed for nothing. I’d say to them, ‘Look, there’s nothing your commander can do, so don’t get peed off at him. It’s the guys in Washington that are giving you the trouble.’ Neither Johnson nor his Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara—a man I never liked—told the American people the truth about Vietnam. I was over there five times, and I’d sometimes wind up in an airplane. You’d see a target and you’d say to the pilot, ‘Hey, what’s that down there?’ He’d say that it was a good target but he can’t shoot at it because of McNamara’s rules of engagement—you can’t fire at any target without authorization from Washington. That’s a waste of time, since the target’s going to be there for only a few minutes. As soon as we decided not to win that war, we should’ve got the hell out of it and come home. It’s possible that if I had been running things we wouldn’t have gone through the terrible angst and crises of the nineteen-sixties and seventies.”

Besides believing that he could have avoided the protracted Vietnam trauma, Goldwater felt that he could have helped the economy by cutting back on welfare programs and wasteful spending, though he conceded that it would have involved a monumental—and probably losing—fight with Congress. On this point in the what-if speculation, his critics agree with him, adding that under Goldwater racial turmoil might have increased at home and war with the Soviet Union could have been more likely. In general, Goldwater is philosophical about his hypothetical Presidency. “I don’t think there’s a man who’s ever run for President who didn’t have grand ideas and say, 'I'm going to sit in that chair and here's what I'm going to do'—and, the first thing he knows, he can't do it. One thing I know for certain, though: If I had won, I'm pretty damn sure I could've been reëlected, and Nixon would have had to wait a little bit longer."

WITH the sudden renaissance of Nixon and conservatism in 1968, Goldwater itched to get back to where the action was—the Senate. His elderly, infirm friend and colleague Carl Hayden, who had been the Democratic incumbent from Arizona since 1926, decided not to run for an eighth term, so Goldwater leapt at the opportunity, and captured Hayden's seat by almost seventy thousand votes. He returned to Washington with Nixon, Agnew, and the rest, but, oddly, he assumed what many saw as a more temperate attitude. He supported such measures as ending the draft and giving the vote to eighteen-year-olds, and he even entered into the late-sixties zeitgeist by letting his hair grow long. He had lost his seniority in the Democratic-controlled Senate because of his four-year interregnum, but he was happy to be back.

"I have abiding love and great respect for the institution," Goldwater said. "All in all, only sixteen senators have served longer than I have. Nobody will ever touch Carl Hayden's record, of course. The seniority thing bugged me, though. Instead of picking senators to be committee chairmen for their background or their knowledge, they're picked because of seniority. It took me all those years to get on the Armed Services Committee, and during that time I was the only senator who had ever flown a military aircraft. I also served on the Commerce Committee; the chairman was a lawyer who didn't know his ass from a hot rock about commerce. I'm very much in favor of limiting senators' terms to two. With just twelve years to serve, they'll be selected for committees on background, not seniority.

"The longer you're there the more you know about how it works—when to sit at your desk, when to sound off, when to stand up and criticize the leadership for taking too long. If a freshman tried that, they'd throw him out the front door. Finally, it was a thrill for me to be a senior senator. I became the chairman of the Armed Services Committee, the Intelligence Committee, the Communications Subcommittee, the Indian Affairs Committee—areas that I knew something about. Getting elected so many times, I was luckier than hell—politics is mostly luck—and I made a lot of friends. It would be hard for me to name an enemy in Congress. People disagreed with me violently, but we remained very good friends. Mo Udall and I have never voted the same on anything except water and Indians, yet I would fight to the last ditch to keep him in Congress, even though he's a Democrat. The same with Senator Dan Inouye, another Democrat. Teddy Kennedy is a hell of a nice guy. Fritz Mondale—I knew what he was going through in the last election. Hubert Humphrey was probably the best friend I ever had in the Senate, and, goddam, we really tied into each other. He was a marvellous man."

Not a marvellous man, in Goldwater's eyes, is Richard Nixon. In fact, Nixon joins Johnson and McNamara in a select trio that Goldwater holds in utter contempt, not to be forgiven. When he talks about Nixon, his voice rises and falls with hot anger and bitter rue: "Nixon is one of the saddest moments of my life. For twenty years or so, he and I worked hand in glove all over this land—not to help Nixon, not to help Goldwater, but to help the Republican Party and our country. But I was slow to see the real Nixon. I remember that many years back an old newspaperman lived in the same Washington apartment house I lived in, and although he was quite a liberal writer, we got along fine. One night, he said to me, 'What do you see in that Nixon?' I said, 'He's a hell of a good man,' and he came back with 'The hell he is!' The press can detect such things that maybe escape the rest of us. Then, in 1976, on the opening day of President Ford's election campaign in New Hampshire, Nixon announced that he was going to China again. I was on a television show and I said that if Nixon thinks so much of China let him stay over there. Well, I got home and my wife just chewed my ass off. She said, 'How can you say that about him, you're so close?' Well, I was sitting there listening to her go on, and in a millisecond the thought came to me that this man Nixon was dishonest, that he wasn't the man I thought he was, that the many things we did to-

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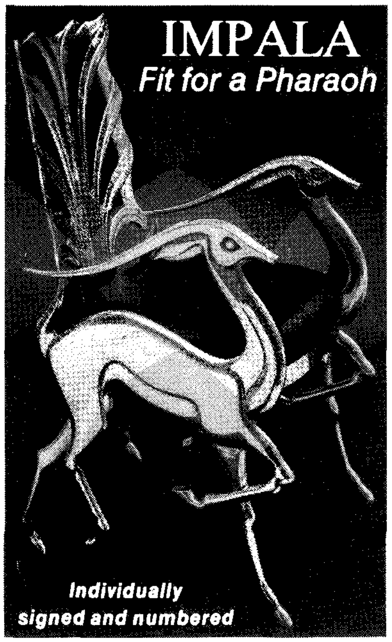

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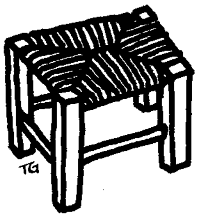
gether in our political careers were done for the sole benefit of Richard Milhous Nixon."

Goldwater is often credited with being the catalyst that brought about Nixon's resignation in the face of an impeachment trial. He rejects that notion, claiming that he and others didn't talk Nixon into resigning but just made it "pretty damn clear" to him that he ought to resign. "I'll never forget—I started hearing about Watergate and I couldn't believe it," Goldwater recalled, staring out the window at a distant patch of undeveloped desert. "I spoke to some of the people close to Nixon, and when they told me what it was all about—breaking into Democratic headquarters at the Watergate—I said, 'I can't believe what you guys are talking about. The Democrats and the Republicans, we get money from the same people, we know each other by our first names. I can walk into Democratic headquarters and I'm very friendly with everybody. Why break in?' So I went to Nixon and said, 'Mr. President, if there's anything to this Watergate thing, if you have anything to do with it, get on the television now and tell all.' Well, he didn't do it.



"Things kept happening. Nixon would tell us another lie and then another, and finally, one day, Jerry Ford came down to our weekly Republican meeting and—I forget his exact words—he said that I hate to tell you, but there's another lie. Well, I just blew my top. I said, 'I'm getting goddam tired of this. This is the last time I'm going to stand for it. I'm going to demand his resignation.' They all told me to cool down but go up and see the President. So I called the White House. Dean Burch, one of my closest friends, said, 'Come out to my house tomorrow for lunch and don't wear your Levi's.' I went out there, and Alexander Haig was with Dean. We talked it all over, and about four o'clock that afternoon we went in to see the President, along with Senator Hugh Scott, of Pennsylvania, and John Rhodes, the House Minority Leader. Nixon just sat there with his feet on the desk. You'd have thought we had finished playing golf and he had a hole in one. Finally, he looked at me and said, 'Barry, how am I going to do in the Senate?' I told him he wouldn't get twelve votes in an impeachment trial, and mine wouldn't be one of them. I knew what the feeling of the Senate was. They were getting madder and madder each day about his actions and his lying."

That grim statement coming from Mr. Conservative himself was something that Nixon could not ignore, but he was still noncommittal. Meanwhile, the press had heard a rumor that Goldwater had been deputized by fellow-Republicans to tell the President to resign. "But I hadn't," Goldwater said. "So I called Ben Bradlee, of the Washington *Post*—a good friend—and his boss, Mrs. Katherine Graham, and I said, 'Look, here's the situation we have: You got Nixon sitting on the edge and that guy will go either way. If your paper comes out saying that he's been told to quit, he won't quit. Then you're going to see at least eight months of disaster, with the President in the dock. The country can't take it.' Well, thank God, they didn't print the story, and the television people rescinded their story. That night, Nixon thought it over and called me up and said that he had decided he was not going to remain as President. It's too bad, really, a man like that—to think of the leader he could have been. He probably had as good a mind on foreign policy as we've ever seen in this country. But you cannot have a man sitting in the President's chair who is dishonest. He lied to his country. He lied to his friends. He lied to his family. I couldn't stand it. I wouldn't trust him from here to the window. I can't be decent to that man, and I have never forgiven him."

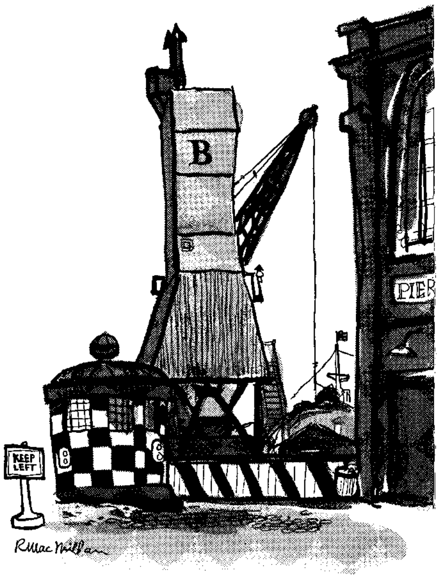
The shock of Watergate took some of the vinegar out of Goldwater. For a while after Nixon's resignation, it was hinted that President Ford would tap Goldwater for his Vice-President; instead, Nelson Rockefeller, that conspicuous symbol of Eastern Seaboard liberal Republicanism, was chosen. Although Goldwater voted against Rockefeller's appointment, he was less than irate about it. He went as far as to declare that Rockefeller might be a good President. "A strange case, that Rockefeller," Goldwater said. "I really didn't get to know him until he was made Vice-President and he was presiding in the Senate. He wouldn't shut up. He was talking while senators were trying to talk. I went up to him and said, 'Mr. Vice-President, you got to be quiet. You can't talk in here.' He couldn't understand that. When General Chiang Kai-shek died, in 1975, I was going to the funeral in Taiwan, and before I left I criticized President Ford for sending the Secretary of Agriculture as the official U.S. representative. Rockefeller said to me, 'Thanks to you, I'm flying to Taiwan to represent the U.S. Let's fly there together.' So we talked all the way across the Pacific, and we got to know each other. I developed a real admiration for that fellow. I told him that the only reason he never got to be President was that he was born with the idea that he *should* be President because he was a Rockefeller. He laughed, and said, 'I guess you're right.' "

Conservatives wondered if Goldwater was going soft. He wasn't solidly opposed to the Panama Canal treaty, and he jolted the right-wing Republicans by supporting Ford over Ronald Reagan for the 1976 Republican Presidential nomination. Rather, it was a kind of ennui setting in. Goldwater had paid his dues as a fire-breathing conservative, and he was tired, aching physically and spiritually. His Senate attendance record was poor, and his voting record left something to be desired by the right. Grudgingly, he ran for reëlection in 1980, and barely defeated a young opponent named William Schulz. He knew that it was his last campaign, and he was testy with the press. When a reporter asked him why he had just squeaked by while Reagan had captured Arizona in a landslide, the aging Senator responded, "I don't know and I don't particularly care." The man who just a year earlier had written a book entitled "With No Apologies" soon found himself apologizing for his odd behavior.

In a way, Reagan's triumph in 1980 was a vindication for Goldwater—the successful culmination of all his efforts over three decades to put the control of the nation undeniably in the hands of Western conservative Republicans, who he felt knew what the American people wanted. But there were nagging problems. An extremely public one arose over the mining of Nicaraguan waters—a covert operation that was supposedly to be made known to the Select Committee on Intelligence, of which Goldwater was chairman. The chairman was not against the mining per se, but he wanted his committee to know about it beforehand, as the law required. Because of that issue and other matters, he has mixed feelings about Ronald Reagan.

"When I first knew Ronnie, it was after the war and he was quite a liberal Democrat," Goldwater said. "In fact, one day he called a couple of us 'black Fascist bastards.' Later, the big influence on him was his wife, Nancy. Nancy's parents lived near here, and her father, a famous neurosurgeon, was very conservative. As the head of the Screen Actors Guild, Ronnie was having trouble with leftist unions, and I think that started him realizing that his position was not a good one. Maybe before he actually turned conservative he was basically conservative, having been raised in a small Midwestern town and going to small schools, completely outside the influence of left-wing politics. He went to Hollywood and just felt that the temper was such that he ought to be a liberal. I don't think for one moment that he was ever a Communist or a socialist. He was very pro-Roosevelt, but I can't hold that against a person.

"Is Ronnie now a bona-fide conservative? That's hard to answer. Is Jesse Helms a bona-fide conservative or is he a nut? There's a lot of things Helms will do that I'm in perfect agreement with, but I don't like his tactics on the Senate floor, the same kind of tactics that Hubert Humphrey employed. I guess Reagan is a true conservative. Now, if he and I sat down and took matters up issue by issue, we might not agree one hundred per cent. I don't believe agreement of one hundred per cent is essential to being an American. I argue with a lot of people. He can do nothing about the dangerous national debt, since any President controls just thirty per cent of what is spent. No President ever finishes his career with a great big bang. But I have faith in the guy. He'll go down in history as a good President. He's a hell of a good communicator—although he's always an actor and has to learn his lines. There may be some question about how hard he works—I don't know. And, of course, he's done a lot of damage with this Iran-Contra thing. Nothing he can ever do will erase it."



For Goldwater, the Iran-Contra hearings were an obsession. Throughout the weeks of hearings, he was confined to bed after a knee operation, and there was little he could do but watch the parade of witnesses on television. Earlier, he had called the selling of military equipment to Iran in exchange for the release of hostages "a dreadful mistake" and had remarked that Reagan "got his butt caught in a crack." Recently, he was only a bit more temperate about the Iran-Contra affair:

"I told Reagan—the last time I visited him when I was still a senator—I told him, 'You got to clear this stuff up. I don't care what you say. You're the President, and as President you're supposed to know about fifty or sixty million dollars for arms to our enemy the Iranians. That does not separate itself from your knowledge.' The big mistake Reagan made—and I told him this—was trying to get close to the moderates in Iran. I said, 'Mr. President, I know Iran. I was a friend of the Shah. During the war, I used to fly to Teheran. I guess I've been in Iran six or seven times since the war. The moderates in Iran are all dead. Now, if you want to speak to a moderate Iranian I'll find you one—in Paris, London, New York, or Washington. But you're not going to find any moderates alive in Iran.' Well, he didn't say anything. The whole thing about those hearings that left me in a quandary was, How could the President of the United States not know about it all? I mean, my God!"

As for the cast of characters in the hearings, Goldwater said, "They raised doubt in everybody's mind about what Reagan knew. They didn't actually nail the President in a dishonest position, but I think they accomplished as much. Oliver North was given a job to do, and, being a Marine officer, he did his job the way he felt best. What North said were the very words that most Americans wanted to hear, whether he was lying or not. Americans are hungry to hear something good about this country. Admiral Poindexter kept looking at his stars—his naval position, his ambition. Did General Secord and the others do it for money? It's our money, and if those guys have it in Swiss bank accounts, then we ought to throw the bastards in jail."

Another dilemma for Goldwater is his position on the Contras. During a seminar at Arizona State University, he found himself in a heated debate with a black law student about American policy toward Nicaragua versus American policy toward South Africa. After Goldwater stated that America had the right to "change" an inimical foreign government such as Nicaragua's (by, for instance, supporting the Contras' insurrection against the Sandinistas), the student asked why America couldn't do the same thing in South Africa, since that government was also hostile to our principles. Goldwater was at a loss for a clear, reasoned answer, and the student walked away with the debating prize. It was another example of the difficulty that Mr. Conservative has had in articulating consistent political logic throughout his career.

Expressing his thoughts forthrightly and indiscriminately, for better or worse, has always been the indelible mark of the man. If he ever matured into a judicious elder statesman, he would no longer be Barry Morris Goldwater—perhaps the last of the Trumanesque politicians, a man who simply does not have a dishonest bone in his body. At the close of his eighth decade, here are some of his random thoughts:

Fidel Castro: "I'd like to meet him, just to meet him. Someday I may go down there. I think that he and I maybe have a lot in common—I just don't know what it might be. It's a feeling I have."

Jerry Falwell and the TV Evangelists: "After Falwell said that all good Christians should be concerned about Sandra Day O'Connor's nomination to the Supreme Court because of her stand on abortion, I said, 'Every good Christian ought to kick Falwell right in the ass.' I get damn tired of these political preachers telling me what to believe in and do."

Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt: "I say, as a conservative, that Roosevelt ran on the most conservative platform ever presented by a candidate in the past hundred years. He didn't start getting into liberal trouble till after he'd been elected and he came under the influence of some wild-eyed economists. It took the Second World War to get us out of the Depression, not Roosevelt. But he did a lot of damn good things, when you stop to think about it. He brought us closer together as a country. I never knew Mrs. Roosevelt, but, having lived with a wife who had great influence over me, I'd have to say Eleanor had great influence, too."

The Soviet Union: "Gorbachev will surprise a lot of people. He realizes that his country is in real economic trouble, and he had better clear it up or he can have a revolution. He's the first leader of Russia we can sit down and talk to. Why can't we sit down with him and get rid of these terrible weapons? Why do we have to go broke and keep so many young people in the military?"

The Supreme Court: "If you put a devoted constitutionalist in there, he may be more liberal. Rehnquist and O'Connor haven't voted in a consistently conservative way. Both of them are from Arizona, by the way. Little old Arizona pretty much owns the Supreme Court."

Congress: "The President alone can send you to war. Congress can declare war every half hour, but that doesn't put a rifle on your shoulder. But the greatest threat to the United States is internal, not external. The national debt approaches everything we have. And we're in a welfare state. Fifty per cent takes care of the other fifty per cent. We'll either go bankrupt or wind up with a dictatorship. The question is, Will we ever have a Congress with enough guts to change things? I don't think so."

J. William Fulbright: "We are fraternity brothers and we played golf together, but in foreign policy we're

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diametrically opposed. I said that there had to be one victor between the Soviets and us. He never agreed. The Gulf of Tonkin Resolution he sponsored was a big phony. I'm surprised Fulbright fell for the idea that anything really happened there. But he left the Senate in good shape, highly thought of."

JACOB JAVITS: "I got along with Jake all right. Strictly philosophical, political differences. We had violent debates on the floor, like on the War Powers Act. Very, very smart man. A coony man—smart as a coon dog."

ROBERT TAFT: "He was a cold man. I'd introduce him to a bunch of ladies, and he wouldn't even say, 'How do you do?' But he had a brilliant, exceptional mind. You could go to him on the Senate floor, and he'd know about every bill and what was happening better than anyone else I ever served with. Somebody once said that when history is written they're going to call Bob Taft and Barry Goldwater liberals."

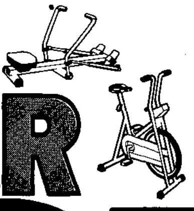
THE PRESIDENCY: "Of all the Presidents I've known, I'd put Johnson and Nixon at the bottom. My all-time favorites are still Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln."

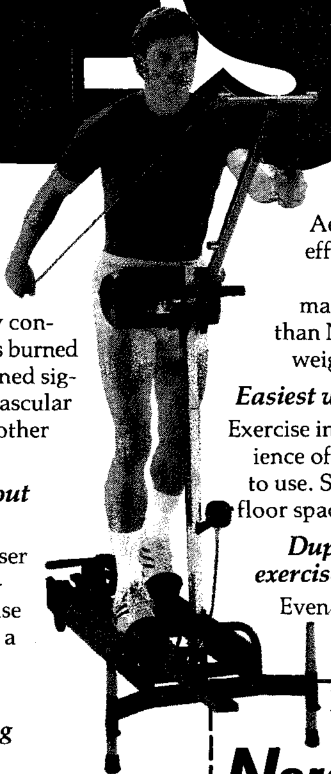
HARRY TRUMAN: "Truman will go down as the best President of this century. His great asset was that you always knew where he stood. I like to think I'm the same way. I wish that we had a long string of Trumans. We wouldn't have troubles today."

DOUGLAS MACARTHUR: "Truman was right in firing him. The only question is, Was he right in using his right at that time?"

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER: "What I said about Truman I follow by saying that he might be tied or come close to by Eisenhower. People looked on Ike as a nice, grandfatherly man. Now they're beginning to realize some of the great things he did accomplish. We had differences, but we got along pretty well. We were both military men, and that helped."

GERALD FORD: "People ask me, 'What did he do as President?' I answer, 'He wasn't in long enough to do much.' He did return dignity and decency to a White House that Nixon had destroyed. That was all he could have done. Jerry is not the smartest man who ever came down the pike, but





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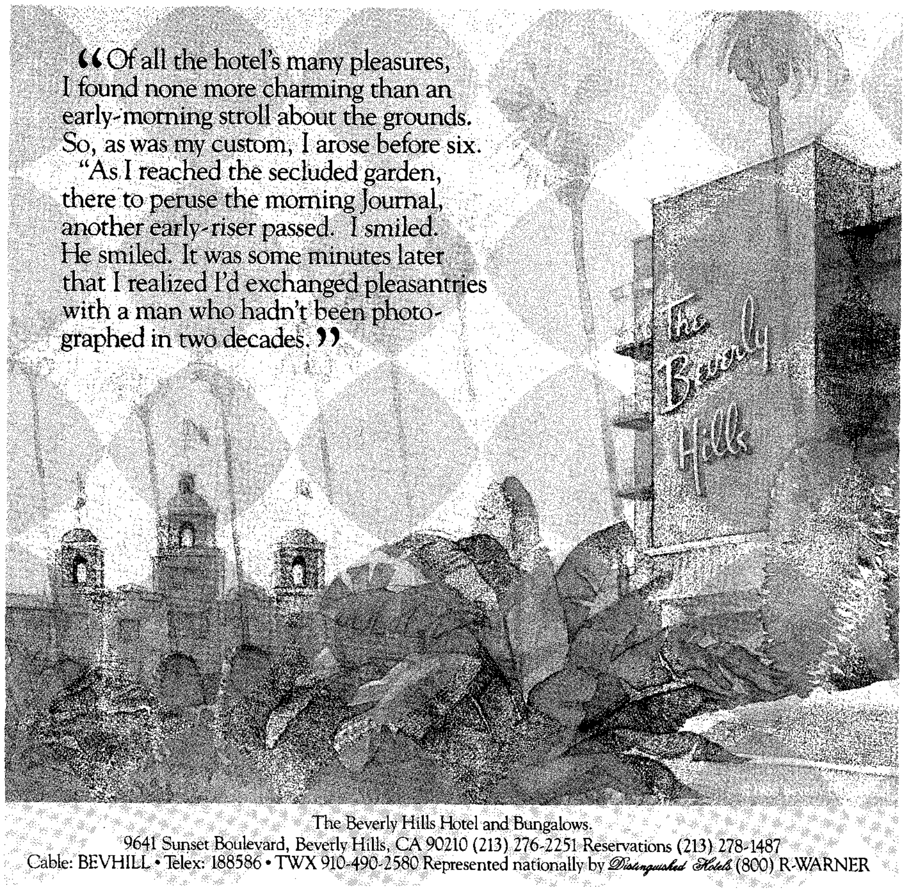

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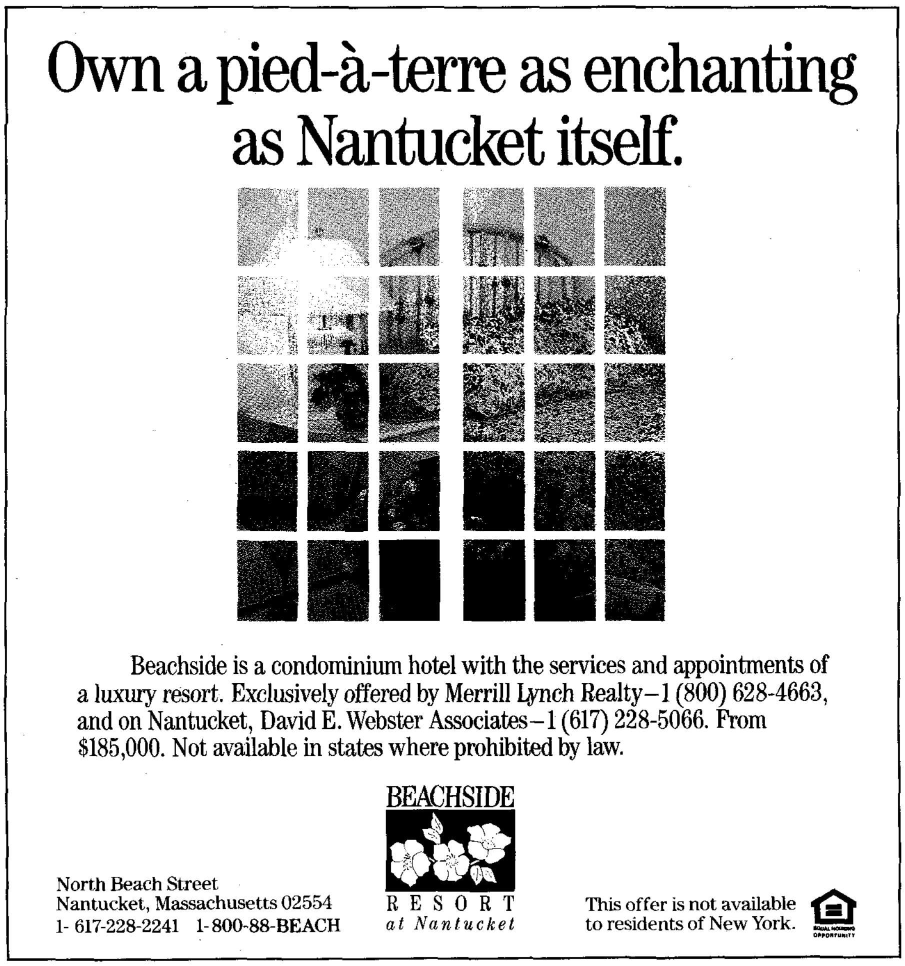

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he’s honest and he worked hard. I was frankly a little surprised when he was chosen as Vice-President—but that’s neither here nor there.”

Jimmy Carter: “I felt sorry for Jimmy Carter, but maybe history is going to treat him much better than we’re treating him today. The things he tried to do he honestly believed in. You can’t find fault with a man like that. He and I had our arguments—the B-1 bomber, reclamation, Indians. Not a top President, but not as bad as he might have been.”

UFOs: “I used to receive a hundred calls a year from people who wanted me to get into the Green Room at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, because that’s where the Air Force stored all the material gathered on UFOs. I once asked General Curtis LeMay if I could get into that room, and he just gave me holy hell. He said, ‘Not only can’t you get into it but don’t you ever mention it to me again.’ Now, with millions of planets that we know are up there, it’s hard for me to believe that ours is the only goddam one that has things that can think walking around on it. So when people tell me they’ve seen UFOs, I don’t say they haven’t. In fifteen thousand hours of flying, I’ve never seen one, but I’ve talked to pilots who have. I talked to an airline crew that swore up and down that an object came alongside of them one night, and before they could do anything it vanished. We lost a military pilot who went up to intercept strange lights and never came back. His airplane disappeared, too. I won’t argue for or against.”

Robert F. Kennedy: “He was not the same class of man as his brother Jack. Bobby would do almost anything to get to an end.”

Women: “Women have lived in the shadow of men for centuries, and it’s not easy for them to step out of that shadow. Some of the best people I’ve served with in politics are women. One day, we’ll have a woman President—not because she’s a woman but because she’s demonstrably better—but I won’t be here to see it. They criticized Pat Schroeder for crying when she pulled out of the Presidential race. Well, if you haven’t got any emotion you’re not worth a dime.”

Abortion: “I’m proud that my wife

was founder of Planned Parenthood in Arizona, when it wasn't a very popular movement here. I've opposed legislation that would outlaw abortion. I'm not *for* abortion, but it's something that's up to the individual, not the government—like praying."

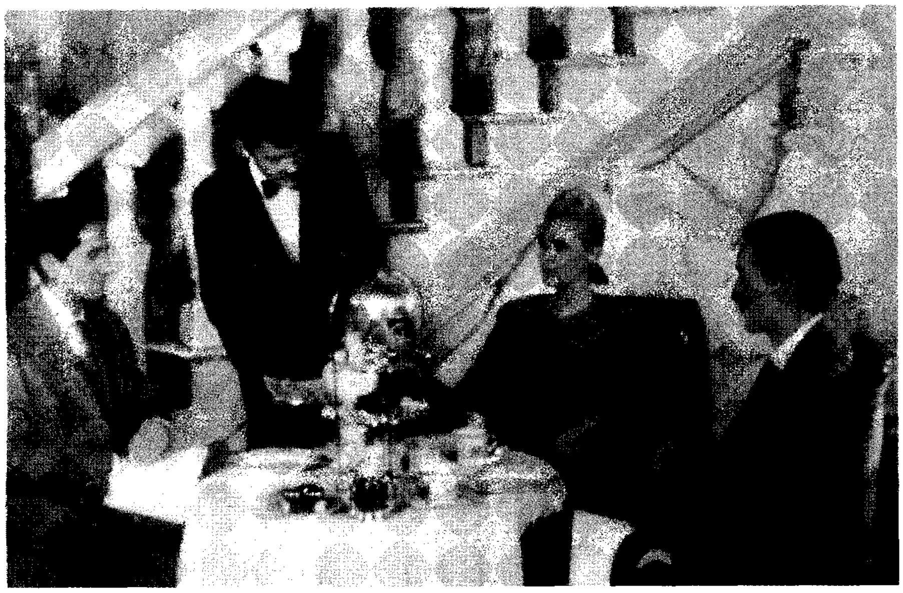
Robert Welch: "He lived in Arizona for a while in the nineteen-fifties, and he brought around the manuscript of one of his books and asked me to read it. I read it, and it was so inflammatory, so anti-Eisenhower that I told him to burn it. Well, he didn't and he got into a lot of trouble. Welch and the Birchers turned against me at one point, because I never embraced their philosophy."

Spiro T. Agnew: "He was a good Vice-President by doing what he did to straighten out the press. He really took them on, and as a result the press began to pay a little better attention to what they did. I liked Agnew. I liked the way he spoke. I still think that somebody wanted to get rid of him."

Conservatism: "It's alive and well. The American people, by and large, are conservative—but they like that government money coming in, so they vote for liberal Democrats. Politics goes in a circle. I think the Republicans will win the next Presidential election, but that may be the last Republican victory for a long time."

The C.I.A. and William Casey: "I don't believe the C.I.A. had a direct part in the Iran-Contra business, but I would say that if Casey didn't know about it then he was sleeping. I can't find any fault with Bob Woodward's book. I'm not supposed to say that. Casey was a very strong man with a strong will, and he was always successful, in everything he did. He was a conservative all the way. As close as I was to him when I was chairman of the Intelligence Committee, I can't say that I really knew Bill Casey. He was a mystery."

The F.B.I. and J. Edgar Hoover: "Members of Congress have the right to look at their F.B.I. files, so I called down there once and asked to look at mine. They said, 'Give us some time.' But I told them, 'Hell, I don't want to come down there and see the stuff you've sanitized just to make me happy.' So I didn't go. I should have just walked in the door and demanded



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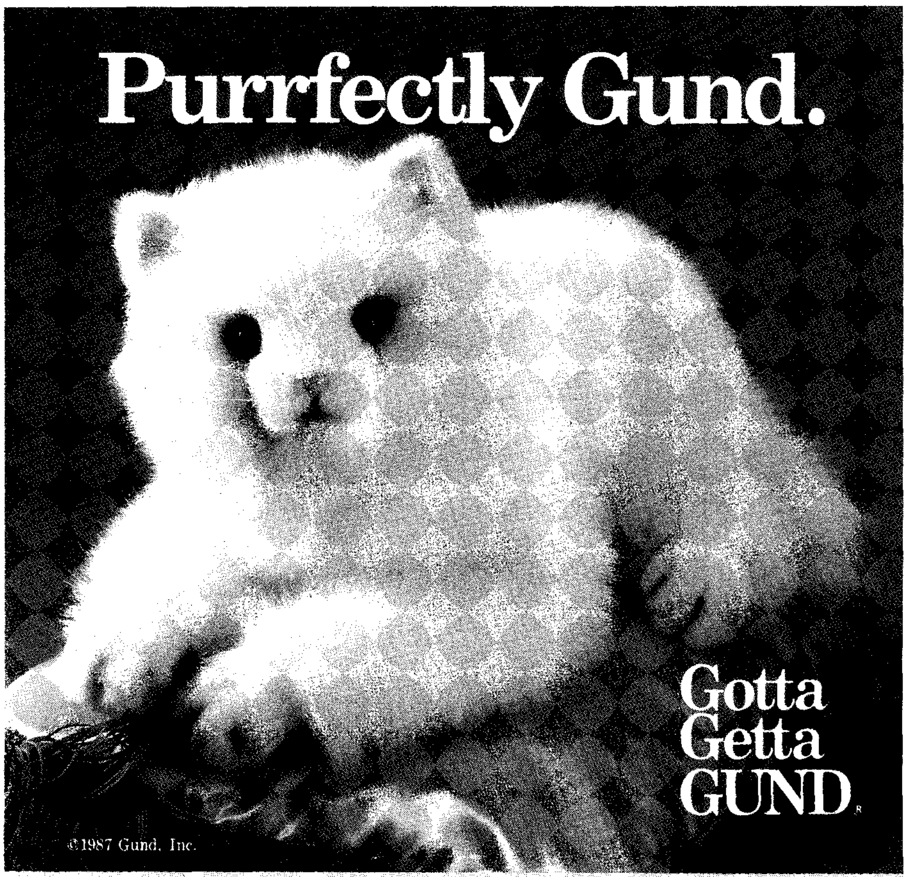

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my file. I met Hoover only once. Never had any reason to admire him or dislike him. I can't vouch for every technique he followed, but he got the job done."

Integrity: "My mother always told me, 'Tell the truth, you'll sleep better.' If a thing is worthwhile, I do it the best I can. Some will agree and some won't, but I'd hate to live in a country where everybody agreed. If I can't wake up in the morning mad at somebody, it's not going to be a good day."

Republican Presidential Candidates: "I think Bush is going to get elected. He's certainly the most competent, experienced man, and he's got a great organization. People say, 'I like Bush but . . .' Why 'but'? There's a joke going around that George Bush can't be elected because he reminds every woman of her first husband. There may be something there."

Democratic Presidential Candidates: "The man to watch is Jesse Jackson. Whenever they had debates, I thought that Jackson won. I never knew Jesse till several months ago, when I was on a television show with him. We spent three or four hours together. He's a fascinating guy—articulate, good-looking—but I'd have to have a lot of odds to bet on him getting the nomination. Dukakis might get the nomination, but he can't win; they won't accept his liberalism in the West. If Mario Cuomo ran, though, he'd be a hard man to beat. I wouldn't bet against him. I like Nunn and Robb. If they got in the race, they could give the Republicans a bad time."

The Press: "If they asked me the questions they asked Gary Hart, I don't know if I could remember the answers. I couldn't honestly say that I've lived my life so spectacularly clean that I've never done anything bad. If the press is going to make strict adherence to morality the guiding light for engaging in politics, then we're going to run out of candidates real fast, including women."

The Environment: "Water is our biggest problem in Arizona. By the year 2000, we'll be drinking the ocean. The ozone problem over Antarctica gets to me, too. We have to pay attention."

Arizona Governor Evan Mecham: "He's a very stubborn man and a de-

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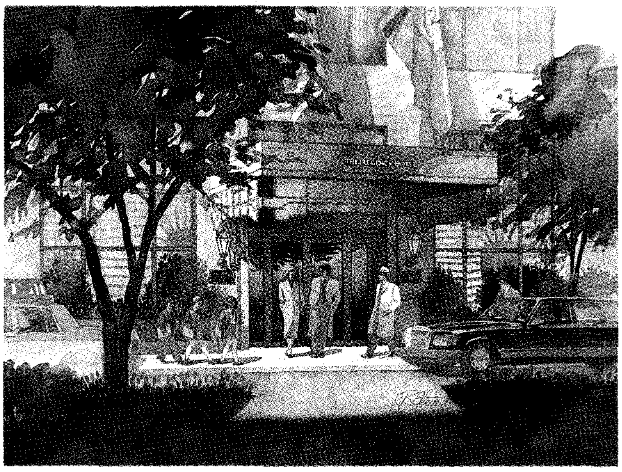

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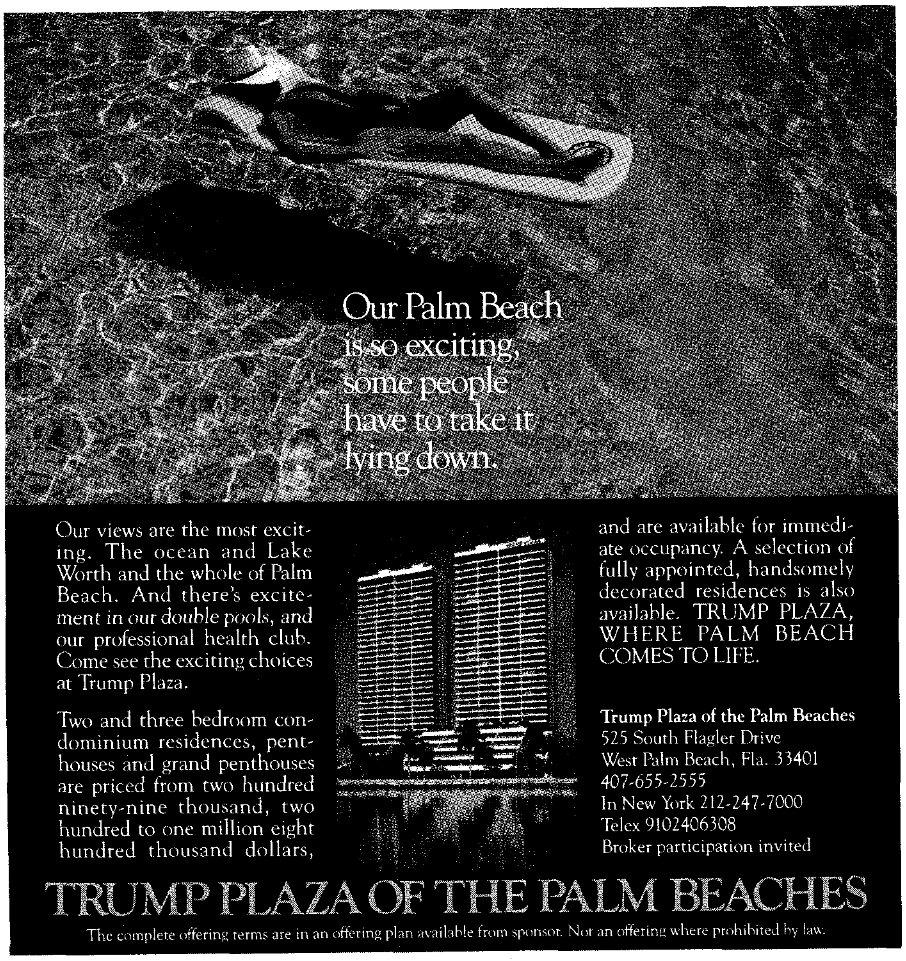

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vout Mormon who absolutely believes he's got an 800 line that goes straight up and he talks to God. I told him once, I said, 'Ev, when you wake up and you've got a bright idea, before you call the old boy up there why don't you call one of us, because we've been around that track?' But he never would do it. He screwed up too much. In his impeachment trial, the Arizona Senate rose to the occasion, so now he's ex-Governor Mecham."

The Indians: "They make more sense of nature than white men do. They accept and use it, even if they can't explain it. They go up in the mountains and sit there and watch the gods walk through the trees. I used to run a trading post in Navajo country, so I know them well. They don't respect the white man. There's nothing to respect, when you really get down to it. I could never get anybody in Washington excited about the Indians' plight. The Bureau of Indian Affairs is the worst-run department in the whole government."

World Economics: "It was a happy day when we were the world's economic leader. All right, so we're not No. 1 anymore, but let's get our ass up there. There can never be an absolute No. 1 again. There are too many areas of competition. And I think that's good. But, as old Hindenburg used to say, 'the Lord takes care of drunks and Americans.' "

Greed: "It's a natural instinct from the time man was first on earth. If it runs away, and it has, it can be very harmful."

Hate: "Just scratch that word from your vocabulary. If you're going to talk about a man you don't like, just say you don't like him. Don't say you hate him. 'Hate' is the dirtiest, ugliest word in the language—any language."

War: "I would like to see us do away with all nuclear weapons. I just want to make damn sure they're all gone."

Peace: "I've never been in a place on earth that I would call ugly, because when you talk to the people there it begins to be a little beautiful. I have a strong feeling that when this world eliminates the social, language, and religious barriers there will be peace. I think that's the way the Lord wants it." —Burton Bernstein

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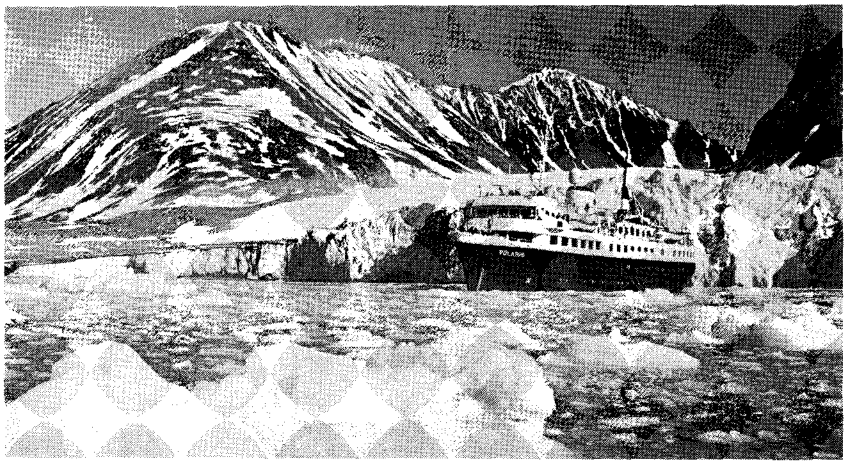

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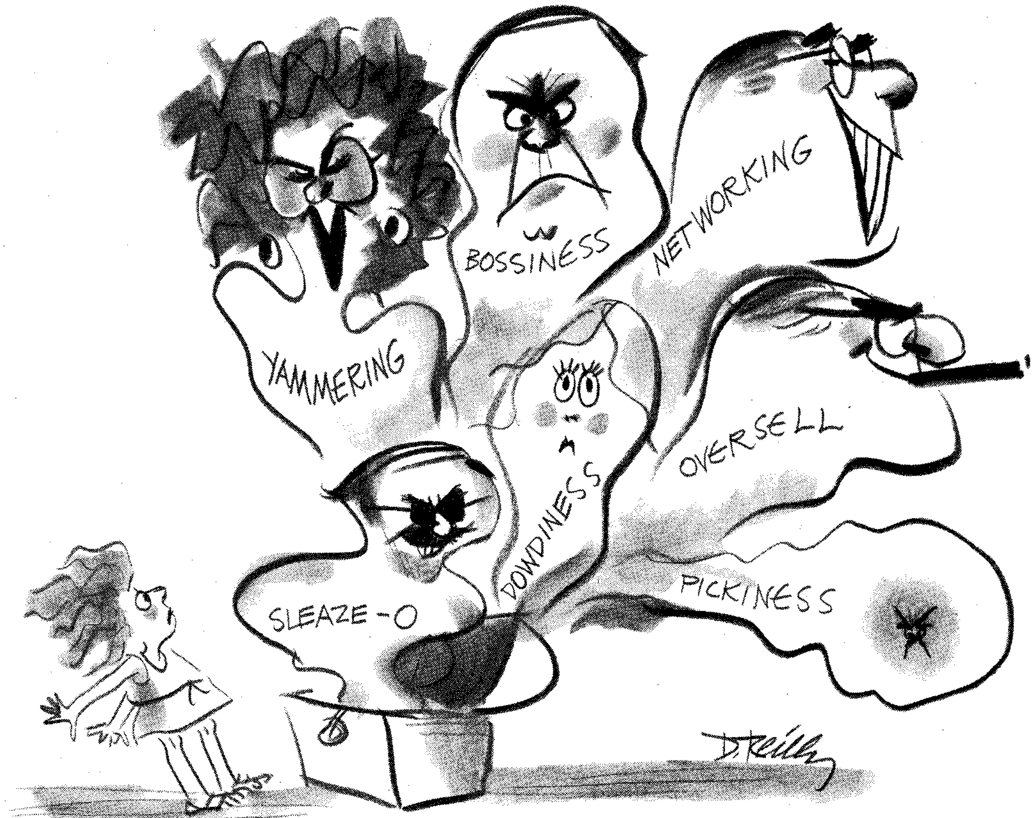
LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, APRIL 14

ONCE a week, I get in the car and drive east, down Saint-Germain and out along the river—past the Quai Saint-Bernard and the Gare d'Austerlitz—and onto the Quai de la Gare, where the truck stops are, and have a double order of Tonkin chicken-noodle soup at a Vietnamese restaurant called La Rivière des Perles. Until the developers got interested in the neighborhood, not many people besides the truckers cared much about the Quai de la Gare. It was simply a road you took sometimes on your way to the *périphérique*, and it doesn't look like anyone's idea of a Paris quai—probably not even the truckers'. It is lined with warehouses and depots and dock sheds and cement mixers and storage drums and, of course, the truck stops, which the French call *routiers*. There is a Greek truck stop (the specialty is couscous) and an Italian truck stop and an Oriental truck stop and a row of ordinary run-down French truck stops out of an old Marcel Carné movie—places with names like La Maison Rouge and Chez Max, and even Au Rendez-Vous des Routiers. Toward eight, when the truckers pull in and the women arrive—it is hard to tell exactly how they arrive or where they arrive from—the lights go on up and down the quai, turning the *routiers* into yellow smudges in the Paris evening, and everybody starts drinking and dancing and fighting. To give directions to La Rivière des Perles, you tell your friends that as soon as they hear the jukebox music and the shouting and see the yellow lights and the huge container trucks, triple-parked, they must start looking for a dark, quiet, simple place, with the curtains drawn, where Fernand Gueid, of Saigon, and his wife, Jeanne Lanh, of Hanoi, serve the best chicken-noodle soup in Paris.

Fernand Gueid is my *rapporteur* on the building that has been going on in Paris under three French Presidents and that currently involves a group of monuments known as the Projects of the President—among them I. M. Pei's glass pyramid in the Cour Napoléon of the Louvre, a three-hundred-and-fifty-foot "open cube" at La Défense (officially called the Grande Arche de la Défense and unofficially the Tête Défense or "François Mitterrand's square bagel"), and a riverside Finance Ministry in the quarter called Bercy, designed, according to one of its architects, to "rape the Seine." M. Gueid became my *rapporteur* one Friday night last December, after I was stuck on the Quai de la Gare for two hours in a traffic jam that, from what I could make out in the dark, had to do with somebody diverting all the cars in Bercy over to the Left Bank. Bercy is just across the Seine from the Quai de la Gare. For centuries, the quarter was a wine market. It was called the Entrepôts de Bercy and was a kind of oenological Les Halles. Every *négociant* in France had a warehouse in Bercy—there were thirty acres of warehouses—and the market streets, lined with chestnut and plane trees, had names like Cour Saint-Émilion and Rue de Médoc. The *négociants* began to abandon Bercy when they abandoned river transport. By Mitterrand's time, most of them had gone, and the only other people left in the Entrepôts were a few old corkmakers and barrelmakers and some squatters—which means that there were thirty empty acres no farther from the center of Paris (officially, Notre-Dame) than the Tour Eiffel or the Arc de Triomphe. The first new Bercy building was a "sports palace," with sloping grass walls on the outside and eighteen thousand seats on the inside. Then some offices went up, and a hotel, on the edge of the Entrepôts, and the state wrote specifications for "the new Bercy," and the speculators started buying, and work began on the Ministry of Finance.

M. Gueid commands a fine view of the *chantier*—the construction site—from his flat above the restaurant. He has watched the Ministry rape the Seine with two enormous pylons sunk into the riverbed to support a twelve-hundred-foot wing that spans the Quai de la Rapée the way a French auto-route restaurant spans a highway and then juts over the water with what could indeed be called a certain architectural aggression. He has lived in Paris for twenty-five years, but he has never got over the way the architects here assault their landscape. The thought of it makes him giggle. He opened the curtains at La Rivière des Perles that Friday night and looked across the river at the half-finished Min-

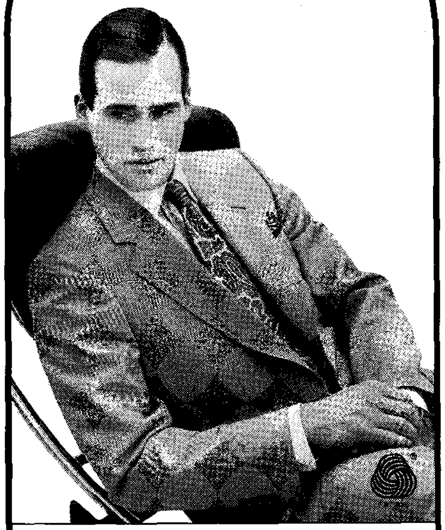


istry, with its pylons in the Seine, and shook his head and began to giggle, and soon everybody in the place was laughing, because M. Gueid had told them there was only one possible explanation for the traffic backed up for miles outside the restaurant—the Finance Ministry was falling into the Seine and was going to sink by morning. This was fine with M. Gueid and his customers. Even the news that it was not the Ministry but only the scaffolding around the Ministry that had started sinking was promising. It meant at least a couple of days' delay, and people on the Quai de la Gare are counting on delays. Once the Ministry is done, and Bercy is full of *fonctionnaires* looking for apartments, the government is going to build a footbridge across the river to the quai, and La Rivière des Perles and all the depots and truck stops around it will be turned over to developers with plans to make the neighborhood into something fashionable—and expensive.

M. Gueid will have to move then. He has moved his restaurant six times since he came to Paris, and this is the first time he has felt at home. He used to live in a project called Villemomble, east of Paris, and drive to his restaurant, and mainly what he got for his long days and his long commute was parking tickets. Now he has a house of sorts among the truck stops—a house with a back yard and a tile kitchen and a tidy picket privy for the customers—and he can walk upstairs at midnight, after the cleaning up, and get a good night's sleep and never worry about tickets, because there are no parking meters on the Quai de la Gare, and even if there were meters it would be hard to find a *pervenche* willing to walk the quai and inspect them. (The French call meter maids *pervenches* because their uniforms are the color of periwinkles. The *pervenches* used to have dark-purple uniforms, but then everybody called them *aubergines*, and they said it was a bad image and went on strike for blue.) M. Gueid says that he can afford to live on the Quai de la Gare, but he never could afford to live in "Italie"—some of the developers want to call the neighborhood Italie, after the Place d'Italie, a mile into the Thirteenth Arrondissement. This is why he follows the construction at Bercy. He takes it as a sign when the scaffolding around the new Ministry slips a centimetre. He reads the paper whenever the Minister of Finance, Édouard Balladur, is in the headlines.

Édouard Balladur, to M. Gueid's great interest, has decided that he is not moving to Bercy. He does not like Bercy. He is perfectly willing to send his clerks and secretaries to the relative sticks of Bercy, and may in fact start sending them this summer, but, for himself, he prefers the offices he has now, in a gilded and tapestried wing of the Louvre named for Cardinal Richelieu. Balladur is at home in the Louvre the way M. Gueid is at home on the Quai de la Gare. He intends to stay there. He has informed the President and the Prime Minister that he is staying, despite the fact that by staying he effectively stops the restoration of the museum which I. M. Pei began when he built his pyramid—and is waiting impatiently to finish. Balladur thinks it is undignified for a French Minister of Finance to be "excessively" out of town, in Bercy, instead of in what he calls the "power triangle," which seems to be represented by the Élysée, the Matignon, and his own office. Early on, he told reporters that he would "occupy" the Louvre, presumably until the President or the Prime Minister or the police came to arrest him. Then he negotiated to stay until the year 2000 (though he could well be out of a job, and out of the Louvre, after the Presidential elections this spring). It is hard to imagine another country where a Cabinet member can refuse to change his office, especially when his office is taking up a wing of the country's national gallery. But the truth is that everyone here seems to agree with Balladur that he has been insulted. Certainly no one has suggested firing him. In fact, the Ministry architects—a Chilean named Borja Huidobro and his French partner, Paul Chemetov—are doing everything they can think of to entice a testy *haut fonctionnaire* out of a palace and into an office building next to a sports stadium with grass walls.

Paul Chemetov is one of the most powerful architects in France. He is not a great architect, like I. M. Pei, but, in a country where architecture, like everything else, belongs to the left or the right, Chemetov has powerful political credentials. He has old family ties to the Communist Party—which



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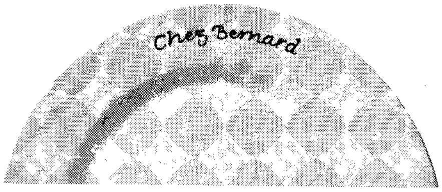

"Edmund's got rhythm, but he prefers keeping it to himself."

• •

may account for what people who dislike the Finance Ministry call his taste for "statist architecture," for buildings that intimidate. His partner, Huidobro, shares that taste, although in Huidobro's case the critics call it "Mediterranean," and certainly from the way Huidobro talks it has less to do with ideology than with what Auden once described as a peculiarly Latin impulse to turn your radio up and rev the motor on your Vespa and say "Boo" to the Three Sisters. The new Ministry of Finance is going to be the biggest government building in Europe. There will be offices for nearly seven thousand people. The Minister, whoever he is, will have a park as big as the Tuileries. He will have a "court of honor," for saying hello and goodbye to other Finance Ministers. He will have a helipad of his own, in case the drive out from the power triangle exhausts him, and a glass-walled apartment, hanging over the Seine, in the unlikely event that he wants to spend the night. His office will be set into the building at an angle so that, instead of looking at Bercy, like everybody else, the Minister will look directly out at the beautiful buttressing on the apse of Notre-Dame. His doors will be bronze doors, twenty-four feet square—which, according to Huidobro, makes them bigger than the doors Ghiberti cast for the Baptistery in Florence.

M. Gueid figures that eventually the Minister will capitulate. He watches the red cranes lifting limestone on the other side of the river—from the Quai de la Gare, the slabs of southern limestone that Huidobro and Chemetov favor look like building blocks in a child's game—and giggles. Once, when a customer asked him where he was going to put his family and his restaurant and the kitchen, where Jeanne prepares her famous noodles and grills her spicy pork, he gestured to the west and broke up giggling and said he was thinking, maybe, of the Louvre.

PARIS is a city that builds and rebuilds by decree. The state is the patron here, and architects dream of America, where (they imagine) their colleagues cut their teeth on the houses of the rich, and then the rich hire them to build the corporate headquarters and the symphony halls and museums that the rich underwrite. The Paris that spills through its gates and out over the *périphérique* into what were once suburbs, following accidents of emigration and speculation and commerce, is not the city people acknowledge when they say "Paris." The proper Paris is defined and contained by the monuments the state builds for it. Mitterrand, with his Presidential projects, is only doing what the kings of France did when they built their Places Royales. He is extending official Paris to the east, at Bercy, the way four centuries of rulers extended Paris to the west with monuments that now punctuate the Seine—the Louvre, the Concorde, the Grand Palais, the Invalides, the Tour Eiffel. He is fixing the perimeter of the city, as Baron Haussmann fixed it with his wheel of broad new avenues off the Place de l'Étoile. (Chemetov calls this "urbanism on autocratic principles.") The French have always believed in buildings as acts of authority. Seven years ago, Mitterrand announced that he was going to be a "building President." He said that "a civilization is judged by its architectural achievement." He wanted to have a *grande politique* for France, he said, and it was not possible to have a *grande politique* without a *grande architecture*.

There have been nine Presidential projects in Paris over the past ten years, and six of them are still under construction: the Finance Ministry; the project called the Grand Louvre, which will eventually connect the palace's six pavilions, restored and reorganized, through a central museum entrance in Pei's pyramid; the Tête Défense, which started out as something called an "international communications crossroads" and now, in the interests of cash and politics, is being sold off as office and exhibition space, with the "crossroads" moved to the basement and a couple of rooms set aside for an "international foundation of human rights and human sciences;" a "city of music," near the Porte de la Villette, on the site of a huge central slaughterhouse that Georges Pompidou developed and abandoned when *he* was President; a park at La Villette, with "thematic gardens" shaped like kidney beans and representing things like "energy" (the energy garden is planted with forty-three kinds of bamboo); and a new opera house at the Place de la Bastille, which is going to replace the Palais Garnier as the official home of the Paris Opéra. The Tête Défense and the various buildings at La Villette (including a "city of science and industry," which is already open) were originally Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's projects, and so was the Musée d'Orsay—the conversion of the old Gare d'Orsay into a national museum of nineteenth-century art. But the problems of putting up anything here outlasted Giscard, and Mitterrand inherited his projects and adjusted them to his own politics ("communications crossroads" to "human rights and human sciences"), and in the process created new problems that could easily outlast him, even if, as everyone expects, he gets to stay in the Élysée for another seven years. The Musée d'Orsay, of course, is open now. The "city of science and industry" (it comes with a shiny geodesic dome for wraparound movies and, across the park, a big polyester tent for rock concerts) is open and full of schoolchildren. And another inherited Presidential project, an Arab cultural center called the Institut du Monde Arabe, opened this winter—although relations among some twenty "participating" Arab states are such that they have not been able to agree on anything much more definitively "Arab" than an Omar Sharif film festival.

The Institut du Monde Arabe is a disturbing building. It is not a beautiful building—or a welcoming or friendly, or even very good, building. It looks shoddy, as if the pipes went in after the rest of the work was done, and it is too gimmicky (it has a wall of diaphragm panels, designed like Arab tiles, that open and close to let the light in, and a computer silk screen of "old" Paris on the façade) to work smoothly for very long. But in one sense it is the most interesting of the President's projects. Wittingly or unwittingly, it has something to say about Paris, and about the angry colonial attachments that still bind Frenchmen and Arabs in ways that neither the French nor the Arabs can really tolerate. Jean Nouvel, the architect of the Institut du Monde Arabe, is known in the business as the Jean-Luc Godard of French architecture. He is an *auteur*, like Godard. He likes to play with concepts and conventions, to turn them upside down and inside out, and into commentary. Once, he built a clinic in the shape of a train diner, and then he built a housing project with wings, like a bird or an airplane, and now he has built his Arab center like a glass casbah, or a fortress. The Institut du Monde Arabe follows the curve of the Seine onto the Quai Saint-Bernard, a couple of quais before the Quai de la Gare. It manages to camouflage the classrooms of Jussieu (otherwise known as Paris VI and VII, the ugliest of the University of Paris faculties), but in the process it turns its back on the river, the way a casbah turns its back on the desert—turns in on itself, to its own private courtyard life. It presents the river with an unbroken, grilled glass wall, as hostile and impenetrable as steel or stone, and this, more than any of the shallow experiments with light diaphragms and trompe-l'oeil Paris "reflections," is what makes it such a disturbing piece of work.

The river is at the heart of the Paris landscape. Parisians build *toward* it (maybe because it is never really wide enough to divide the city, the way the Thames divides London and the Tiber divides Rome). Usually, they treat it more like a Grand Canal than a river. They treat it as something to salute, something to ornament, something to connect them, and any building that does not engage it as they do seems to go against the spirit of the city—more, even, than a building that sinks its pylons into the riverbed and claims to dominate it. This is why the Institut du Monde Arabe, if not a declaration of war on Paris, looks like an act of defiance, taking whatever is "Arab" about Paris in 1988 and isolating it from humiliation or rejection, or even appreciation. The place makes everyone uneasy. When it opened, the Moroccan novelist Tahar ben Jelloun said diplomatically that perhaps the Institut du Monde Arabe was "too beautiful, too intimidating" for people to feel at home. What it is is *méprisant*—not really what Mitterrand had in mind when he cancelled the "Giscard" Institut du Monde Arabe seven years ago, sent the construction workers home,

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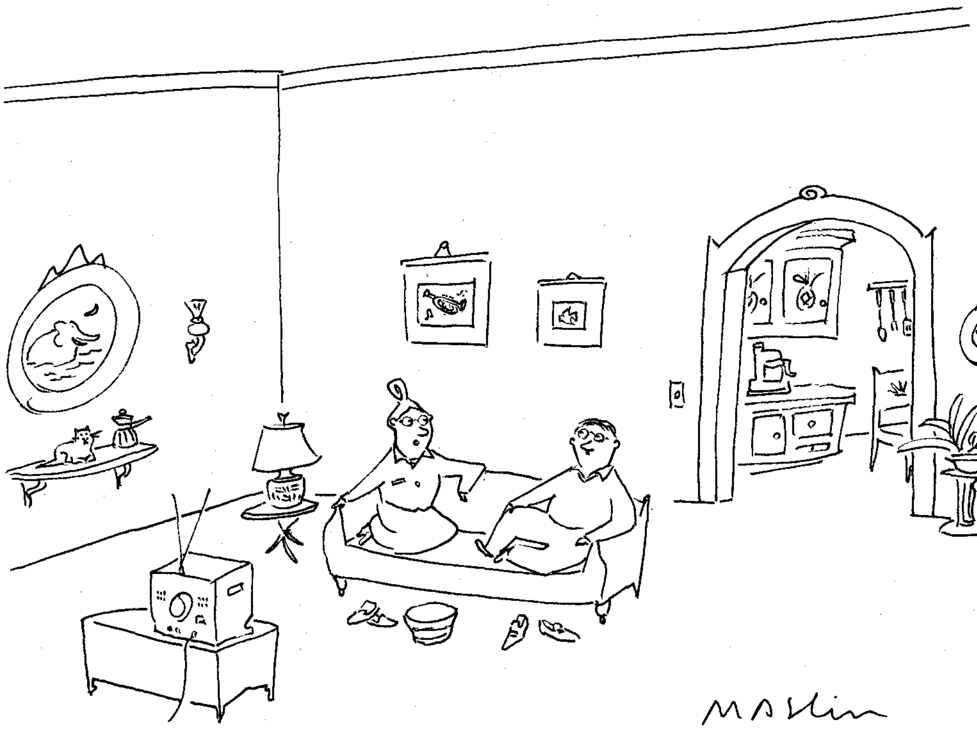

"You talk a lot about the need for more popcorn, but I don't see you doing anything about it."

• •

fired the architect, changed the site, and invited a group of young architects with the proper Socialist credentials to submit their drawings for a building that would symbolize France's debt to Arab civilization. The president of the Institut du Monde Arabe right now is the brother of Marcel Carton, who has been a hostage in Lebanon for more than three years.

IT is probably safe to say that there is more official construction going on in Paris now than at any time since Baron Haussmann tore up the Right Bank. Mitterrand loves building. Jack Lang, who was his Minister of Culture, once told a reporter that the President was "a man of space." ("*On a toujours dit qu'il était un homme de l'écrit, un littéraire . . . je dirai qu'il est aussi un homme de l'espace*," he said, and he was right.) Mitterrand looks at his buildings the way he looks at his job. He is determined to endure. Seven years ago, he had four Communists in his Cabinet and a program to nationalize thirty-eight French banks and holding companies, and five of the country's biggest conglomerates. When people complained, he fired his Cabinet and installed a government about as radical as Germany's under Helmut Schmidt. When people still complained—and the Socialists lost control of the National Assembly to a conservative coalition—he did not resign but dutifully installed the new majority leader (and Mayor of Paris), Jacques Chirac, as his Prime Minister, announcing his intention to "cohabit." He cohabited the way he builds—relentlessly.

Charles de Gaulle was not much interested in buildings. He planned to leave himself to the French, and in a sense he did. Pompidou, for his part, was content with Beaubourg. (Many artists here considered Pompidou their best patron.) But he turned over the rest of the city to what the French call *promoteurs*—to old business and banking friends who did their best to ruin it. The terrible office complex at La Défense was built by Pompidou *promoteurs*, and so was the hotel-and-condominium complex called Le Front de Seine and the tower in the middle of Montparnasse and the hole in the ground that used to be Les Halles; the *promoteurs* would have ruined Paris if the President hadn't died. Giscard tried to fill the hole with a park, an elegant little neoclassical park (it would be called postmodern now) that seemed to be designed for carriages, and ended up with an underground shopping mall instead. Giscard's vision was a little *louche*. He owns a château in the Loire, and he had always liked playing chatelain. As President, he went on playing chatelain, as if France were a pretty family property where the locals were disputatious but the prospects for pleasure and profit were enormous. Mitterrand, following him, preferred to play the people's friend in a Cifonelli suit. He had serious Napoleonic instincts. He had no interest in making history in places History had never heard of, and so he commandeered Paris. He took over Giscard's projects and added his own projects, and in his first three years in office appropriated nearly eighteen billion francs for what one writer called "*les Paris de François Mitterrand*." He was building for posterity, like Gilgamesh putting up the walls of Uruk.

Paris itself did not know what to do about these "Parises" of Mitterrand's. Chirac, being mayor, wanted the President's business. A lot of his Paris friends were old Pompidou friends—real-estate speculators and contractors and the big local *promoteurs*—and they wanted the President's business, too. Architects say that this time the *promoteurs* decided to turn Paris into a giant Chelsea—gentrified and expensive. The *promoteurs* figured that every Presidential project opened a whole new neighborhood to speculation, and they were right to the extent that property in those neighborhoods now sells for at least three thousand dollars a square metre—not much less than some of the property in Montparnasse. Chirac's problem was that he wanted to be President himself. He was already campaigning from the Mairie, and he was not particularly disposed to any projects that were not his own. Once he was Prime Minister, and could run from the Matignon, too, he doubled his chances to sabotage them. He was in a bind, serving Paris and his own interests. When people asked him about Mitterrand's projects, he liked to say that as mayor he was delighted, as a taxpayer he was horrified, and as a deputy from Corrèze in the National Assembly he was "screwed." His strategy was to let his Ministers fight over Paris—and support them all. He let François Léotard, who replaced Jack Lang as Minister of Culture when the right took over, work hard to get the Louvre emptied and restored and open while, at the same time, he let Édouard Balladur squat there. Architecturally speaking, he ran a someone-for-everyone Cabinet. There was someone for the Parisians, because Chirac is still, after all, the mayor of Paris and more than fifteen per cent of the country lives here. There was someone for the people in Corrèze, who do not like Paris or anything about Paris, and who especially do not like seeing their taxes spent on glass pyramids designed by foreigners for Paris courtyards instead of on farm subsidies to help them out against foreigners. There was someone for the developers moving in on neighborhoods like the Bastille and Bercy and hawking real estate across the street from the President's projects, and someone to see to it that those projects would be stalled for years.

It is easy to stall a building here. For every architect in the country, there are hundreds of bureaucrats at work in offices called *bureaux d'études techniques*, and they are involved in every stage of construction, public and private, from the first blueprint to the last brick. They draw up specifications, and they do the shopping and the contracting, and they fight with the *maître d'ouvrage*, who, in turn, is supposed to be running the project for the client—spending his money and handling the payroll at his construction site. The system makes a lot of work for those bureaucrats, but somewhere along the way architects are expected to disappear, unconcerned and uncomplaining. (In 1952, Le Corbusier saw his Marseilles Block, which was considered the most important experiment in public housing since the war, ruined by people who lowered the standards for construction and materials, and probably pocketed the difference.) This, of course, has given building in France a terrible reputation. A lot of foreign architects refuse to accept commissions here, and the ones who do go home complaining. (They say they have to spend all their time in France with "thinkers" instead of getting to know what one of them called "the guys with the hammers.") I. M. Pei was hired directly by the President. He clearly thought that this would make a difference—Mitterrand's other architects had to compete for their commissions—but in the end he was helpless to control his project, and once the Finance Minister refused to move he didn't even know if he could complete it. Mitterrand "inaugurated" Pei's pyramid last month, to keep the architect calm, but the fact is that the inside of the pyramid is still not finished, and the workmen at the Louvre have to work at night, because the Finance Minister hates noise.

IN France, an education in architecture is always about administration and engineering—architects study at places like the École Nationale des Ponts et Chaussées, or at "pedagogic units" run by the Ministry of Housing, Transport, and Urban Affairs—and it is always political, an education in the political mission of architecture, or what the French would call "architecture as ideology." Students often choose their school for its politics—ten years ago, the places to be were the ateliers at the Beaux Arts and the Grand Palais, which taught what one old student describes as "architecture based on Marxist and mathematical principles"—and worry more about attaching themselves to the appropriate party than to the appropriate master. There has never been much fuss about architects here, the way there is in America. For such a beautiful city, the arguments in Paris are rarely aesthetic. The arguments have to do with whether France is better served when architects are building community centers in workers' suburbs or when they are building monuments or when they are building international communications crossroads to be sold to speculators.

The irony, of course, is that the French want foreign architects whenever they are building something important. They want architects who are aesthetically "correct," to give their projects status. François Chaslin, the man who wrote about *les Paris de François Mitterrand*, has pointed out that every Presidential competition open to foreigners was won by foreigners—and that the French architects' union complained bitterly about it. Gae Aulenti, the "interior architect" for the Musée d'Orsay, is Italian. Carlos Ott, the architect for the new opera

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house, is an Uruguayan from Canada. (Ott is a young man, not much known outside Canada, and the story among architects here is that he won the competition mainly because the judges thought his drawings came from the American Richard Meier.) The architect for the Tête Défense was a Dane named Johan Otto von Spreckelsen, whose œuvre was four small Danish churches and a few houses, and whose plans for the cube were so pure, and so expensive—he wanted to face the cube with marble slabs nine feet wide and twelve feet high and nearly six inches thick—that he and the Tête Défense parted company, and the cube was turned over to the architects from a local construction firm. (Spreckelsen died last year, and Mitterrand said that he had given Paris "his most beautiful work.") On the other hand, these competitions are expensive to enter. Ateliers are small in France, and only a handful of Paris architects have the staff or the capital to spare. Paul Lutyens, a young architect who worked on one of the President's projects (it was for a rock-concert hall at the Porte de Bagnolet, and it was cancelled when the city decided to "put" rock at La Villette), says that a lot of French architects have actually gone bankrupt competing. Four hundred and twenty-four architects, many of them French, tried out for the Tête Défense, and twenty-four teams of architects, all of them French, tried out for the science museum at La Villette—which meant that while those competitions lasted some of the most interesting architects in the country stopped building anything and stopped earning anything.

One problem for the architects was that "the Presidential vision" (Mitterrand's phrase) of Paris was as outsize as the Presidential ego. La Villette was going to be the biggest museum complex in the world. The cube at La Défense was going to be the biggest "international crossroads for communications" in the world (though no one ever said what a communications crossroads was), and now it is going to complete the biggest business center in Europe. The Finance Ministry—at more than two hundred and fifty thousand square metres—is certainly going to be Europe's biggest Ministry. The Grand Louvre is going to be the biggest museum. They are all so big, in fact, that only a master, like Pei, could possibly make them work and make them beautiful—and comprehend their scale. No one here seems to have understood that, seen from the foot of the Champs-Élysées, the cube at La Défense would be an ugly horizontal line through the Arc de Triomphe instead of the "completion" of the famous axis of arches and obelisks that runs from the courtyard of the Louvre (and now from I. M. Pei's pyramid) through the arch at the Place du Carrousel and the Tuileries and the Place de la Concorde and up the avenue toward Neuilly. No one understood that the new opera house at La Bastille would block the daylight at the Hôpital des Quinze-Vingts, next door (which is said to be the biggest eye hospital in the world).

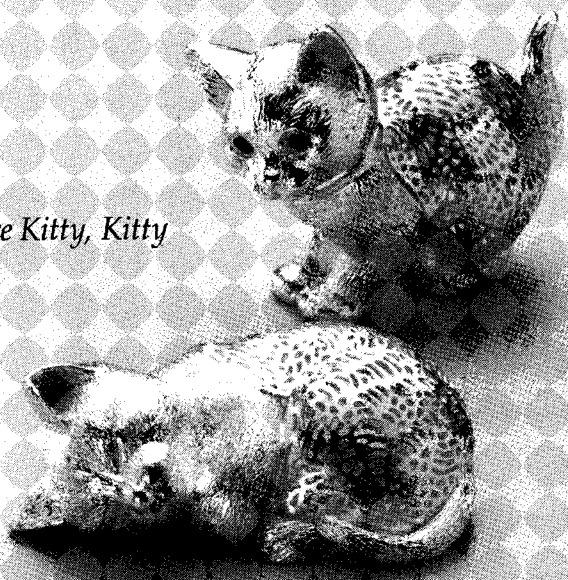
The opera house was one of Mitterrand's favorite projects. It came out of what Parisians like to call the President's Jacobin phase, and it was going to be a "people's opera." Mitterrand's thought was that the people would "seize" opera for themselves—presumably from the rich, who pay five hundred and fifty francs a ticket at the Palais Garnier now—when the new house opened, and that the opening would be planned so they could seize it on July 14, 1989, the way they had seized power at the Place de la Bastille two hundred years earlier. All this made the Opéra de la Bastille even more political than the President's other projects (although the right knew as well as anyone else that the Palais Garnier was a white elephant of an opera house, and that the city could use an opera where half the audience wasn't behind a post and the sets didn't have to be moved to a warehouse in the suburbs when the curtain went down). It was one project that Chirac could sabotage without losing anybody's vote, because the Corréziens who vote for him have no desire to supply Paris with opera houses, and the Parisians who vote for him do not see why they have to have a "people's opera" instead of something a little fancier. The Opéra de la Bastille has already lost half its practice rooms to Chirac's budgeting, and its "modular hall"—which was a kind of acoustically adjustable space designed, at Pierre Boulez's request, especially for listening to modern music—and it is hard to say what exactly will be left for "the people" on Bastille Day a year from now.

It has been over a year since the Musée d'Orsay opened, and five million people have already bought tickets and gaped and got lost and asked the guards the way to the Impressionists, and they are still arguing about the gaudy and exotic space that Gae Aulenti has scooped and sculpted out of Victor Laloux's turn-of-the-century train station to hold the collection from the Jeu de Paume and whatever the Louvre and the Palais de Tokyo saw fit to relinquish in the name of a "true" nineteenth-century aesthetic (determined, after much discussion and a Socialist election, to have begun with the Revolution of 1848 and ended with the First World War). Mondays, when the museum is closed to the crowds, you can still see groups of critics and visiting curators and art historians and magazine photographers making nervous rounds, eying one another, some of them stunned and some of them satisfied and none of them wanting to be wrong when their friends ask them what in the world they make of the Musée d'Orsay. The museum—with its gaudy coffered vault, and its nave of salmon slabs looking like Egyptian room dividers, and its huge marble cutouts and cramped galleries "observed" through rows of black metal upright beams, and its long sculpture hall with the statues arranged by black and white, like skirts in a Milan boutique—is the most controversial of all the President's projects. It makes the Centre Pompidou look homey and I. M. Pei's glass pyramid look like an old friend. It has been called not only Egyptian but Babylonian and Etruscan and postmodern and authoritarian and, worst of all, decorative—and, in fact, it is all these. It is a Milan misreading of the devout, exuberant, complicated French adventure with the East that lasted through the two Napoleons, sent

Flaubert and Delacroix and their friends on long and uncomfortable voyages on hot, smelly *paquebots*, and filled the city with sphinxes and obelisks. I would call it color-coördinated (salmon, khaki, black) Orientalism. The only thing about the Musée d'Orsay that does not match is the fuchsia backside somebody spray-painted onto Emmanuel Fremiet's bronze baboon on the esplanade outside the front doors.

People have been arguing about the Musée d'Orsay since the first architects were hired—and dropped. No one who had anything to do with the museum agreed on what the museum was for, let alone what it was going to look like once the art was in. Giscard had thought of the Musée d'Orsay as an Impressionist gallery, as pretty and pleasing as the park he wanted to build over the *trou des Halles*, whereas Mitterrand (at least during his Jacobin phase) seems to have thought of it as a history lesson or a document, a Socialist's tableau vivant of art and life and achievement after the Revolution. In those days, the museum had what could be called a pedagogic director, a woman named Madeleine Rebérioux, whose job it was to see that "history" as well as "art" was served. Mme. Rebérioux would have displayed a flatiron in front of Degas's laundresses—at least according to Françoise Cachin, the real director of the Musée d'Orsay. Mme. Cachin wanted to keep the flatirons out. She won, of course, but she turned out to have had her own pedagogic program. *She* wanted to establish a comparative chronology for nineteenth-century French painting. She wanted to fix the great innovative painters of the century in the context of the accepted, conventional art of their period and of their own colleagues, and she fixed them ruthlessly—with the result that the Musée d'Orsay is hung with some of the best and the worst art mid-nineteenth-century France produced. It is, depending on your point of view, either an illuminating confrontation or an exercise in total aesthetic disregard.

Mme. Cachin made her point right off, with a *face à face* between a group of masterly Courbets and Thomas Couture's Salon painting "Romains de la Décadence," and she never dropped it, to the distress of anyone who came to the museum hoping for a chance to follow Courbet (or Delacroix or Corot



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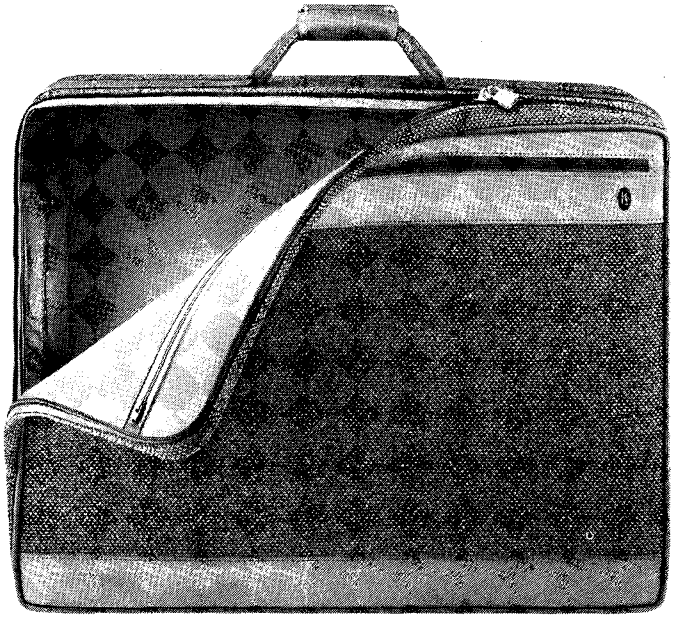

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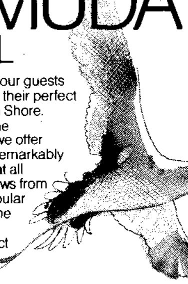

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or Monet, whose work is scattered through several rooms on two floors) through his own painterly chronology and instead lost him to the company of the sort of painters he despised. Still, it is hard to say how the director would have done with better museum space at her disposal. Mme. Cachin says that a *circuit chronologique* was bound to be confusing in a museum where you had to go from the ground floor to the fifth floor to get the right plein-air light for the Impressionists (and, consequently, ended up with no real space for the Post-Impressionists). There would have been problems anyway, she says, because she could not, in conscience, put what she considers to be the museum's great paintings—the van Goghs, say, or the Gauguins—in the vast gallery space of the *coupole*, and this means in most of the museum. She says that they would have been "crushed" by Gae Aulenti's décor.

There are no French architects of Gae Aulenti's splashy talent, but then no French architect would have misread his country's Orientalist adventures so completely, turning them into a high-style fashion exercise. And it may be that only a Frenchman would have had the confidence to say, straight out, what Lévi-Strauss said about the Musée d'Orsay. Professor Lévi-Strauss retired five years ago, at seventy-four. He gave up his chair at the Collège de France and announced that he had "come home" from his exotic mental wanderings to devote the rest of his life to what, for a Frenchman, is the ultimate, if not the only, subject of reflection—France. He went to the Musée d'Orsay and wrote a report for a special issue of *Débat*, and said that, visually speaking, he had taken quite a beating from the hanging and lighting of all those Symbolists, *pompiers*, Academy painters, and Pre-Impressionists. "I went to the museum twice, for several hours," the Professor said, "and each time I left with a terrible migraine right behind my eyes."

—JANE KRAMER

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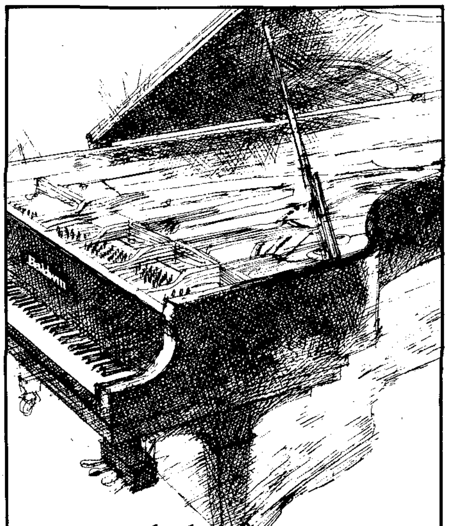

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

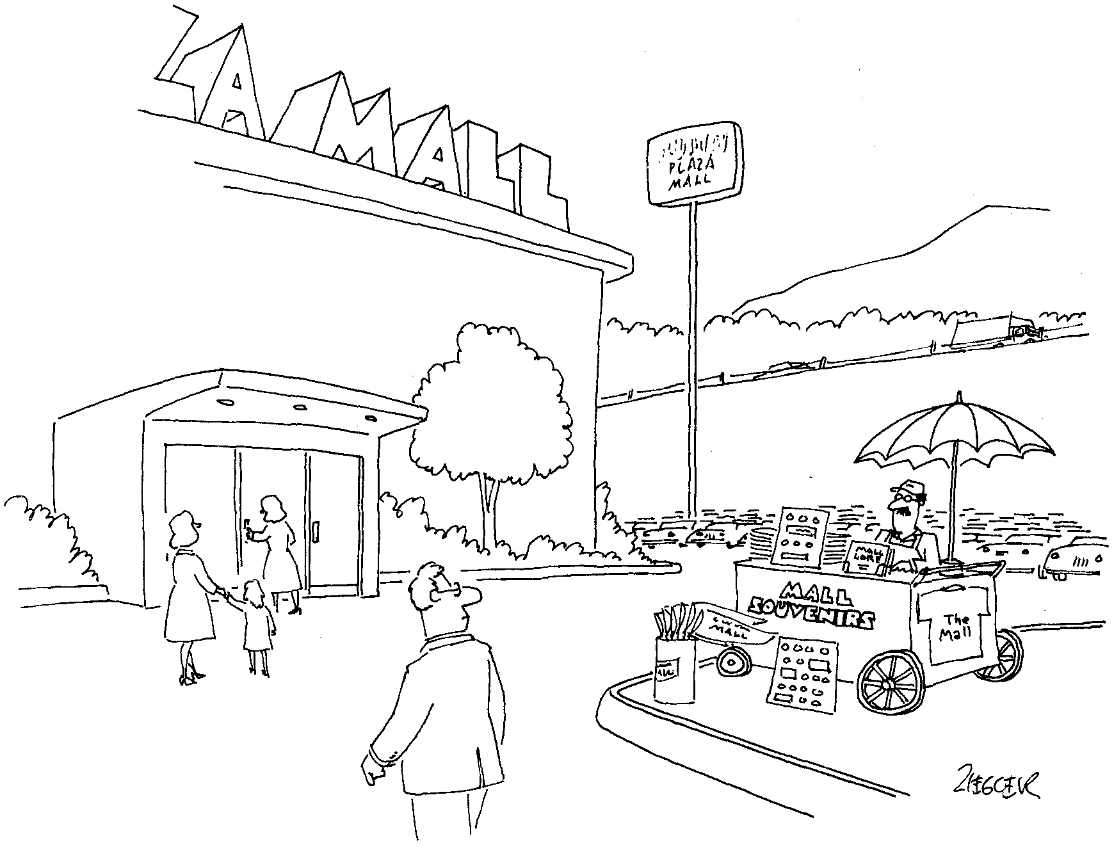
OMNIVORES

AIRPORTS, a taxi, gusts of warm rain; a late June caprice had blown me across the Atlantic to the door of St. Antony's College, Oxford. The door opened on a crowd and a coffee urn. I walked in.

It was midmorning. The Oxford Symposium on Food and Cookery hadn't begun yet, so I had plenty of time for coffee and a look at the arriving participants. The crowd thickened in the next quarter hour; the accents were mostly British, but American vowels could be heard as well. The more closely I listened, as time went on, the more curious tones I detected. A stream of culinary Spanish was being fluently rendered into English; an Italian held forth on Cinquecento pizza; an Australian evoked the "leer of sham-pine." Like myself, many of these people had travelled from afar, and they glowed expectantly as they milled about at the foot of a roped-off stairway leading up to the dining hall, where the symposium was to be held. Beside the stairway, a sign was posted, reading "REGRET NO LUNCH SATURDAY." Since it *was* Saturday, this sign provoked continual consternation, until word went out that it was intended only for St. Antony's fellows and students, and not for present company.

Once upstairs, we seated ourselves at long rows of tables. British interiors are often either frosty or stuffy, and this being June, the dining hall was stuffy. Many windows didn't open, and the chairs were just uncomfortable enough to remind me that I was in Britain, doing something respectable. The hall itself was vast, and of recent construction, with claustral concrete window surrounds partly blocking a pleasant view out onto the Woodstock Road. The exposed piers, also of concrete, had pinwheel-like bracket arrangements in lieu of capitals, and above the windows, all around the room, Oriental tapestries were draped on wooden panels. The general effect, not altogether unhappy, was that of a mosque in outer space. At the head of the hall rose the domed forehead of the historian Theodore Zeldin, a leading light of St. Antony's. Sitting there calmly, with an arm curled over one armrest and a long, tapering hand loosely grasping the other, Dr. Zeldin wore the look of a permissive papa who has volunteered to spend the morning with a group of unruly children. The Oxford food symposia, while providing a forum for serious research, also excite a measure of levity and ebullience.

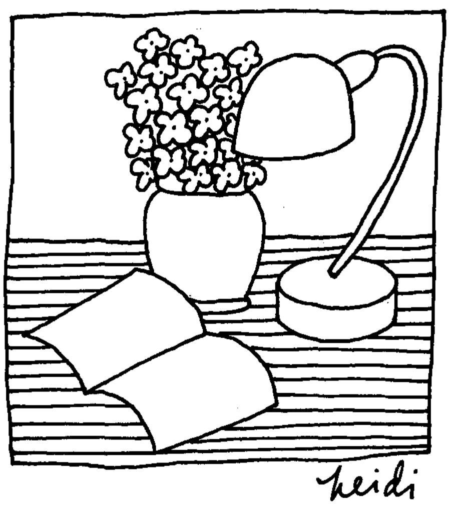
The first symposium, which about a dozen people attended, was really only a seminar; it was led by the food scholar Alan Davidson, while he was an Alistair Horne Fellow at St. Antony's, in 1979. Davidson, who is, among other things, the editor and publisher of a remarkable culinary journal, has a naturalist's cast of mind, and his topic of study, "Science in the Kitchen," aroused Dr. Zeldin's curiosity. Zeldin had long nourished an interest in popular and domestic culture. In his two-volume magnum opus, "France: 1848-1945," he allotted an unusual amount of space to such phenomena as cooking, furniture, and social dancing; in "The French," a work of a more journalistic character, he again devoted considerable space to cooking. Davidson's seminar prompted him to see if a wider interest couldn't be drummed up in the fledgling disciplines of culinary history and culinary science. And so a second seminar was held, in 1980. Devoted to "Old Cookery Books," it attracted more than thirty people, including Elizabeth David, the author of "French Provincial Cooking" and the doyenne—as she is inevitably called—of British cookbook writers; also present was Richard Olney, an American resident of France, who had written an enormously influential cookbook entitled "Simple French Food." Encouraged by this seminar's success, Davidson and Zeldin arranged a much bigger meeting the following year, and in 1981 the first full-scale food symposium was convened, again at St. Antony's College. In 1982 there was no symposium,



but they have been an annual summer event since 1983. Some of the major subjects discussed at past symposia have been the formation of regional styles, the migration of foodstuffs and culinary techniques, and the transmission of recipes. The 1986 symposium concerned "The Cooking Medium" (lard, oil, butter, etc.) and saw the presentation of two singular papers, one by the well-known cookbook writer Jane Grigson on the uses of caul fat, the other by the journalist Jill Tilsley-Benham on *leeyeh*, or sheep's-tail fat, which is the prime cooking medium of the Arab East. Citing Herodotus, Tilsley-Benham explained how the herdsmen of the ancient Fertile Crescent succeeded in crossbreeding their sheep to produce animals with monstrously fat tails—tails so bulky that the male cannot perform his conjugal duties without human help. Her paper was a classic of its type, and a fair example of the symposium's blend of the erudite and the bizarre.

At the 1986 symposium, it had been agreed that the subject of 1987's would be "Taste," and it was this tricky concept that Professor David Pears, a philosopher of language attached to Christ Church, now took up in the keynote address. He began by noting that taste was elusive; its double nature was already apparent in the two Latin verbs *tastare* and *gustare*, meaning, respectively, "to assay with suspicion" and "to ingest with pleasure." Predictably, this observation was greeted with restlessness by the audience. Many of the listeners were cooks or cookbook writers, and they had not come here for lexicographical hairsplitting. But Pears, marching on undaunted, presently disappeared into a linguistic labyrinth. As with a man lost in a box maze, you knew by his voice that he was alive, some five or six philosophical hedgerows away, but you had only the vaguest idea where he was. At length, he returned to comprehensibility with the observation that taste in food—unlike taste in, say, painting—reflected a certain "lack of structure" in the gastronomic experience.

In this company, these were fighting words. Zeldin jumped up. "I totally disagree," he said, and, carefully retracing the path of Pears' logic, he pinpointed every objectionable step in an argument that very few other people could have understood in the first place. For a while, the two sparred—not quite amicably. Then Dr. Nicholas Kurti stood up. An Oxford professor emeritus of physics with a long-standing interest in high-altitude cooking (he had argued at a previous symposium for the installation of an experimental kitchen in space), Kurti pointed out that there are certain epistemological distinctions between the presumptive art of cooking and the regular, Muse-sponsored arts. "There is as yet no way to transmit gustatory taste at a distance, as we can with light and sound," he said, adding that in his opinion gustatory taste was not quantifiable. A professor of French literature from Maryland took the floor to insist that there were, in fact, several overlaps between gustatory taste and taste in the visual arts. "Diderot mentally tasted the food in Chardin's still-lifes," she said, "and cheese has been used as a medium in encaustic painting." The audience, to judge from the increase in coughing and chair-squeaking, was a bit doubtful of the usefulness of such assertions, and the discussion veered off toward the multisensory aspect of food—the fact that you see it, smell it, taste it, and hear it being demolished in your mouth all at nearly the same time. After a while, a silvery-haired man with eyeglasses on a cord and wearing what seemed to be a silk pajama top stood up. This was the symposium's co-chairman, Alan Davidson. "Isn't tele-eating at least theoretically possible?" he asked, with a perfectly straight face. Pears replied that at the very least the encoding and transmitting of taste were probably feasible, and somebody from the audience observed that two hundred different aromas had already been chromatographically identified in freshly baked bread. There was little doubt that taste, like smell, was not purely subjective but to a degree objective and measurable. At this point, all the principals seemed relieved that a sensible conclusion, however tentative, had been reached, and the first plenary session was over.



The symposium, which went on for two days, consisted of several such plenary sessions interspersed with so-called working sessions. During the working sessions, elective seminars, or "rings," were held simultaneously in various corners of St. Antony's turf. I chose to wander from ring to ring, occasionally encountering Dr. Zeldin, who also preferred the nomadic approach. Once, as we met on the Woodstock Road, he fell to discussing the aims of the Oxford symposia. "Anyone interested is welcome here, no special qualifications are necessary," he told me. "We want the unexpected, we want to encourage differing points of view. We're against academic ghettoization, people beating up on one another. And this idea is consistent with what I've tried to do in my history of France, where chapters on cooking and sex take their natural place beside chapters on more conventional subjects. I don't know why some people object to entertainment—I often think entertainment is the best one can hope for." He half smiled. "I like to think of these symposia as pleasantly mad," he said.

As the symposium advanced, a number of rather distinguished presentations were made. Professor Jules Davidoff, of University College, Swansea, gave a talk on the possibility (rejected) that professional wine tasters are really a pack of charlatans; Professor Bruce Kraig, of Roosevelt University, in Chicago, spoke on hot dogs and mustards; Anna del Conte discussed Italian taste with Professor Massimo Alberini, the author of "Storia del Pranzo all'Italiana." Harold McGee, of Palo Alto, the author of the recent but already standard work "On Food and Cooking: The Science and Lore of the Kitchen," talked about the synthetic duplication of flavor, pointing out that none of the chemical approximations have fooled anybody.

Pleasant madness pervaded one lecture hall, where Dr. Max Lake, an Australian vintner, held forth on the resemblance between sexual smells and the smells of cheese and wine. Lake has written a series of paperpack books entitled "Start to Taste," with the subheads "Wine," "Food," and "People." The people-taster's girth was Falstaffian, and he radiated an elephantine jollity. "I've got into a fair amount of trouble doing my field research," he was confiding to some thirty people as I entered the room. "Some years ago, I read of the laboratory studies of Masters and Johnson, particularly their observations of neck blushing, pupil dilation, and nipple erection, known to be some of the obvious signs of female sexual excitement. Sometime past, it was astonishing to notice just those three signs in a lovely lady in a thin silk shirt during the tasting of an excellent Chardonnay, a '76, from memory.... Since undertaking the further development of my own olfactory skills, I have been fortunate enough to have access to a sexual-odor library, which, believe it or not, consists of little bottles in a laboratory. One of the important human pheromones is isobutyraldehyde, which is the next relative in the carbon chain to the odor of bean sprouts. Great champagne has many aldehyde tones. There are also definite cheesy and sweaty notes. These middle-range fatty-acid smells characterize, in higher apes and human beings, the pheromones of the female in mid-cycle, and are also found, believe it or not, in several of the world's most delicious and expensive cheeses.... I first became aware of a musky tone in ripe blackberry when I smelled it after some very musky Estée Lauder White Linen perfume on a certain lady. A blackberry wine, of the Rhône Valley, and the smell of her forearm were strikingly similar. This was confirmed by independent parties."

There was no one to confirm, or to deny, the claims of a tallish, balding man named Robert Chenciner, who delivered a short lecture on "Little-Known Aspects of Northeast Caucasian Mountain Ram and Other Dishes." Westerners are rarely allowed to visit the Soviet autonomous republics of Dagestan and Checheno-Ingush, but Chenciner, who, with an Azeri Soviet collaborator, had embarked on a study of the textiles of certain remote mountain villages, managed to obtain permission for a month's ramble in the Caucasus. He is probably the closest thing we in the West have to an authority on Checheno-Ingush cuisine—though really (one discovered in examining the map he provided) only the southern Checheno-Ingush cuisine, reputedly less recherché than its northern sister. But Chenciner had ranged widely over Dagestan, sampling the regional specialties of Kumtorkala, Koubatchi, Kasimkent, Khuchni, and Khalag—to mention only the K towns on his lengthy itinerary. The Caucasian ram is not exactly a delicacy, he informed us, but, rather, the national beast of Dagestan, signifying virility and independence. Never penned or castrated, it is left to roam freely until feast days or a visitor's appearance, when it is ritually slaughtered and consumed. The meal is not gastronomic but ceremonial, and is based on a diamond-shaped form of pasta boiled in ram broth and served with garlic juice, walnut juice, and either melted butter or a butter-and-sheep-cheese sauce. Along with this come ram chunks and an orange-colored broth made of ram, vegetables, and tomato paste. A sausage made of Caucasian ram's innards is also served at such banquets; this Chenciner found literally inedible—impossible to chew—but though he failed to eat it, another portion was served to him at the next meal, apparently as a sign of his hosts' esteem.

A CURIOUS light was cast on the symposium by the contribution of Charles Perry. Perry, an accomplished Arabist, a former editor at *Rolling Stone*, and a restaurant critic for the Los Angeles *Times*, spoke on the subject of "Medieval Near Eastern Rotted Condiments." At the 1983 symposium, he had offered a recondite paper on "Grain Foods of the Early Turks;" this time, he took up the even more obscure subject of *kamakh*, *murri*, and *bunn*. Fascinated by recipes like the one for *murri* in the thirteenth-century "Baghdad Cookery Book" ("Take pennyroyal and wheaten or barley flour . . . and bake into a loaf. . . . Wrap in fig leaves, stuff into a preserving jar, and leave in the shade until fetid"), Perry had decided to perform "an experiment in rotting," and had set out loaves of barley dough to rot in various ways, in accordance with instructions in old Arabic cookbooks. After forty days, each smelled unique. The most suitable were wrapped in grape leaves in a loosely lidded container. They were to be used with a rotted whole-wheat flat bread from a

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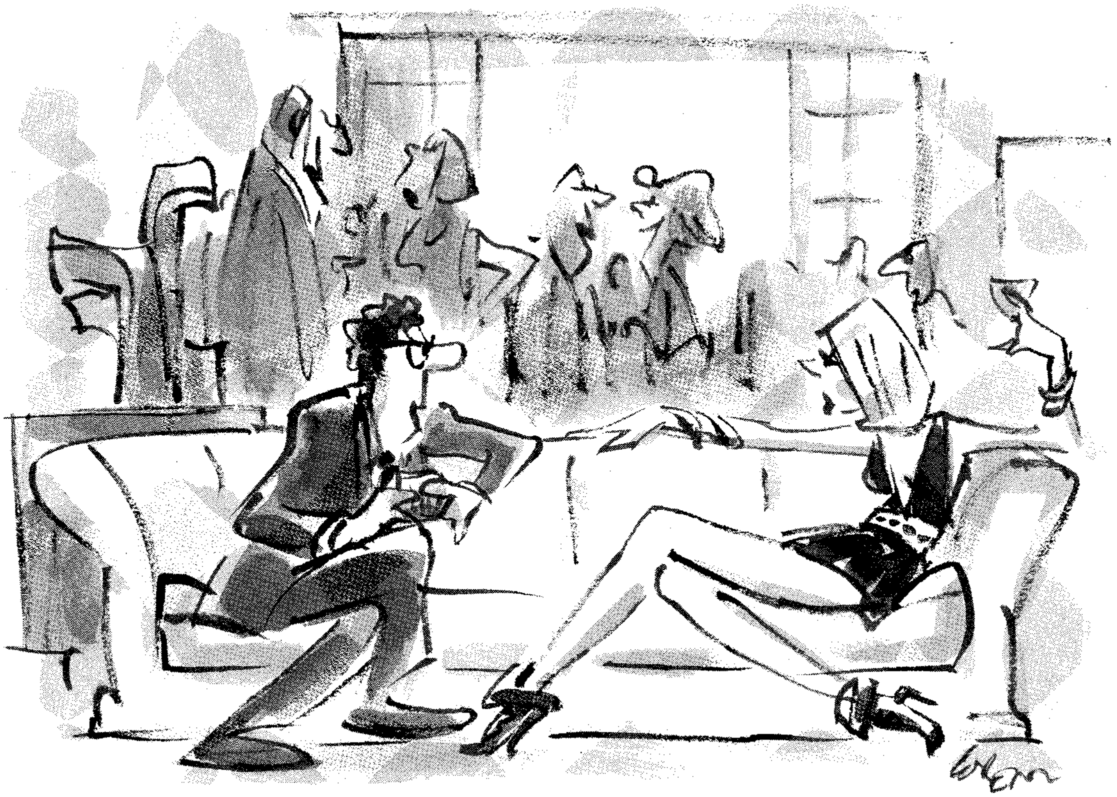


"I certainly admire the way you've refused to let success undermine your femininity."

• •

health-food store to make *bunn*. The loaves of barley dough "were surprisingly white throughout most of their volume, and smelled faintly but not unpleasantly of rot," he reported. "The bread had rotted vigorously, and in the end looked like a furry black kitten with pink patches." These rots Perry then ground and sifted to make the *bunn*, which "developed a curious richness of aroma, like that of a ripe salami, after a week," he said. "It had a loathsome appearance but was agreeable to taste, if not a delicacy by my standards." Perry concluded by wondering aloud why these condiments had disappeared. Much of his audience was apparently wondering why *he* had not disappeared, and one listener rose to congratulate him on his survival.

Perry's vivid paper might have focussed the thoughts of a philosophical observer of the symposium. Such an observer, noting that the yearly gathering of the Oxford food cult coincided, more or less, with the summer solstice, might have recognized in it a quasi-sacral character. The cultists seemed intent on ushering in not only each successive summer but also a whole new age in the history of Anglo-Saxon attitudes; they were casting aside settled dietary taboos in favor of foods previously viewed as unclean, forbidden, *hors nature*. Many of these foods were not only strange but also unpalatable—even, in some cases, inedible, like the Caucasian-ram sausages. Past and present symposiasts had trumpeted their consumption of—among other items—bear's paw, "properly rancid" yak butter, fermented fish liquid, viper in chicken broth, house cat, fox, owl, ground bats' wings, pressed lizards, pangolin, Spanish fly, and frogs' ovaries, not to mention sheep's-tail fat and medieval Arab rotted-grain condiments. Was there nothing they wouldn't put in their mouths?

I was reminded of the injunction to Peter in Acts 10:13—"Rise, Peter; kill, and eat"—which dispensed the Nazarene apostles and their Gentile followers from observing the Mosaic dietary laws. Historically, there have been religious or cultural extensions as well as restrictions of diet, and clearly such an extension was now taking place. *Homo britannicus* was in the process of graduating to a higher evolutionary stage: he was becoming a thoroughgoing omnivore. In the strictly scientific sense, of course, all human beings are omnivores, but in the broader, metaphorical sense, in which we speak of someone as being intellectually or musically omnivorous, there had until recently been very few gustatory omnivores in Britain, the very heartland of bread and jam. It was true that about a fourth of the Oxford omnivores were not of British origin, but that was beside the point; the important thing was that millions of food-crazy British people seemed to be following their example.

It would not be an easy task to chart the recent history of food worship in Britain, or even to draw up an accurate list of its high priests. In 1950, the late Raymond Postgate, a left-wing writer who had previously invented a fictitious Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Food, founded the Good Food Club, which attempted to put the case for dining as an aesthetic experience. Thanks in part to his efforts, many Britons began yearning for better-tasting meals, and soon, as if in answer to their prayers, Elizabeth David appeared. A granddaughter of Viscount Ridley, a Victorian Home Secretary, she was a fabled beauty in her youth, and aspired to a theatrical career before turning her prodigious talents toward food prose; "French Provincial Cooking" was published in 1960 and brought about a sea change in middle-class British eating habits. Among the earliest food scholars of the Oxford-symposium type was Dorothy Hartley, who died two and a half years ago. A true Edwardian holdover (she was born in 1893), Hartley wrote a number of pioneering books on the historical sociology of everyday life, including the classic "Food in England" (1954) and a companion volume with the engagingly vacant title of "Water in England" (1964).

In the last thirty years, the culinary reformation has won converts in every age group and profession, and Britain's gastronomic intelligentsia has attracted attention overseas. Elizabeth

David and Jane Grigson are scarcely unknown in the United States, and some of their younger colleagues, like the *Observer's* Paul Levy and the *Guardian's* Christopher Driver, are starting to acquire international reputations. But this sort of short list overstresses the talky side of the current culinary revival, ignoring the movement's most important, if quietest, people—the chefs themselves. It ignores, too, the main backers and patrons of these chefs, and also the skillful editors who have championed the revival of serious food criticism, like Ann Barr, of the *Observer*. Ann Barr introduced Paul Levy to British readers when she was the features editor at *Harpers & Queen*, the liveliest London magazine of the seventies; together they published, in 1984, "The Official Foodie Handbook." (The term "foodie," meaning someone who worships food, was probably invented by the American writer Gael Greene, about eight years ago.) According to Barr and Levy, the British foodie mentality poses something of a challenge to traditional upper-middle-class values. To be a proper foodie, it little matters where you live or where you went to school as long as you own a "serious" vegetable knife and have learned to weep tears of blood over a poorish *sauce Soubise*. Reading the handbook, the outsider begins to grasp the social wedge that foodism apparently represents to the British: it installs in the very heart of the household such acquirable virtues as a mastery of the omelette pan and a fine nose for foie gras. Traditionally, these were a cook's attributes; certainly they have nothing whatever to do with "good breeding." In fact, the foodies' relative freedom from snobbery—so much the reverse of what an American might expect from British gastronomic cultists—is one of the most striking things, socially, about them.

Nevertheless, there was something slightly off-putting about the Oxford symposiasts' breadth of appetite. Alimentary promiscuity can be revolting in other people—even more revolting, perhaps, than overkeenness of appetite. I knew that a lot of what the food cultists had reportedly eaten would absolutely nauseate me. Was there anyone here who shared my squeamishness? I began to cherish the hope that I might meet at least one Oxford omnivore who was not a real omnivore after all—a person who would admit that, for him, some food or food group (the Ophidia? the Arachnida?) remained a horror and an abomination.

THE symposium usually sponsors a bring-it-yourself banquet luncheon on the first day, to which anyone may contribute an example of his or her kitchen prowess. At several previous symposia, the dishes had been labelled on the bottom before being placed on the buffet tables; since the serving vessels could not be reversed till they were emptied, nobody knew who had cooked what until the end. Barely sampled dishes couldn't be turned over at all, so anyone who produced a fiasco was spared exposure. This time, things had been arranged differently. Folded name cards had been placed beside each dish, thereby identifying—with disastrous consequences for table manners—the feats of the famous. Serious skirmishes broke out in front of "the fish things," and the vaunted British sense of fair play seemed to have been wholly suspended. No one was queuing up for anything. Two stout young men, breathless latecomers, elbowed their way past me.

"Look!" one cried. "Claudia's thing's all gone. Rotten luck, isn't it?"

"Rotten. But how clumsy to put it with the savories, when it was obviously a sweet!"

This stampede was the only moment of the entire symposium when surliness and snobbishness were apparent. Before the melée started, the food had sat, nicely displayed on two long tables, at the back of St. Antony's hall. Now only a few of the dishes were left more or less intact.

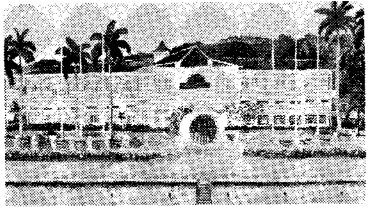
"Oh dear, look who perpetrated this aubergine thing!" said an angular, patrician-looking woman, lifting a folded label from beside a scorned ratatouille.

"Well, if it isn't You-Know-Who! Did you try it?"

"Disastrous, my dear. I mean, really dis-*gus*ting."

There was a moment of silence. Then: "*Poveretta!* How awful for her." Further expressions of pity were drowned in the din.

Presently, those of us who had not joined the battle were able to pick our way forward, like buzzards amid the carnage. Warily, we dotted our plates with spoonfuls of this and that. Many of the leftover dishes were more than a shade exotic; together they added up to a collection of the not quite placeable. I



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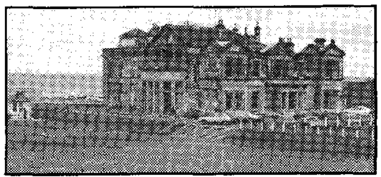

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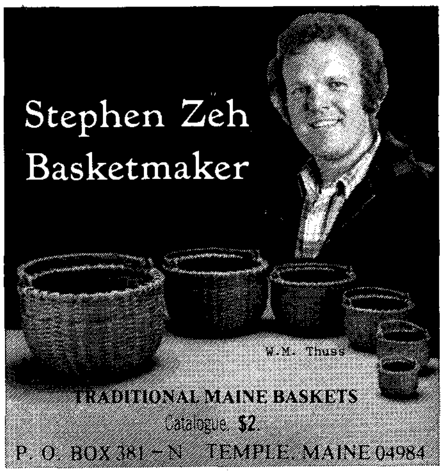
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took a cautious bite of something.

"Did you think you were meant to *like* it?" asked an incredulous super-Oxonian voice. It belonged to Paul Levy, the *Observer's* spirited food critic. Short and stout, with ringlets of fairish hair and a face made only more juvenile by his yellow beard, Levy is a grownup version of one of those mischievous cherubs at the margin of an Italian fresco. "Liking, my dear man, has nothing to do with the Oxford food symposia," he went on. "These cooks bend over their stoves with their noses buried in incunabula—so, of course, a lot goes wrong. But the situation does have its consolations. I expect, for example, that the food is a great disappointment to the free-loaders." He stared disdainfully at a figure some yards away who was heaping a plate with a quivering pink substance. "Paris yesterday, Oxford today," he remarked to the ceiling. "Every dinner a freebie!"

Paul Levy is a prime example of a remarkable postwar social type: the highly educated intellectual or artist (often an editor, translator, novelist, painter, or actor) whose kitchen interests begin so greatly to outweigh his professional ones that he or she makes a sudden sidelong leap into the food world. He has a very plum-in-the-mouth accent for someone born in Lexington, Kentucky, but then he has lived the last half of his forty-odd years in Britain. He has edited the unpublished papers of Lytton Strachey, and was the co-editor, with Michael Holroyd, of "The Shorter Strachey." He studied at Oxford, and has lived near it for many years; at first, he took it for granted that he would one day be a don, but about ten years ago, as he was struggling with his dissertation (for Harvard) on Strachey's friend the philosopher G. E. Moore, it occurred to him that he couldn't actually live off Bloomsbury. Though tantalizingly juicy, Bloomsbury was inedible, and Levy needed to eat; indeed, he needed to eat well, having developed costly tastes in food and wine. So he began to write food pieces, which proved so learned and so entertaining that in 1980 he landed the *Observer* job; two years later, he also became the paper's wine editor.

The process of becoming one of London's established food critics has had the unexpected effect of bringing out the Kentuckian in Levy—the dem-

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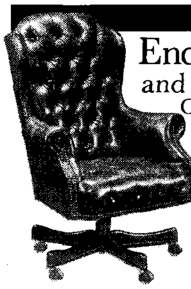
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ocratic bonhomme. Reading his prose, you picture him not as an aesthete in a smoking jacket but as a heavy-feeding newsman with hollandaise in his beard, and his democratic point of view has provoked anxiety in the ranks of baby-food manufacturers, wine importers, processed-food companies, and biased advisers to the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries, and Food. A collection of his food pieces, entitled "Out to Lunch," appeared some months before the opening of the symposium. In its pages one finds oneself in the company of a *grande gueule*, who seems to be everywhere at once, blabbing and gobbling gaily in Paris and Tokyo and Beijing, now feasting with Bubbles Jaipur, the Maharaja, now contracting salmonella in the august presence of Mrs. Bandaranaike. Levy makes no bones about his reputation as the freebie king, his gibes at symposium freeloaders notwithstanding. Unlike many food writers, he refuses to be solemn about his subject, and he has the jester's leave to utter home truths whenever the spirit moves him. It is perhaps for this reason that he is not overpopular in London, where Levy-bashing is a common pastime.

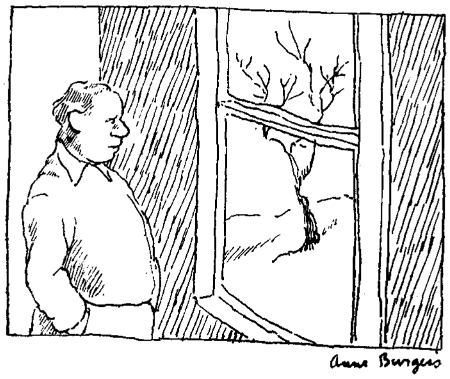
"I find him the *most* distressing man," a middle-aged Englishwoman who described herself as wary of the food cult remarked later that evening. We were all just finishing our next meal down the line, at a party thrown in the forecourt of a new culinary bookshop in Oxford. "I mean, he's a bloody cynophagist, isn't he?" she went on. "He eats dear woolly puppies in China, and then has the cheek to write home about it."

Dessert spoons twinkled in the deep-blue summer twilight. Had Paul Levy really eaten dog on that trip to Macao he wrote up in the *Observer*? A few of my dinner companions doubted it; the whole thing might have been one of his pranks. Somebody pointed out that in his article he had dodged the issue of how much of the meat he had really eaten, saying only that he had avoided disgrace in the eyes of his Chinese hosts. Besides, on the scale of gastronomic evil, cynophagy did not, as far as some of us were concerned, rate especially high. The symposium bookstall had a solid offering of books on anthropophagy; there was, for instance, a scholarly volume called "La Cuisine Cannibale," which contained an apparently authoritative recipe for *fricassée d'ennemi*. Compared with the authors of such books as these, Levy was perfectly civilized.

Alan Davidson, Her Majesty's former Ambassador to the Court of Luang Prabang and one of the world's foremost authorities on edible fish, poured another round of strong coffee and cut a few more slices of Italian bread. I buttered mine and smeared it with Davidson's excellent marmalade. His torso clad in a silk Laotian tunic, Davidson was telling me why both of his wrists were encircled by a dozen or so pieces of fraying string.

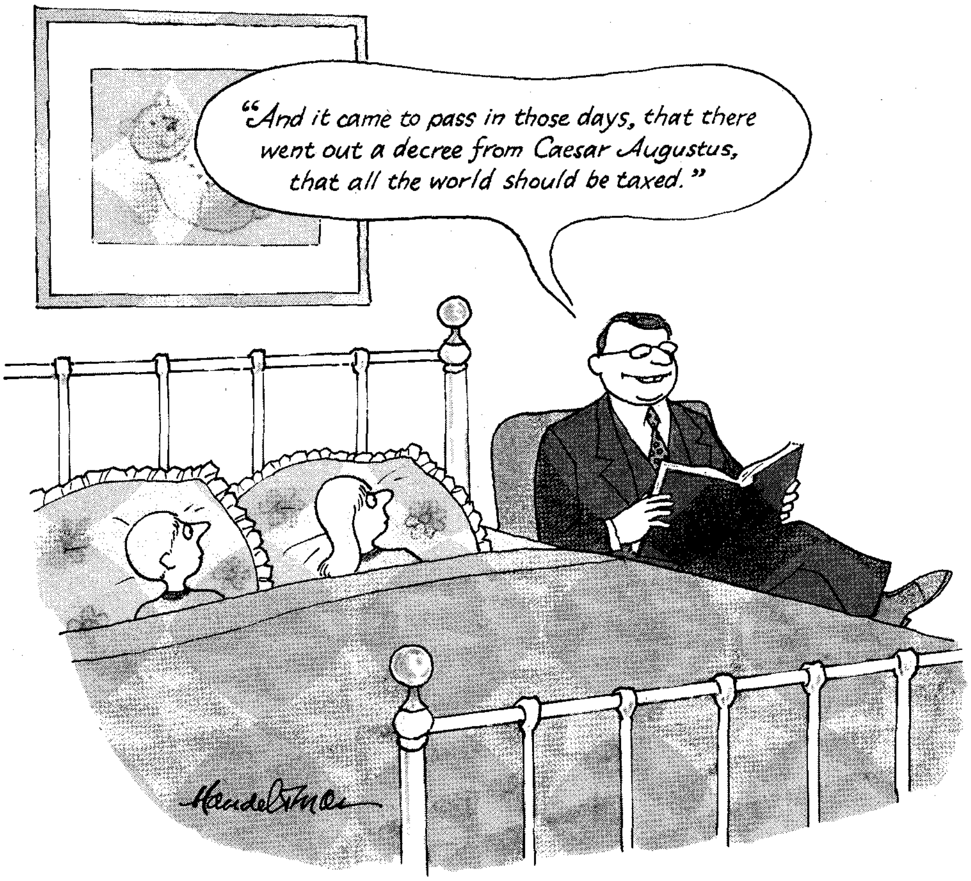
"Pi Mai," he explained. "The Laotian New Year's Day festival. My wife, Jane, and I always attend the festivities here in London, and we always get a lot of strings tied around our wrists. We helped set up the Lao-British Association here, and they regard us as benefactors. For this, we get festooned with strings at Pi Mai. Each string is the gift of a different person, and stands for a good wish. You must never cut them off. The Laotians love to tell of what happened to the American Ambassador, who did. Lost his luggage, lost his keys, mixed up the date of his appointment with the Secretary of State—the tale goes on and on. So we take the strings very seriously indeed."

Davidson, who is of Scottish origin, attended Leeds Grammar School and won a scholarship to the Queen's College, Oxford, where he took a double first in Classical Greats. In 1948, he joined the Foreign Service, and was eventually posted to Washington, the Hague, Cairo, Tunis, and Brussels. His interest in food lore arose some twenty-five years ago, during a stint as British consul in Tunis, where he conceived a passion for the local fish. It led him to write a book called "Seafish of Tunisia and the Central Mediterranean," and when his tastes grew reptilian he wrote another, "Snakes and Scorpions Found in the Land of Tunisia." He has gone on to compose definitive guides to the edible fish of the Mediterranean and the North Atlantic. Any ordinary cookbook writer would have tackled these tasks with reference to criteria of taste and the availability of ingredients, but Alan Davidson is no ordinary cookbook writer. He is a manic taxonomist, a lover of the world's sheer factual density; he catalogues his beloved fish by families, genera, and species, banishing his recipes to the rear, where, fortunately, they receive a liberal allotment of space.



Davidson is one of those Britons who come costumed, so to speak—like General Gordon with his fez. He also comes enveloped in his own private scenery—the landscape of Laos—which he paints for you with words, and against which he cuts an elfin figure. His actual home, however, where we happened to be having our breakfast, is in Lamont Road in Chelsea. Flowers were peeping and bobbing outside the little dining room, giving it a bowerlike charm. I tried to avoid turning my head to stare into the Davidson kitchen, where an array of steamers and kettles and caldrons had been carefully ranged in ranks against a yellow wall, calling to mind some old encyclopedia plate or *image d'Épinal*. In the basement, Davidson has installed the office of his publishing company, Prospect Books. This outfit, which specializes in food lore and food science, has been closely associated with the Oxford food symposia since their inception, and puts out a thrice-yearly magazine called *Petits Propos Culinaires*, many of whose articles are contributed by symposiasts.

"The Laotians have a very good, very simple cuisine," Davidson told me. "They do a lot of minced things in leaves, using the leaves as edible utensils. They also flavor some things with the dried palate of the water buffalo. I asked them how anyone outside Laos was ever going to get hold of this item. 'Use prawns instead,' they said. 'Really? Why prawns?' I asked. 'Well, we only use the water-buffalo palate because we can't get prawns,' they said. They use ginger, too, and chili peppers, and lemon grass. Edible flowers. Something called *nam pa*, the equivalent of the Vietnamese *nuoc mam*—a clear, amber fish liquid. What they've


"And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed."

got that no one else has got is a sauce called *padek*, which they store in pots. It has chunks of fermented fish in it, and also fermented rice. The smell is overpowering. It must be used in moderation"—here Davidson lowered his voice—"or you can just skip it."

One reason he became so interested in the Laotian cuisine, Davidson explained, is that the Laotians, who are mostly farmers or inland fishermen, live very close to the soil. They know a multitude of foodstuffs, some of which are extraordinary. They have, for example, a giant catfish, the *pa beuk*, which is the largest freshwater fish in the world—four feet long, on the average. Traditionally, every Laotian must eat its flesh at least once a year, for good luck; the fishmongers cut it into tiny pieces at the market, and everyone gets a bite.

"I served two years as the British Ambassador to Laos during the Vietnam War," Davidson said between sips of coffee. "I was struck by how very gentle the Laotians are—neither the Americans nor the Soviets have ever had much luck in trying to get them to be soldiers. Within two weeks of delivery, all the American war equipment would end up on sale in Thailand—rocket launchers, everything. Once, a government official took our defense attaché and myself down south to visit a division—the Fifth, I believe—of the Royal Laotian Army. We found nobody to meet us at the airport, and nobody at HQ, either, except one chap dozing in an office. We hunted high and low, and at last we found them all out digging a fish pond, working terribly hard, with the general himself supervising. They had several fish ponds they'd already turned into a profitable business. And this really captured my imagination, because they were almost literally turning swords into plowshares."

He handed me another piece of bread. "There didn't use to be anything at all about the food of what was the Kingdom of Laos," he said, with a faraway look, "but then I happened on the Royal Chef's cookery notebook from the palace in Luang Prabang. This chef, whose name was Phia Sing, had been a sort of Laotian Leonardo da Vinci—an architect, sculptor, doctor, and poet. His dying wish was that his recipes be published and the money used for the rebuilding of the shelter that houses the Prabang, the most important statue of Buddha in the country. I looked up his widow, a tiny, fragile lady, and she said, 'If you can get this book published, the soul of my late husband will stop its fretful wandering and rest in peace.' The recipes were all written in the Laotian court script in those French exercise books with the little blue squares, so to make a facsimile edition we had to white out all the blue lines. Well, we got it done in the end, and we published it, with a complete translation. I strongly believe that food habits are a vital part of a people's culture. Over a million refugees left Laos during the seventies, and it seemed right that somebody should publish these recipes." Davidson vanished into another room for a moment and returned with a large paperbound volume bearing the title "Traditional Recipes of Laos: Being the Manuscript Recipe Books of the Late Phia Sing, from the Royal Palace at Luang Prabang, Reproduced in Facsimile and Furnished with an English Translation." It was very handsome, and contained a lengthy illustrated list of typical Laotian ingredients and *batterie*. I turned some pages and began reading a recipe for "Deer Prepared as a Salad." You were instructed to take the meat from the hind legs of a barking deer, drench it with the juice of ten limes, add greens and fermented fish liquid and half the deer's heart and a piece of its spleen and its liver and some tripe—

"Why don't you take the book with you?" Davidson said, and launched into an enthusiastic mini-lecture on some of Prospect Books' other recent titles, ending on the subject of his chief project in life, "The Oxford Companion to Food."

"I've been working on it for eight years now," he said, standing up to remove the breakfast dishes. "It's an entirely new enterprise for the Oxford University Press. I've written half a million words, and it's only half done, but the people at the press are very patient—they're used to waiting a long time for things. A friend there told me about a white-bearded old man who showed up one day with a manuscript that had taken him rather longer than anyone had expected. He apologized profusely for the delay, and explained that he'd been working on it for fifty years. It concerned a small number of Ephesian coins."

After saying goodbye to Davidson, I got on a King's Road bus and began leafing through some recent issues of

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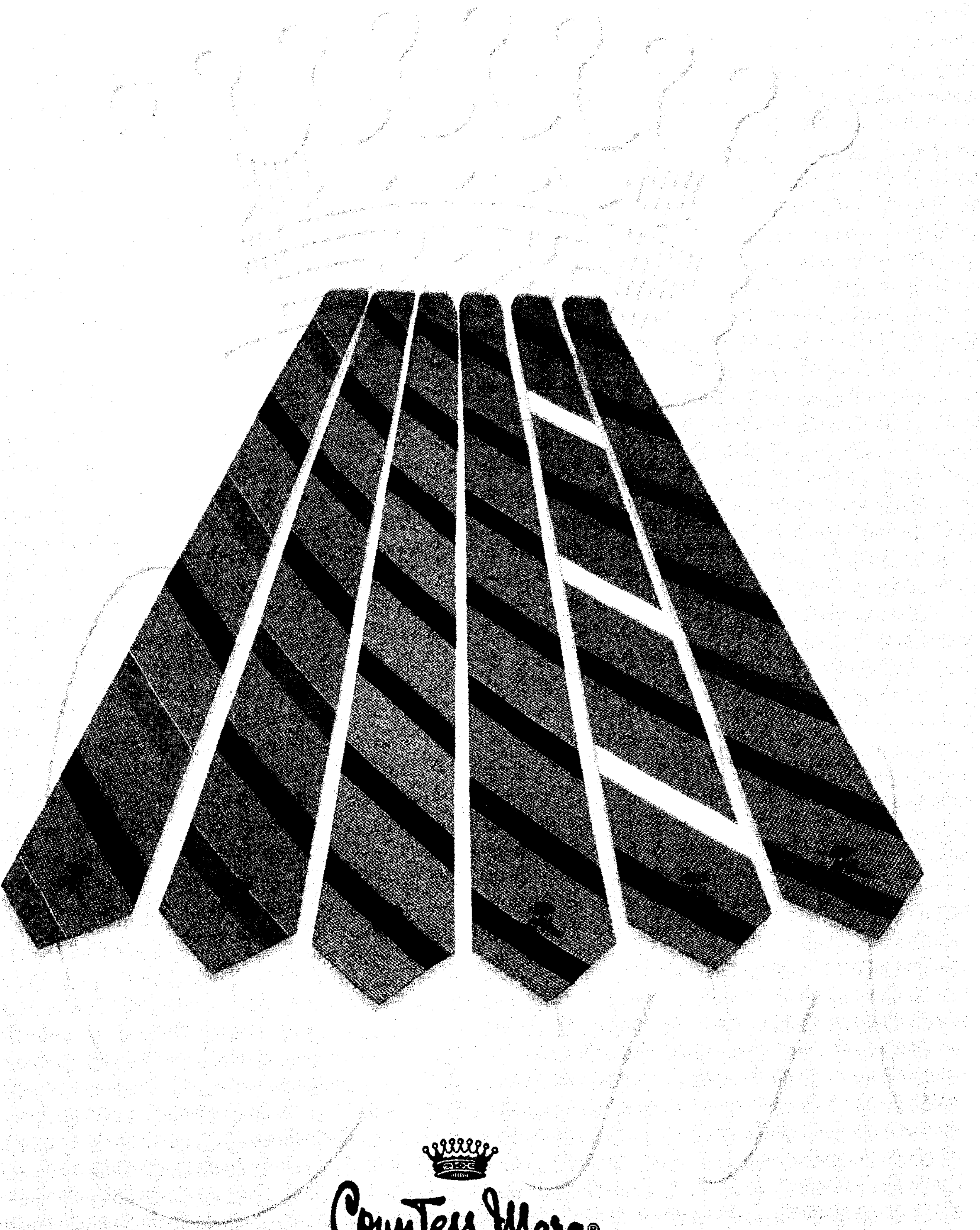

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Petits Propos Culinaires. The magazine was attractive, but its precious title gave me pause. Bracing myself for an onslaught of distressed gentlewomen with decided views on haggis and retired wing commanders obsessed with the hanging of game, I glanced at some letters to the editor. "After collecting notes on all aspects of rhubarb off and on for thirty years," one man wrote, "I have recently tried to draw them all together in the hope of, possibly, producing a book on that plant." A lady correspondent volunteered the information that her husband had "just returned from Kuching, bringing with him . . . a vacuum-sealed bag of Honey Dew nutmeg. . . . The identification printed on the bag is in Arabic, Chinese, and Bahasa. . . . The picture of the nutmeg is remarkably close to that used by Mrs. Beeton in her note on the spice." Well, one couldn't fail to be impressed by three decades of devotion to the study of rhubarb, or the ability to recognize written Bahasa. Clearly these people were not cranks but benign fanatics, and engaging ones at that. I went on to a few of the articles; they were unexpectedly compelling, and were edited with unobtrusive mastery. There was a piece on Yorkshire funerary biscuits, one on Harriet Beecher Stowe's cooking, several pleasing essays by Elizabeth David. Over and over, in various understated or implicit ways, food was considered in its metaphorical aspect, as an index of human character.

Then my eye fell on a clearly pseudonymous review of Levy's "Out to Lunch." It was shockingly cruel: "A beastly piece in which the author actually confesses that he has eaten dog in Macao is made even more offensive by being surrounded by other pieces set in foreign parts. It is obvious that the writer is unable to profit from travel. . . . The man *rapes* our language and literature to provide his petty punch-lines." Such invective seemed utterly out of keeping with the gentle tone of the magazine, and I wondered what sort of clown would have indulged in it.

"O.K., I confess—I wrote it," Levy said.

This was a while after my visit to Lamont Road, and Levy and I were discussing Alan Davidson.

WILL ALTER OR BUILD....

"Alan and I are good friends, and he didn't feel comfortable about reviewing my book himself and couldn't think of anyone else to do it," Levy told me. "It's perfectly understandable—although Alan's feelings aren't always so easy to understand. In fact, he's extremely complicated. He has a wicked sense of humor, but at the same time he can get awfully upset over some things, like bad fish cookery. Once, acting on an unreliable tip, he took me to a dive in Hawaii where the fish turned out to be dreadful—I mean really ghastly—and he grew angrier and angrier and redder and redder, until he was trembling all over, and the cups on our table started to tremble, and the table trembled, and even the room began to tremble a little, too. Only later, back at the hotel, did I learn from the evening newspaper that we'd been sitting over the epicenter of a small earthquake."

With his interest in fostering Laotian domestic culture abroad, Davidson is a champion of what you might call "exile cookery." I had had another taste of this sort of transplantation a few days before, at a party given by Levy and a few other symposiasts in a little Oxford house rented specially for the symposium weekend. Entering the house, guests had found themselves in a sitting room bare of furniture except for two tables laden with interesting things to eat. The leaves of a double doorway had been thrown open, creating the impression of a proscenium arch; beyond lay a garden with a lawn, and here and there on the lawn moved a company of soft silhouettes, all bathed in faint twilight and uniformly engaged in the pantomime of lifting forks mouthward from well-laden plates. By some freak, they had simultaneously fallen silent; only their hands spoke of their chief joy in life. Then, as I watched, two female figures sat down in the middle of the garden and began an apparently earnest conversation. One was clad in a cloak and a long dress; she sat with ankles together, her hands folded motionless on her knees. From under a turban of light-colored fabric she gazed with a nunnish intensity into a perfectly private middle distance. The other figure wore a pleated skirt and a sweater, and did most of the talking; she sat with legs crossed, and moved her slender frame vivaciously as she spoke.

"The one in the turban is Nevin Halici," said Levy, coming over to me. "The other is Claudia Roden."

Claudia Roden I felt I knew a little, from her "Book of Middle Eastern Food," a cookbook that was first published in 1968 and is as notable for its charming digressions as for its authoritative recipes. But who was Nevin Halici?

She was the sister of a very distinguished Turkish senator, Levy told me. Both brother and sister were Mevlevi—disciples of the Mevlana Order of Whirling Dervishes—and the only reason she didn't wear the veil was that Kemal Atatürk had banned it and the ban was still in force; instead, she wore a turban. She was almost a priestess, and she'd never even been to a restaurant until Levy himself took her to one only a year before. It seemed that the Halicis—three brothers and a sister—had an institute in Konya devoted to promoting various aspects of local culture, including the dance of the Whirling Dervishes. "The current Chelebi, or Mevlevi pope, has maintained the intimate connection between the Dervishes and the art of cookery," Levy said. "Their central mystical tenet is expressed in the phrase 'I was raw—I got cooked—I burned to ashes.'" Nevin Halici, he added, was also engaged in a series of journeys throughout the Anatolian hinterland to observe peasant cooks, collect recipes, and compile a record of culinary practices of the Turkish people.

Out on the lawn, Claudia Roden seemed to be questioning Nevin Halici. It was a gentle, patient sort of inquiry, but persistent all the same, though the Turkish lady said very little in reply. I walked through the arch into the twilight and went over to them. From close up, Nevin Halici looked even more ineffable than before; her dark eyes and eyebrows made severe, fascinating shapes against her pale face in its pale turban. I had pictured Claudia Roden as a sort of rotund gray Egyptian aunt, but here she was, youngishly middle-aged and as neat as could be, with sloe eyes and raven hair—a Fayum portrait come to life.

I introduced myself. Nevin Halici nodded inscrutably, and Claudia Roden pointed to an empty chair and urged me to draw it up. She had been venturing a comparison between Moroccan and Anatolian cooking, and as soon as I was seated she took up where she had left off.

"Moroccan cookery is in some ways unique," she said. "Moroccans will tell you they use a certain sort of ceramic vessel for a *tagine*, and then you go into the kitchen and they're using aluminium. They haven't told you what they really use but what they feel *you* should use. And Morocco is perhaps the only land where the important cooks are all women. They're usually also black, the descendants of slaves, because cookery was traditionally the job of slaves. But when a great banquet is to be held, as for a wedding, it is organized by a man, a sort of butler. This man goes through the town selecting all the best-known cooks and arranging to borrow their services, and he gets most of the credit for the meal. But actually it is cooked by these women. Whereas in Turkey"—she turned toward Nevin Halici, who continued to sit perfectly still—"it's the men who do the cooking, isn't that so?"

"No," said Nevin Halici.

"I was under the impression that all the professional cooks of Turkey were men, from the town of Bolu, in Konya Province," Claudia Roden said.

"Yes, the *saray* cooks," replied Nevin Halici—referring, I supposed, to the grand tradition of seraglio cooking. "But in the home it is women, only women."

The conversation stalled. Looking about, I noticed that it was getting dark. Evidently, Nevin Halici had noticed this, too, for she rose and bowed slightly in our direction, then turned and vanished into the evening. Mystery seemed the essence of her nature.

I asked Claudia Roden what she had brought to the symposium's buffet lunch. I remembered that she had offered something on a large wooden platter; it had occasioned a pitched battle, and the platter had been emptied by the time I came to it.

"I brought my family's birthday dish," she replied. "Back in Egypt, we used it to celebrate our birthdays. It's called Diplomate Praliné au Café, and it's really a French thing, but in France they don't do it anymore; it has gone out there. But in Egypt, in my childhood, they made it for weddings and other big parties. It consists of layers of coffee cream and sponge biscuit with a praline topping. Unfortunately, it was put in the wrong place at the banquet, with the savories instead of the sweets, so it was eaten up right away, and almost nobody knew what it was."

Despite the gathering darkness, I thought I detected a wistful look in her almond-shaped eyes. Born and reared in Cairo, Claudia Roden, née Douek, was a characteristic exponent of exile cookery, and her words were lightly tinged with an exile's regrets. Her great-grandfather, Haham Abraham Ha-Cohen Douek, had been Chief Rabbi of the Ottoman Empire, with his seat in Aleppo; branches of the affluent and far-flung Douek family had flourished in several Ottoman dependencies. Her Middle Eastern cookbook (which she has followed with several other books on food and drink) often reads like a tribute to the tolerant, slow-paced, pleasure-loving ways of that vanished Empire—ways that had apparently persisted in many sections of Cairene and Alexandrian society until the fateful troubles that began in 1952 with the burning of Shepheard's Hotel. It was these troubles that had eventually caused the Doueks to emigrate westward.

"We had so many people in our lives in Egypt," she said, with a bittersweet smile. "It's something I miss, so I'm re-creating it. Travelling, researching recipes, I meet new people every day, and because we talk about food it turns into a kind of intimacy. Not long ago, while I was researching Moroccan food, one of the things I did was to go to the mellah in Marrakesh—that's the Jewish quarter—where I got to know a family with thirteen children and a wife who hardly ever went out. She cooked all day every day for her husband, who was a white magician by trade—you know, a good magician, not a necromancer. There's a lot of black magic in Morocco. Many spice merchants sell harmful spells, to undo, say, a co-wife or some sort of rival. They sell strange powders, ground bats, pressed lizards, and such. But this man did only white magic. He sold those little Moroccan amulets wrapped up in leather. 'I help mostly jealous people, and people afraid of impotence,' he told me. His wife did Moroccan Jewish cooking; for the Sabbath, she did things like *dfeena*, a sort of stew of chicken and ground almonds and sugar and chopped dates—it was brilliant, wonderful! The lot of them lived off a balcony that ran right round the third floor of a house, on the courtyard side. You know what Arab-style houses are like—in a casbah, for instance, you go through a tiny door in what looks like a hovel, and it turns out to be a little palace, with a courtyard and perhaps a fountain. So they lived overlooking such a courtyard, and they had two little maids, who adored them and followed them about, and after a while I couldn't be parted from them, either. They had their own oven in the house, but they never used it, though they did make fires on the balcony. And the women never actually went shopping or took their dishes to the public oven themselves—that would have been to display themselves shamelessly in the streets. Instead, they had their two little maids carry the pots back and forth on their heads. But naturally I wanted to see the public oven with my own eyes, and one day I asked if perhaps their eldest daughter couldn't take me, and they thought my request most extraordinary. Ah, she was too young, too pretty! But then they thought about it a little more and decided that perhaps she *could* take me and it wouldn't be a disgrace, and she walked along beside me—not veiled, since she wasn't Muslim—but with her head covered and

SHOE REPAIR

her eyes cast down, and giggling the whole time. All the neighbors, everybody in the street, began to follow us, full of festive curiosity, and we all squeezed into the bakehouse. Usually, only old women or servants go to the bakehouse, and many were already there that day, with pots holding all sorts of dishes, like stuffed spleen.

"Once, I went to a Yemeni Muslim family in London—they were wealthy people, in banking—to do some research for recipes. They were very hospitable, and soon I felt I could hardly tear myself away. The family was huge, and many people were always visiting. There was an Algerian Communist girl, for instance, and a Jewish lady translator. She did Arabic-English interpreting for the women, who spoke no English, and took them in a great retinue to Marks & Spencer for the large-size underwear. They were living in London as if it were a village. They had a very fine modern oven, but they plastered their dough on the side of the oven to make bread, just as they'd done in Yemen. There were many unreal things about them. They all drank Nescafe, for example—Yemenis, mind you, the very people who invented coffee! The women were constantly in the kitchen, and never ate before or with the men. The men all came back from the bank for dinner at two in the afternoon, and ate immediately, and left right away. When they were gone, the women would go into the dining room and eat and bring out khat in a Nescafe jar—it's a drug not forbidden, since it's only a harmless leaf, or something—and they would sit there chewing their khat and talking most irregularly about their love lives and making fun of their men. Now, as it happens, by the rules of their group a bride must never visit her original family—not even once—during the first year of her marriage, so that she may grow accustomed to her husband's family. And one of their girls was such a bride, and she wanted very much to visit home, partly out of loneliness and partly because she missed her favorite foods, so every once in a while this girl, who was pregnant, would suddenly appear at the kitchen window and climb in, and if her husband turned up on a visit she would have to scramble out of the window or hide in the bathroom."

By now, Claudia Roden was irresistibly caught up in the stream of her anecdotes. Her mind seemed naturally layered, like a fragment of mica, or a rose; every story opened upon another story, leaf succeeding leaf. We chatted for a while longer about Middle Eastern cooking, and I noticed that when she talked about a meal she would often give a little exclamation of delight at the remembrance of some simple, constantly recurring food—a basic grain dish, for instance. This was a trait I had observed in many traditional cooks—this love of daily, sustaining fare. The epicures of Istanbul, for example, are known for their ability to tell from what quarter of their city a glass of water comes—even, in some cases, to the street.

The thought of Istanbul put me in mind of Nevin Halici, and I asked Claudia Roden if she couldn't tell me a little more about her.

"Nevin has written a remarkable cookery book, which will soon be published by Jill Norman, at Dorling Kindersley," she said. "She used to be a cookery teacher but kept it a secret from her father. He'd brought her up very strictly, forbidding her to go to school, and she had to go about with her head down, never looking up, and for a long time he didn't know that she had learned to read and write. Later, she went in secret to the wife of one of her brothers, and through her secured a teaching job in Izmir—which her father couldn't find out about, since he lived in Konya. But when her father was dying he was overcome with guilt, and he called his sons to him and said, 'I've left Nevin defenseless!' And they agreed that he must do something very unusual for a Muslim father, which is to leave all his money to his daughter. He was a wealthy man, a rug merchant, and so Nevin became the custodian of the family fortune. Then gradually her attitudes changed, and she began to see food as the way to her emancipation. She decided to study English in Brighton, where she had a niece. In Brighton, Nevin went to the cinema for the first time, and she learned some English—largely from TV, I think—and got a lot of speaking practice by going out to those benches where the old people sit facing the sea, and striking up conversations with them—she, who knew nothing of the world! And then she grew bolder, and travelled to America. In Washington, she was mugged. The muggers took her passport, and because she had no identifi-

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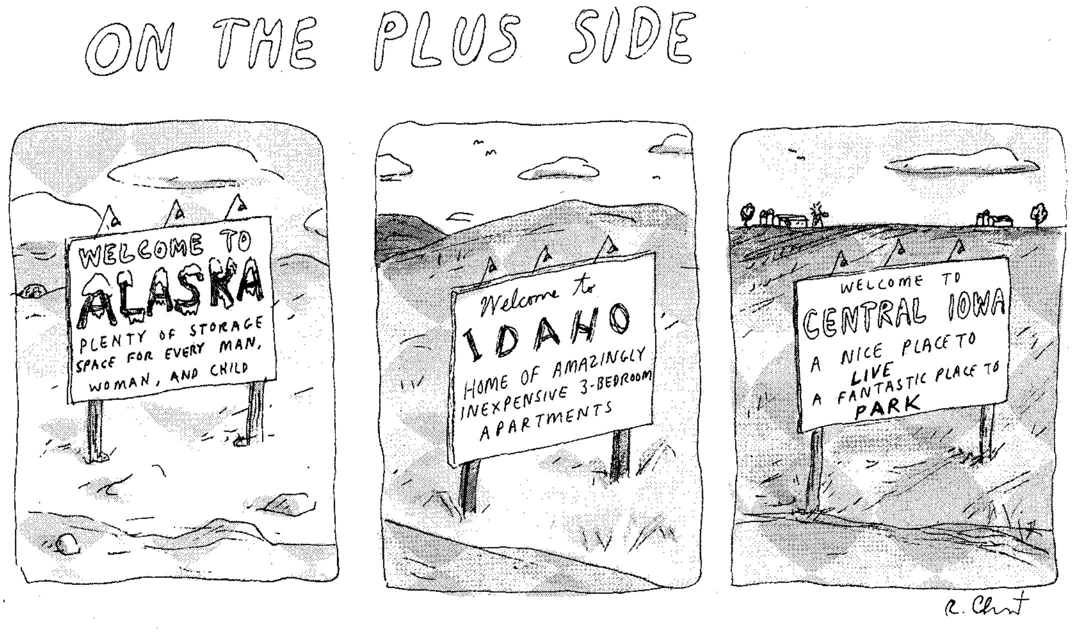
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cation she was deported back to England, and she actually laughed to me about the experience. I felt guilty, because I hadn't had enough time to look after her, but she said to me, 'No, no, you've made all the difference. From you I learned that a woman can travel all over the world and not be one of *those* women.' Well, she went on to organize a culinary conference in Konya, and later I saw her stand up at another such conference in the Pera Palas in Istanbul and address three hundred people. Her brothers were amazed—and amused. 'She's become awfully assertive,' they told me."

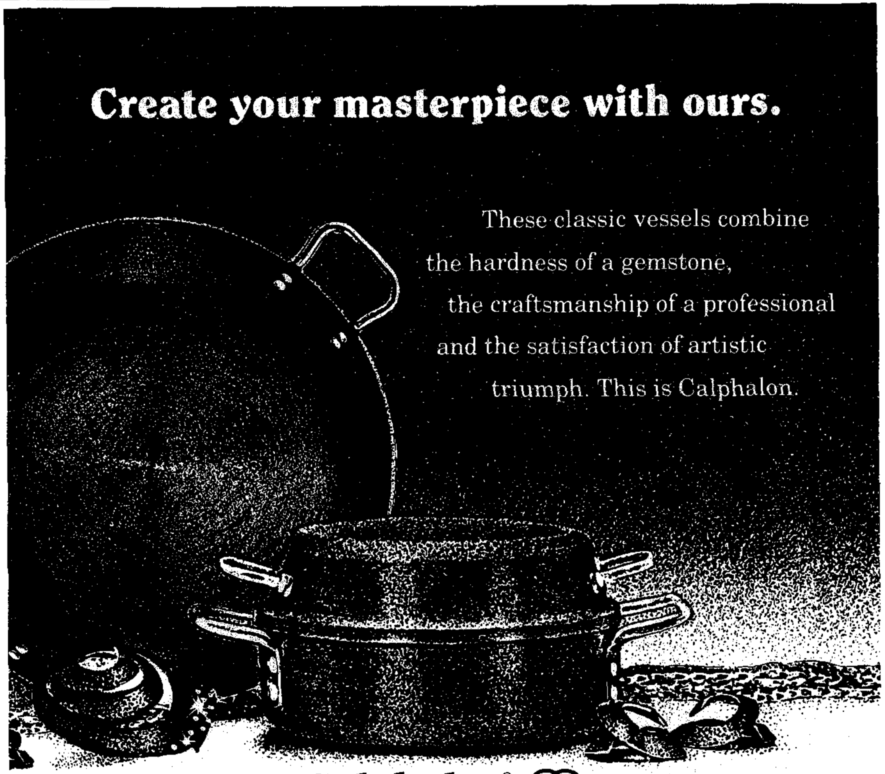
I saw all at once that the hour had grown quite late. While we had strolled through a casbah of courts and fountains, of tarbooshed butlers and khat-chewing harem folk, nighttime had stolen upon us. By now, most of our fellow-silhouettes had dissolved in the darkness of the garden, and a fresh breeze had stirred, bearing ghosts of song and laughter and contented, weary conversation from some other party, many gardens distant.

TOWARD the end of the conference, a pomologist from Kent, Dr. Joan Morgan, rose to deliver a sort of homily on her favorite fruit. The apple is highly important to Britain. It grows well there, as it does in nearby Normandy, and it formed a vital component of the good old English cookery of the pre-industrial era. During the Victorian period, hundreds of different sorts of apples were available, and one orchardist alone might have over fifty varieties picked and stored by late autumn. Unfortunately, the pressures of modern commercialism have greatly reduced the number of varieties available to the ordinary British consumer, and some of the best have all but disappeared. About fifty years ago, to stem this incipient decline, some talented plant-breeders and naturalists began to classify a vast range of apple strains and promote their cultivation, with the result that in recent years a great many varieties have again been available to professional and amateur growers. But before there can be a market for these apples there must be a demand, and that is where Joan Morgan comes in, in her public-relations capacity. A tireless crusader for the apple in all its varietal diversity, she had evidently memorized the appearance of hundreds of sorts of stalk, basin, eye, cavity, and segment, as well as the color pairings of the sunny and shaded sides. One could not imagine, listening to her impassioned discourse, that there could be any nuance of flavor, whether rosy, smoky, nutty, lemony, honeyed, astringent, Madeira-like, bramble-like, or fernlike, that she could not detect, both singly and in all their subtlest plaitings. Why, then, all about me in St. Antony's hall, had so many faces lapsed into a scholastic snooze, chins slumping forward into a wilderness of cotton and tweed? Quite simply, one needed to *taste* these apples; a couple of trays of diced apples passed around would have breathed life into Joan Morgan's speech and revealed it for the superb piece of research that it was. But this was June, and June is no apple month.

At one point in the midst of her lengthy excursus into the aromas and juices of various pearmains, pippins, and reinettes, my mind drifted into a retrospective reverie. Gazing out through the trees at the Woodstock Road, I suddenly recalled that I had once lived on it, or just off it, for several months, at the age of eleven. This memory was oddly lacking in intimacy, and gave no vivid pang. It might have been someone else's memory but for the corroboration of a stroll I had just taken up the road, in which I got a strangely familiar whiff of wet brick and dank, freshly weeded flower beds. For much of the way, the gardens were screened by high red brick walls, and I now recalled many walks alongside these walls with my hand skimming the copings, in the eternal manner of young boys, on the way back to my family's lodgings, on the ground floor of a subdivided Edwardian mansion.

I would retain only the fondest memories of England in the fifties, if it weren't for the food. The food crowds in, souring everything. I attended a "minor" public school. I gather that it was less than illustrious, because once, on a visit somewhere, I happened to mention its name in a crowd of people I didn't know, conceding—in the humble hope of disarming snobbery—that it was second-rate. "Not *second*-rate," went a plummy schoolboy drawl behind me, "*fifth*-rate." Be that as it may, I doubt if the food there was any worse than the average run of public-school or grammar-school food. The dreaded meals took place at twelve-thirty and six-thirty, in the refectory. Lunch was a meat-and-two-veg affair, accompanied by pots of hot mustard and however many jars of Marmite one's neighbors had decided to bring in. The bangers, of the bangers and mash, were literally incomparable, their peculiar mealiness and brimstone aftertaste being like nothing else in the world. They might be accompanied by, let's say, Brussels sprouts boiled to the consistency of a fine leaf mold. The mash would be powdered; bubble-and-squeak would be partly powdered; shepherd's pie was made largely of powders, too. But it was at dessert that powder reigned supreme, in the form of warm, lumpily liquefied Bird's packet custard, which came in jugs and was carelessly doused on whatever was the "pud" of the day—in this department a slightly rancid, freely perspiring suet pudding certainly took first prize. Roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, served on special occasions, might have been all right if the beef had been a little rarer and the Yorkshire pudding a little less like a pile of worn-out calfskin wallets at a jumble sale. These dishes were beloved of nobody except a few very fat boys, and were usually bolted at breakneck speed. But the evening meal did enjoy a certain incomprehensible popularity. It was invariably served with weak tea in tumblers, and there was no "pud." We'd get things like stone-cold egg and chips, or two cold sardines on a piece of cold fried bread. Repellent as they were, these dishes were at least identifiable; they had discrete, recognizable parts, and this may explain the enthusiasm with which they were eaten. (Afternoon tea didn't really count as a meal, since it wasn't served in the dining hall. A tea urn would be deposited in the cellar of each of the school's five dormitories a little before four; with it came buns or cakes, the most common being a granitelike fruitcake known as Old Stodge. Old Stodge never saw the inside of anybody's mouth but did honorable duty as a missile.) There is much to suggest that British school food was intended to fill a cautionary function. It warned the child off any incipient sensuality, especially of the gustatory sort; it certainly stunted the development of anything like the gastronomic taste promoted by the Oxford food symposia.

The middle and upper classes in Britain seem to have eaten quite well in the eighteenth century, and the triumph in subsequent years of the dull, the overcooked, and the soggy is hard to put down to any obvious cause. The impoverishment of the British working class, especially in the period between the beginning of the General Strike of 1926 and the nutritional reforms of the forties, is often cited as one reason for the debasement of cooking. Food ra-



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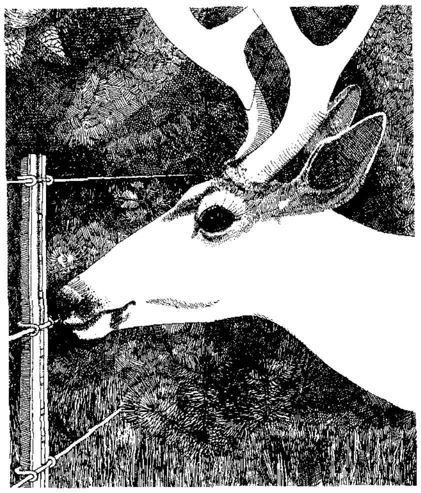
tioning, not completely lifted until 1954, is often mentioned as another. But perhaps the poverty and the scarcity simply revealed a preëxisting flaw in the national palate. Why was it that if you gave Cook an old half loaf she could make only a dreary bread pudding out of it? After all, if you gave a similar crust to a Tuscan peasant she might well produce a tasty *panzanella*. A tentative answer to this question had been provided in a paper delivered to the symposium by Valerie and Gerald Mars, on the culinary aspects of the shift in child rearing during Queen Victoria's reign. They noted that the rise of the nanny, the nursery, and the children's table with its tasteless food all contributed to what has been called the "nursery-food syndrome." Believing that "by things unwholesome tho' enjoyed, the infant appetite is cloyed," the adults of the nineteenth century broke the ancient pattern whereby children, through emulation of admired elders, acquired a taste for piquant, spicy, or bitter foods. In some cases, the infant appetite was simply squashed: the Victorians often punished their children for not eating by serving them the same uneaten food at the next meal. Meanwhile, the palates of the domestic staff were being systematically corrupted by being plied with stale, or even rancid, fare. In his brilliant and quite serious book "The British at Table: 1940-1980"—which I found, significantly, in the humor section of Foyle's—Christopher Driver suggests that the British kitchen was overwhelmed by a multitude of persistent misfortunes. One of these was the proximity of France. After the victory of Waterloo, many English officers were billeted in Paris, and when they came home they brought with them a fondness for French cuisine. The consequent predominance of French chefs in English grand hotels and patrician households discouraged English people of the domestic class from pursuing careers in the preparation of elegant food. Kitchen skills naturally declined, and the coup de grâce was administered by the Great Depression and the food rationing of the two World Wars. Driver points out that rationing forced many Britons to resort to utterly unfamiliar foods; he mentions a wartime mayonnaise concocted of flour, water, vinegar, mustard, and powdered egg, and a forties recipe for "mashed snoek" (apparently a kind of tinned fish) in vinegar, onions, and sugar syrup.

Though I might have contrived to study and to settle in England, I found that I hadn't the stomach for it; a lingering nausea kept me away. I stayed away for more than ten years, until some errand brought me to London, and as I roved again about the city I discovered, to my surprise, a lump in my throat. Memories crowded my mind; this lonely street corner, that lively intersection seemed hauntingly familiar. Hadn't I lunched here at an A.B.C. with Wilkinson-Brown on the way up to Lord's on some glorious holiday outing? Hadn't Rogers and I had tea over there in a Lyons Corner House? Peering through bus or cab window, I soon became aware that the eating places I remembered had vanished, most often having been replaced by classier dining establishments. And as the days went by I grew aware that I was wandering about London with a desperate hankering for a foul toad-in-the-hole, or some truly repellent kedgeree à la nameless leftovers. I was hooked, to my horror, on bad British food. At the time, I had no idea how this had come about. Now I think I do. One of the foodies' stock expressions is "memorable meal," but this term is double-edged. A strong case can be made for the truly memorable meals being the bad ones. After all, a good meal lulls the nervous system, while a bad one jars it into hyperaesthesia. For this reason, it is the bad meals, not the good, that have the stronger mnemonic action; they can help the mind conjure up whole episodes of its former life, revivifying all the smells and sights and sounds of a bygone world. This, I think, explains why I was searching, with some difficulty, to recapture the taste of my schooldays. If only for a moment, I wanted my schooldays back.

At length, the symposium drew to a close. Many learned papers had been delivered, by turns insightful, hilarious, or just plain dull. There had been the bring-it-yourself banquet, and a cheese-tasting, and a couple of convivial dinners, and by the opening of the final plenary session a mellow contentment had blossomed in the faces of the symposiasts. Now it was time for the drawing of conclusions, however factitious, and Theodore Zeldin reappeared at the head of the hall, in his role of indulgent papa. No doubt ev-



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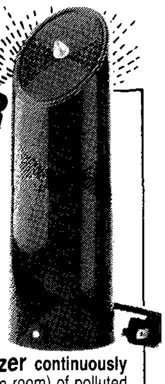
erybody had learned a great deal about taste—in particular, that it was very largely quantifiable, and that the vocabulary of the experts, such as the twenty standard adjectives used in the Spanish olive-oil trade to characterize the sensations of that liquid, really was descriptive of nature. However, something in the very essence of the subject remained elusive and irreducibly circular: people liked things, you might say, because they liked them. And what drove mankind to the continued quest for new gustatory experiences? Perhaps, suggested Zeldin, with the determined air of a foreign minister wishing to initial a treaty acceptable to all, it was simply "the fear of boredom and the love of mystery." But, whatever Zeldin may have hoped, this "false diminishment of confusion"—to use a phrase of his own—fell far short of achieving ratification; a good-natured muttering instantly arose from the crowd. "That's just a recycled version of Fourier's 'butterfly passion,' " one disappointed symposiast said. "It's the jaded-palate theory all over again," said another. There was something far too negative in the first part of Zeldin's supposition—the part about escaping ennui. The omnivores didn't like it, any more than Columbus would have liked it if you had told him that his chief desire was to get away from home. It did say something about Zeldin, though. Steeped in Gallic culture, he had assumed that our appetites have been given to us not to be grossly sated, not to be suppressed, but to be refined and ennobled. To fail at this task was to run the risk of getting bored, possibly to death. Zeldin's point of view, which he had so subtly and successfully embodied in his books, was the *"Fais-moi rire"* of the eighteenth century. "Entertainment is the best one can hope for," he had told me.

And we *had* been entertained—but now it was time to put away the crockery and the silver. As the symposium broke up, I joined a friendly group of omnivores who were musing over its social significance. Had it all been an advanced form of playing with food? Or was there a deeper compulsion in the need to eat one's way relentlessly through mankind's cuisines, studying each morsel on one's fork? Like most moderns, we had been infected by the moral virus sometimes called "the need to have lived." Could it be that, craving experience, we had simply em-



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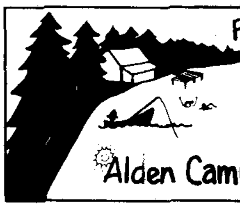

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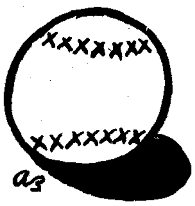
braced food as experience in its most assimilable form?

I had hoped to find at the symposium or one of its attendant events someone who would be willing to explain, with particular reference to the labyrinth of social status in Britain, the recent changes in the nation's culinary ways. Luckily, at the symposium's close, such a cicerone did appear, in the person of Anthony Blond, the restaurant critic for British *Vogue*. Despite his name, he was dark-eyed and swarthy, and he perfectly fitted my mental picture of a black Irishman (which, I discovered, he is not). After an unconventional career in publishing, Blond had become *Vogue's* critic about two years earlier. His views were not regarded by his foodie colleagues as especially reliable, but he was lively, even mischievous, and he had the advantage of having bubbled amid the *gratin* for the past sixty years. Now, for my benefit, he was laying down the law.



"Rule One," he began, with an imperious eye, "is '*Cherchez la classe.*' The workingman's lunch is still at eleven, dinner is at one, and tea is the main meal, after he comes home from work—*then* he goes out to the pub. This is a remnant of pre-industrial England; in the eighteenth century, almost everybody—even the landed gentleman—got up early, for the light, and ate his meals at the same time as today's workingman. So some class patterns are the same, but others have changed. Not long ago, many people would have sniffed at a food critic, for instance, but they don't now. Now there are plenty of Etonians and Harrovians in the food business. Yesterday, I was at L'Hippocampe, in remotest Fulham, and I found out that an Etonian runs it. 'Twenty years ago, this would have been inconceivable,' I said to myself. 'That boy would have been in the City!' " An expression of hammy amazement flashed across Blond's face.

"The crucial person in this transformation was Elizabeth David," he continued. "No one can believe she isn't a Dame of the Empire. Then there was Raymond Postgate, with the *Good Food Guide*. The wine man, André Simon. All of them earnest, superior people, not dilettanti, and all with an appeal to the affluent middle class. If you're well employed nowadays, you spend your money on food, which is extraordinary, because my mother wouldn't even have mentioned food. Before the war, food was disgusting, except in grand households—though you might have eaten poorly at a duke's, mind you, and I remember one *very* grand household where they dined on tinned tongue. Now food is generally acceptable here, and good food is becoming a huge industry. In England, my ideal meal is an English meal. Like burnt cream, as opposed to crème brulée. Sussex pond pudding—it's heaven—with a lemony suet crust. Only *we* use suet—nobody else does. I'd go to Wiltons, or the Connaught, and have a completely English meal—oysters and smoked salmon and boiled beef with dumplings and heavenly, heavenly burnt cream. Actually, any good London club—like mine, the Reform—should have quite superior food nowadays: boiled mutton, beef, tongue, Irish stew, Bakewell tart, treacle tart. Treacle tart's marvellous if it's properly done, and it's a completely English thing. Very nearly the best food in London is served in Grosvenor Square, and it's Anglo-American cuisine—the cook is an Englishman named David Nicholls. But his restaurant will never be a *succès fou*, because of the place—the Hotel Britannia—which has too unchic an ambience. Unfortunately, the English are going in for a lot of pretentious mixtures these days. We'd do well to learn from the French that bitter chocolate goes very nicely with venison but *not* with lamb. The French would *never* get a thing like that wrong! And the English still tend to think in terms of individual dishes instead of planning whole meals. They still won't end with a sweet; they think the cheese should come last. So much is out of control here; we still have no grades of vegetables or fruits."

By this time, Blond seemed to have metamorphosed into one of my old English schoolmasters—sharp-tongued, slightly governessy, adept at making one feel hopelessly underbred. I fidgeted under his gaze, acutely aware that I myself would be quite unable to distinguish between the subtler grades of vegetables or fruits.

"There are all these fads," he went on. "Like deep-fried Camembert with gooseberry jam. Thank God, that's gone now! Now it's warm sweetbread salad, *maigret de canard*, *lotte dans son* *propre coulis*. What people don't know! At that cheese-tasting at the symposium, you remember, they served the sherry in wineglasses, and lots of people got confused and said what an extraordinary wine. That sort of thing—it's typical. It will never change." Blond's schoolmaster look had vanished; he now resembled a cynical croupier who has seen every species of human folly.

"In some regions of British society, there are still the most extraordinary prejudices," he continued. "Certain sorts of people won't eat black pudding, for instance, though it's often delicious. Neither would they dream of eating skate—unless, of course, it was served as *raie au beurre noir*. This is a classic example of the low-class becoming high-class. Dishes drop off the bottom to reappear on top. Take salmon. Salmon in the seventeenth century was low-class. There was a riot of London apprentices once because they were tired of salmon. Now it's much rarer, of course, and it's expensive. Oysters—Roman Britain *adored* oysters. Juvenal, I think, has a line somewhere: 'If everything goes wrong, I can always retire to Britain,' and he meant for the oysters. But by the last century oysters had become plentiful and cheap, and eating them was considered common. Tripe is common—isn't it *good!* Cockles are common, winkles are common, but shrimps and prawns are acceptable. And then—well, there's jellied eel, jellied eel's common . . ."

Here Blond's monologue came to a halt. He stared into vacancy and screwed up his brow. You could almost see the image of jellied eel forming in his brain. Plebeian, yes, but mostly just slimy and vile. What could he say in its favor? He seemed to be carefully searching for words, and, like someone trying to ride a bicycle too slowly, he unbalanced himself by his caution: in a moment, his features collapsed into a look of resignation.

And then, all at once, it dawned on me. Perhaps, at last, I'd found that extraordinary creature—a foodie who wasn't an omnivore, a foodie who had within him an impregnable fortress of loathing and would frankly refuse to eat at least one despised dish, simply because it was horrid. My hopes rose, and I held my breath.

"*I* wouldn't eat jellied eel," said Anthony Blond. —DAN HOFSTADTER

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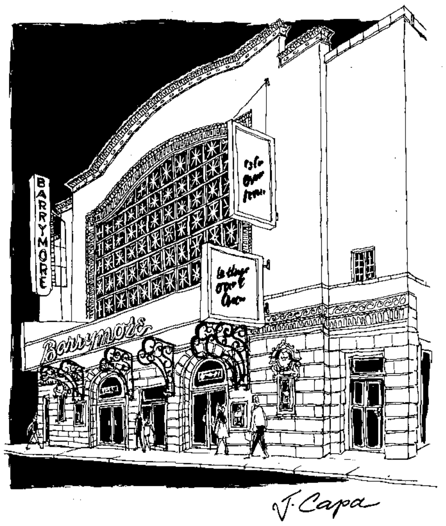
Fugard's Mecca

SHORTLY before the end of the first act of Athol Fugard's "The Road to Mecca," at the Promenade, Mr. Fugard himself enters, in the role of a pastor called Marius, and I thought, Now the play begins. Mr. Fugard is a born dramatist, whose work often touches on greatness—"Boesman and Lena," "A Lesson from Aloes," "The Blood Knot," and " 'Master Harold' . . . and the Boys" are just a few examples. As a South African whose subject, time after time, has been his country and its tragic racial strife, he has changed the face of the modern theatre. He is also a superb actor and, in this instance, a meticulous director. The two other members of his company are Yvonne Bryceland, who was for many years his acting partner in South Africa and is making her début in New York, and who is in every way his match (Billie Whitelaw to his Beckett), and Amy Irving, who is also very good. John Lee Beatty's setting—a small, cluttered cottage in a Karroo village in South Africa—is exactly right, as lighted by Dennis Parichy, and what better playhouse in town than the Promenade? Having said all that, I must also say, regretfully, that "The Road to Mecca" seemed somehow unsatisfying to me, though I'm not sure why. It tells the story of an eccentric old sculptor, Miss Helen (Miss Bryceland), who has devoted her life to modelling a group of weird concrete statues of camels and other animals that, together, embody her artistic and spiritual aspirations but, as displayed in her garden, prove unsettling to her neighbors and worrying to the pastor. In the first act we see her with her young friend and disciple Elsa Barlow (Miss Irving), a teacher who has driven for many hours over dusty roads to help her out in a crisis: the minister, having decided that Miss Helen is no longer able to look after herself, wants her to sign herself into an old people's home, where she can be taken care of. She doesn't want to do it, and she needs Elsa to back her up when she tries to make him understand that an inspired woman may cast aside the habits and, indeed, the common precautions of daily living. She must be free. Elsa herself is exhausted and troubled; en route she gave a short ride to an African woman and her baby, who had been made homeless and were reduced to just trudging along the highway, and Elsa has taken unto herself all the guilt and horror of apartheid. The first act, up to the pastor's entrance, is made up entirely of the conversation of the two women as they bring each other up to date, a lot of it expository and seemingly for the benefit of the audience, and without much dramatic energy.

There is life in the second act. The theme of light and darkness runs through it, as Miss Helen lights candle after candle against the encroaching evening. The pastor at first seems stiff and adamant, but, in Mr. Fugard's beautifully modulated performance, it is his helpless love for this radiant, mystical woman, somewhere way above and beyond him, that prevails, and defeats his plans. There is, needless to say, much passion in the writing, but, almost for the first time at a play of Fugard's, it was a passion that I couldn't share. I certainly admired the delineation of his characters, in all their complexity and clarity, and his dialogue, which is of a quality that we rarely hear in the theatre today. He has, by the way, certainly kept his wit about him; there are any number of funny lines—one, near the final curtain, brought down the house. But admiration is no substitute for feeling. "The Road to Mecca" and its people, even impeccably portrayed, seemed as remote at the end as they did at the beginning.



"MAIL," at the Music Box, is a small, merry, unpretentious musical. Jerry Colker wrote the book and lyrics, and the score was written by Michael Rupert, who also appears in the leading role. He is one Alex Berkowitz, a temporarily defeated writer, who leaves his Manhattan apartment and his girlfriend for four months and then returns to find stacks of unopened letters tied up with brown cord. He tackles the letters one by one, and the contents of each becomes the subject of a sketch. Since everyone he knows has been trying to get in touch with him, we meet most of the important people in his life, along with the throwaways. They include, besides his wistful, puzzled girl, his literary agent—a leggy, intimidating female—his sad father, who has been trying and failing for some time to get through to him, and his best friend, a witty and agile young black man. (One of the more attractive features of this attractive show is its racial ease in casting and performance; the members of the company come in all varieties.) In many of the numbers, Alex is backed by three young women and three young men, who make a snappy chorus—at their best, perhaps, when, wearing jeans and hard hats, they portray the menacing contents of his Con Edison bill. Come to think of it, no stuffer of the common mailbox has been overlooked—there are ads and come-ons and pleas for subscriptions and who-cares announcements. Most of the jokes pay off, and the songs are refreshing.

On the other hand, I wish (a) that the hero were anything but a writer, writers being heroic only to their own breed, and (b) that the second act were as frisky as the first. As it is, the second act turns spongy and sentimental, and it runs about twenty minutes too long. And then there is the damnable amplification (in Irving Berlin's Music Box, of all places!), which almost does it in. The scenery and projections, by Gerry Hariton and Vicki Baral, as lighted by Richard Nelson, are ingenious and amusing, and William Ivey Long's costumes look fine, too. The dances, by Grover Dale, are as agreeable as expected, and all goes trippingly along, under

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Andrew Cadiff's direction. Among the supporting actors, I especially admired Brian Mitchell, as the best friend, Mara Getz, as the girlfriend, and Alan Muraoka, Antonia Ellis, Mary Bond Davis, and Robert Mandan in other roles. —EDITH OLIVER

Stretchmarks

THE hero of "Borderline," Charles Graham (Cotter Smith), is one of those prosperous, successful young men, suddenly so common on the New York stage, who can't figure out what's wrong with their lives. A marketing executive with a sense that there is more to life than shampoo, Charles feels something lacking in his marriage to Susan (Susan Bruce), but doesn't quite care enough to do anything about it. At the beginning of the play, he overhears a double murder being committed in the house next door and, on discovering that the killing may have been a crime of passion—a man murdering his wife and her lover—is driven to question whether he really loves his own wife, since he has never killed her.

What seems to bother Charles most is his inability to stop treating women badly. He knows better, of course—who wouldn't? Still, he cheats on his wife with a gorgeously foxy colleague (Sharon Schlarth) and indulges in quasi-sadistic motel-room sex with his voluptuous young secretary (Colleen Quinn). All three women are remarkably obliging—the secretary willing to be hurt, the wife willing to make do without the "intimacy" she craves, the colleague determined to make herself scarce after a one-night stand—so you'd think Charles would be happy. But is he? Not one bit. What are two masochistic women and a career girl to do?

"Borderline" is one of two unpleasant and mildly exploitive one-act plays by John Bishop currently being produced at the Circle Repertory Company under the collective title "Borderlines." Mr. Bishop, a resident playwright at the Circle Rep, was the author of last season's "The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940," a silly but innocuous farce, which did not transfer well to Broadway. A send-up of country-house mysteries, "Musical Comedy Murders" was a self-consciously bad play that revelled in its own vacuity

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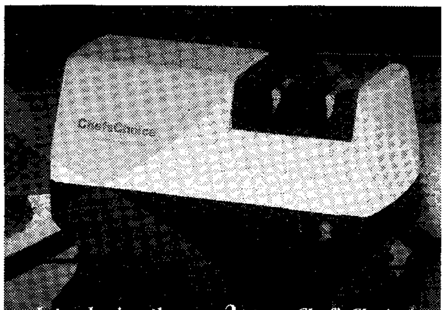

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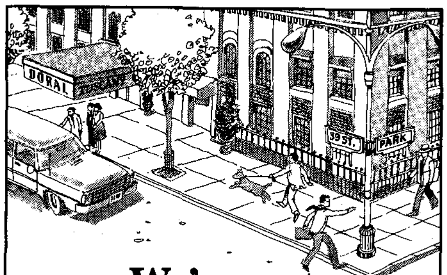

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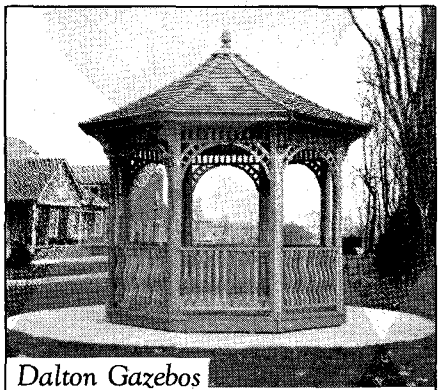

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and hokum. "Borderlines," by contrast, is a bad play masquerading as a good play. It hails from the Let's Exchange Underwear school of theatre, in which you know after ten minutes that the actor in the most ostentatiously macho role will be required to don an item of ladies' underclothing before the evening is over. Ostensibly about man's inhumanity to man (that's "man" with a small "m," so as not to include woman), "Borderlines" labors strenuously to bring forth meaningful social commentary; in fact, though, relying, as it does, on gratuitous displays of "skin" and violence, "Borderlines" caters to the masculine appetites it pretends to criticize.

The second play, "Keepin' an Eye on Louie," is marginally less unpleasant and exploitive than the first. In it, Frank and Dave, two undercover detectives (played by Charles Brown and Bruce McCarty, respectively), spy on a Mafia lord from an empty apartment in the company of a policewoman named Angie (Miss Quinn) and a mob informer named Joey (Joe Maruzzo) who is disguised as a woman. Both the male cops are preoccupied by marital problems, Frank because his wife (Brenda Denmark) seems to be having an affair and Dave because he has lost interest in sex. Dave is physically intimidated by his wife (Miss Schlarth). "There's so *much* of her," he exclaims at one point. Dave occasionally discusses this problem with the police therapist (Mr. Smith). But all for naught. In the penultimate moments of "Keepin' an Eye on Louie," a mobster bursts into the apartment and guns down Frank and Joey. The play ends with Dave, clearly shattered by it all, trying on his wife's slip.

That Mr. Bishop is eager to explore the possibilities in his sententious title is clear. "Borderlines" is meant to be about false demarcations in the combat zone of life, and the unnecessary boundaries men set up—between male and female, nation and nation, clan and clan. (To emphasize this point, Mr. Bishop has a character called the Lecturer, played by Miss Denmark, wandering in and out, between the short takes of his first play, reciting grisly facts about *border* wars in English and American history.) But Mr. Bishop never really gets beyond observing that such boundaries exist. In Howard Korder's "Boys' Life" (at the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre), another play about why men do what they know they shouldn't, the way the hero sees himself and his life turns out not to jibe with reality—a fact that the playwright suppresses until the very last moment. The revelation, small and unassuming though it is, does make a point about a certain kind of masculine behavior. "Borderlines" doesn't go anywhere it hasn't already been in the first five minutes.

Mr. Bishop seems not to have understood the meaning of his own title—its clinical sense, at any rate. The term "borderline"—as in "borderline schizophrenic"—refers to a state that is *not* clearly defined. In Mr. Bishop's two plays, there are no ambiguities. We're meant to sympathize with Charles Graham because he stands pensively, trying to remember the lyric of a Carole King song. We're meant to react negatively to his friend Dan, because he makes crude jokes and has unsound views on the defense question. Mr. Bishop has not created characters but positions. Given what his actors have to work with, there's not a lot that they can do except look tense (the men) or desirable (the women). As Charles, Mr. Smith brings a new kind of facelessness to contemporary malaise. Mr. McCarty, Miss Quinn, and Miss Schlarth all fare somewhat better with the comic stereotypes they play in the second half than with the soap-opera stereotypes of the first; Miss Denmark makes the most of her role as Frank's unfaithful wife, and Mr. Maruzzo is funny as the streetwise Joey, less daunted by his women's clothing than the married men around him. But the slip poor Dave has to squeeze into is as phony as the playwright's initial premise; no one's worn anything like that for years. —MIMI KRAMER

•

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Massachusetts Gov. Michael Dukakis ran a distant second, with votes. Sen. Albert Gore Jr. of Tennessee followed with votes. Rep. Richard Gephardt of Missouri had votes; Sen. Paul Simon of Illinois, votes; and former Sen. Gary Hart of Colorado, votes.

In the Republican primary, some candidates fared better than most of the Democratic contenders. Vice President George Bush led with votes. Sen. Bob Dole of Kansas was second with . Former television evangelist Pat Robertson had votes, and Rep. Jack Kemp of New York had —*Atlanta Constitution.*

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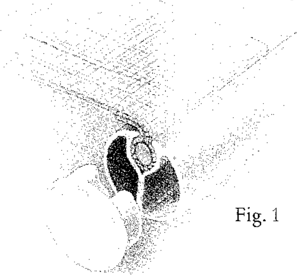
Fig. 1

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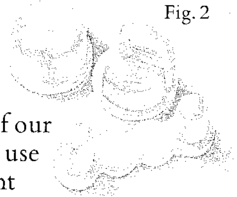

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Narcissus and Deborah

“YOU seem to be particularly fond of flute music,” a reader writes. I do write quite often about flute recitals, it is true. The cause is the bevy of flutists whose superior art, abilities, and appetite for new music are ever eliciting attractive new flute pieces from our composers. Four flutists—Wendy Rolfe, Harvey Sollberger, Patricia Spencer, and Robert Willoughby—got together recently with the National Endowment for the Arts to place a “consortium” commission for works from four composers: Stephen Jaffe, Salvatore Martirano, Thea Musgrave, and Yehudi Wyner. Each flutist takes up all four pieces. Three of them have so far appeared.

Jaffe's “Three Figures and a Ground,” for flute and piano, was introduced by Miss Spencer at a Merkin Hall recital last month. It was agreeable but nothing special. Musgrave's “Narcissus,” which followed, is an imaginative and beautiful brief tone poem, with a program. Narcissus, wandering, sees his reflection in a forest pool, reaches toward it and is reached back toward, dances happily and is danced back at. Suddenly he suspects that he is being mimicked and mocked. In anger, he attacks the image, and is drowned. The disturbed water grows calm again. The pool glimmers on in the evening sun. This is not Ovid's version of the tale, with its pining, self-analytical protagonist (“Alas! I am myself the boy I see. I know it. . . . I am on fire with love for my own self”), but a variant apter for musical contrasts and dramatic development. The piece is composed for solo flute and a digital delay system controlled by the player's feet and fingers. The system makes possible varied echoes—sonic reflections—whose volume, timing, and, even, pitch can be precisely determined. Moreover, it can catch and hold notes. The flutist can sustain the last note of a phrase as a pedal to what he plays next. He can play four notes, judging their tempo to the periodicity of the echoes, and hear them come back to him as a four-part chord.

Musgrave is a composer who unites Scottish common sense and practicality with a vein of high Celtic romance. The score of “Narcissus,” which is published by Novello, combines nannylike injunctions to the player—“Remember to fold out pp. 10-13”—with music to inspire him to play as freely and passionately as he knows. Musgrave is a mistress of timbre and register: when the opening motif of “Narcissus” returns an octave lower, sensually charged at the low pitch, the tragedy is adumbrated. And she is an adept at discerning what in new technologies can eloquently—and without fuss—enrich more traditional musical methods. The electronic voice in her opera “The Voice of Ariadne” is one manifestation; Narcissus' digitally delayed reflections are another. The flute line could be played by itself, without electronics, as a fascinating, shapely monody—rather in the way that any single line in Elliott Carter's recent chamber music should prove worth listening to in its own right. It would be good to hear some ensemble present Carter's Fourth String Quartet as an evening of solos, duos, and trios, united at last in consort; and to hear Musgrave's “Narcissus” first as a flute solo—in one dimension, as it were—and then in full, as a drama completed by the carefully devised, necessary reflections.

Three more premières, all for flute and piano, all composed for Miss Spencer, made up her program. Ge Gan-Ru's “Hao” seemed vague and incoherent. Miriam Gideon's “Eclogue” was pleasing but perhaps needed slightly faster and more fanciful handling. Miss Spencer is a thoughtful and poetic rather than a zippy, high-spirited performer, and David Oei, the pianist, overpedalled the piece. Louise Talma's “Conversations”—conversations pensive, playful, sometimes even cross—went better. Miss Spencer hit top form in “Narcissus,” meeting every challenge to breath, fingers, feet, and dramatic instincts.

Wyner's “Sweet Consort,” for flute and piano, had its first performance last week at a Sunday-afternoon Odyssey Chamber Players concert in the Church of the Holy Trinity. Miss Rolfe was the flutist, and the composer was the pianist. Miss Rolfe—the composer told us in a spoken introduction—had proposed to him the imagery of a river; Miss Spencer had told him she would welcome something her instrument could *sing*, and had sent him poems by Akhmatova and William Carlos Williams. The resulting piece, about twenty-two minutes long, has

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four movements: Invocation, Song and Dance, Barcarole, and "The River flows . . . the spirit darkens . . . a thousand regrets." Like all Wyner's music that I know, "Sweet Consort" is generous, emotional, and direct, but not self-indulgent or splashy. Each finely fashioned line carries a specific charge. There is some rejoicing in it, a passionate climax, and a sad close. When I hear it again, I will try to describe it more precisely. In a rapt performance, it rang out, stirringly but elusively, into the resonant space.

Earlier in the season, Evelyn Nallen, a charming recorder player, made her New York recital début at one of Merkin's Tuesday matinées, and on a variety of instruments presented an attractive anthology of seventeenth-, eighteenth-, and twentieth-century pieces. Wendy Young (harpsichord), Dennis Godburn (Baroque bassoon), and a tape delay system joined in as necessary. On a weekday at two—tickets five dollars—the hall was full.

THE "Deborah" chapter of Winton Dean's "Handel's Dramatic Oratorios and Masques" begins with the flat statement " 'Deborah' is a failure." Reasons for its being one are then set out: the libretto is both uninspiring and unpleasant; and Handel, the great borrower, borrowed even more than usual—mainly from himself. The work has seldom been revived in our century, and while most of Handel's dramatic oratorios have been theatrically enacted it remained unstaged (along with only "Joseph" and "Judas Maccabaeus") until in 1983 it was mounted in Brunswick Cathedral. That year, a concert performance of "Deborah" at the Maryland Handel Festival showed Mr. Dean's sentence to be too severe—or, at least, showed that a Handel "failure" may be a greater work than many a lesser composer's success. "Deborah" is no "Saul," no "Samson," no "Semele" or "Solomon" or "Susanna," but it is a feast of noble and beautiful music, assembled by a composer who knew how to pile number upon number in splendid sequences. "Deborah" has now been staged in this country: Rutgers put on four performances this month at the Rutgers Arts Center. The conductor was Michael Fardink, the stage director Valorie Goodall. There was a simple, handsome, flexible setting (by Karen Miller), with tall hangings to suggest temple, tent, or pavilion. The Israelites' white robes were trimmed with blue; the Canaanites wore purple. Action in "Deborah" is only narrated. Miss Goodall added a formalized presentation of the battle and, twice, a "memory enactment" of Sisera's murder (decently obscured, shadow-play fashion, within Jael's tent) while Jael and, later, Barak recalled it. Having learned that Canaanites practiced child sacrifice and temple prostitution, she showed these, too—in hasty pantomime, and inappropriately accompanied by the ritornello of "The great King of Kings." That was perhaps a mistake. On the whole, the stage pictures, with well-devised moves and massing, formed an admirable complement to the music. Textures were sensitively varied. (Occasionally, Miss Goodall used the stage at such width that choral cohesion or ensemble between a singer and the players was compromised.) Despite the unpromising material, the show was not untheatrical or undramatic.

Sisera, composed for Francesca Bertolli, was sung in the tenor version that Handel devised for John Beard in 1744; an "Athalia" air and an "Esther" duet that Handel added on that occasion were included. Reasonable cutting brought the evening out within two minutes of Anthony Hicks's estimate for an uncut 1733 "Deborah": two and a quarter hours of music. Acts I and II were played without intermission. Mr. Fardink set apt tempi, but was a somewhat insistent and emphatic conductor of the soloists. There were partly alternating casts. The best singer in mine was Sandra Rains West, the Barak (originally a Senesino role), who has a clear, well-formed, forthright mezzo, a bright way with words, and a good sense of phrase. Lord Egmont, who attended the second performance of "Deborah," in 1733, wrote in his diary, "It was very magnificent, near a hundred performers, among whom about twenty-five singers." Rutgers had more singers (thirty-two) but fewer players (only nineteen). The absence of Handel's three trumpets, three horns, and two organs reduced the magnificence of the big choruses (drums without trumpets sounded odd); three airs lost important organ solos. It was not exactly the "full-scale production" of the billing, but it was impressive.

—ANDREW PORTER

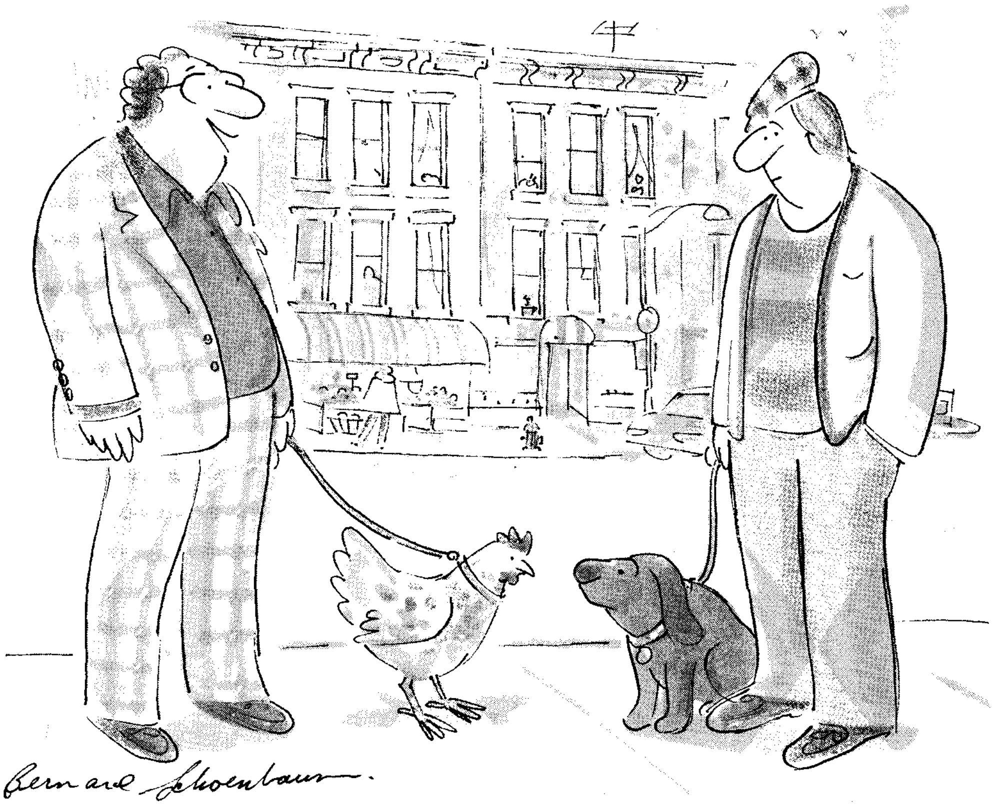
BOOKS

Witty Dotty

IT is hard to know what made reading "Dorothy Parker: What Fresh Hell Is This?," a biography by Marion Meade (Villard; $22.50), as enjoyable as it was, since the writing is shoddy, the mood sour, and the subject rather resolutely unsympathetic. Perhaps in my case it was a teen-age infatuation with the Algonquin Round Table, or what I imagined of it with the help of the late Bennett Cerf, who used to compile books of jokes, with titles like "Try and Stop Me" and "Shake Well Before Using," that drew heavily upon the alleged ripostes and verbal barbs of Mrs. Parker, Robert Benchley, Alexander Woollcott, Franklin P. Adams, George S. Kaufman, Marc Connelly, Heywood Broun, and other "celebrated wits" of the twenties, who, legend assured me, liked nothing better than to have lunch together at their own special table at the Algonquin Hotel and endlessly bask in each other's banter. That such an angelic assembly, glorying in its own pure being, objectively existed seemed proved by a fallout of books that reached us provincial mortals—Mrs. Parker's slim volumes of poems and short stories, F.P.A.'s copious verse and anthologies, and, above all, the humorous essays of Robert Benchley, packaged under such saucy labels as "My Ten Years in a Quandary and How They Grew" and "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, or David Copperfield." The very titles bring back the sickly-yellow, pencil-gouged look of the old oaken high-school library tables where, trying to stifle my laughter lest I be branded a discipline problem, I used to read Benchley's collections, with their tidy illustrations by Gluyas Williams. It is fascinating, if a bit drearily so, to learn now, from Ms. Meade's book, that Benchley, the epitome in print of bemused innocence, who never penned a word that stirred a licentious shadow in an adolescent's mind, was in his personal, New York life a priapic demon; having settled his wife in Scarsdale with a "Victorian divorce," he kept his own kimono at Polly Adler's brothel and "played backgammon with the madam for the services of her women," seduced other women so impressively that "the wife of a well-known banker was so eager to continue sleeping with him that she once crawled through the transom of his room at the Royalton Hotel," and was praised for his phallic grandeur by no less a connoisseuse than Tallulah Bankhead. Nor were the other Round Table regulars models of monogamy:

> While most of Dorothy's wedded friends were less noisy about their troubles than the [F. Scott] Fitzgeralds, their marriages seemed no better. Benchley . . . was in a dreadful mess. George Kaufman had stopped sleeping with Beatrice. Frank Adams bedded a succession of young women, whose names he flaunted in his column for his wife and a million New Yorkers to read over their morning coffee.

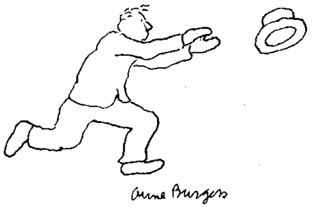
Coffee, however, was not this crowd's beverage of choice; the Algonquin circle brimmed with alcohol. Heywood Broun "had a habit of fueling himself all day long from his hip flask." Charles MacArthur, soon after he arrived from Chicago in 1922, "was putting away a quart of Scotch every night." Benchley and Mrs. Parker came late to the joys of the bottle but became unshakable devotees. Benchley's father, in Worcester, Massachusetts, had been an alcoholic, and Benchley was an "ardent prohibitionist," who hailed the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment as "too good to be true." On the night of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, in July of 1921, a group of Round Tablers were celebrating Dempsey's victory at Tony Soma's speakeasy, on Forty-ninth Street, and Benchley, who usually drank coffee at the speakeasy, was persuaded to have an Orange Blossom. Pretty soon he had moved on to whiskey sours and become a bibulous mainstay at Tony's, where liquor was served in thick white china cups. He favored rye, but was not above adding vodka to chocolate ice-cream sodas; the story goes—try and stop me—that when Scott Fitzgerald said to him, "Bob, don't you know that drinking is slow death?," Benchley responded, "So who's in a hurry?" Benchley died (like



"There's none of that warmth and affection, but quite a few eggs."

Broun and Woollcott) in his fifties—of a cerebral hemorrhage complicated by cirrhosis of the liver.

Dorothy Parker, up to her marriage, in 1917, to Edwin Pond Parker II, was alcohol-innocent: "She hated the taste of liquor herself and refused to touch it." Her husband, however, was a tremendous drinker, whose nickname in the ambulance corps was Spook, "because hangovers made him look pale as a ghost," and who returned from the war addicted to morphine as well. To make herself companionable to Eddie and to such sporty *Vanity Fair* colleagues as Robert Sherwood, she began to allow herself a cocktail or two, despite being warned by the then abstemious Benchley, "Alcohol will coarsen you." Gin made her sick, but, "after a good deal of experimentation, she found that Scotch whisky, without water, was generally quick, safe, and reliable." Though both her marriages—to Eddie and to Alan Campbell, a fellow-writer and rumored homosexual—dissolved in alcoholic brawls, and long stretches of her career were soddenly unproductive, she remained faithful to Scotch into her seventies: "Several times she went too far with Scotch and found herself in Flower Fifth Avenue Hospital. Whenever visitors appeared, she politely offered them a drink, then guessed she would pour one for herself." A friend of her old age, Parker Ladd, thought to help her by emptying a bottle with her:



> One night shortly before Christmas 1965, he prepared highball after highball for them, swallowing a little of his own and dumping the rest down the sink. Finally he heaved a sigh of relief to find the bottle empty. To his amazement, Dorothy hauled herself up and began rummaging around on the closet floor among some old shoes. In triumph, she produced another bottle of Scotch.

For a time in Hollywood in 1951, she found a housemate with a thirst to overmatch hers—James Agee, who, she told S. J. Perelman, had on one Friday evening "consumed three bottles of Scotch unaided." Perelman wrote of their ménage, which included Agee's twenty-two-year-old companion, Pat Scallon (whom Dorothy named Pink Worm), that they lived "in a fog of crapulous laundry, stale cigarette smoke, and dirty dishes, sans furniture or cleanliness; one suspects they wet their beds."

This is sad stuff, and Ms. Meade leaves little doubt, for those who might not have already heard, that the Algonquin wits and, for that matter, most of the literary lights of the twenties carried forward their work under a fearful burden of booziness, at a cost of truncated lives and deflected ambitions. But since she is not, presumably, writing a temperance tract, one might ask what she *is* writing, in these four hundred nicely annotated and beautifully indexed pages. It is not as if the biographer were in love with her subject. Ms. Meade's previous heroines have been Eleanor of Aquitaine, Mme. Blavatsky, and the medieval nun Héloïse (in a novel), and her prose keeps crinkling as if with distaste at having to touch on the twentieth century, and on this unhappy and conflicted modern woman. Her subtitle seems excessive and awkward. Her sentences snarl with unprovoked aggression:

> Despite her piety, there must have been times when Eleanor [Dorothy's stepmother, the second Mrs. Henry Rothschild] felt like strangling the miserable brat. Instead, she admonished lucky little Dorothy to count her blessings.
>
> [Alexander Woollcott's] literary style leaned heavily on the side of lavender and old lace, but he successfully resisted all impulses to improve it. If not one of the worst writers in America, he surely ranked among the top ten. Even his friends made fun of his style and were genuinely surprised to realize just how atrocious it actually was.
>
> Dorothy . . . viewed a ski slope with the same enthusiasm as she did an electric chair.
>
> She fell flat on her face in the hall and had to be scraped up and carried out feet first.
>
> He [David Susskind, after Dorothy appeared on his talk show] ushered her away with all the tact and delicacy of a funeral director exhibiting a decomposed corpse, and she rode back alone to Manhattan with her ego reduced to the size of a pea.

The curious seething undercurrent of scorn and a taste for vivid metaphors at times bizarrely stress Ms. Meade's syntax:

> Courageous Becky [Sharp], thumb glued to her nose, was able to confront and defy adversity head-on.
>
> For eight dollars a week, she received a room the size of a pantry and two meals—and the idea that perhaps she could become a famous writer.
>
> . . . the women deprived of maternal warmth and comfort who are condemned to seek love forever in the barren soil of husbands and children and even animals.

Nor does the biographer, while deploring the sins—alcoholism, promiscuity, bitchiness, indolence, inchoate neediness, fellow-travelling—admire the sinner for her talent and œuvre. She gives Dorothy Parker's writings rather short shrift, ranging from the patronizing ("She was careful about rhyming the first and third lines of quatrains and fussed over masculine and feminine endings") to the forthrightly dismissive (her fashion-photo captions for *Vogue* were "drivel," and her work in the early twenties consisted of "dozens of hokey verses and prose pieces"). It is observed of her theatre reviews, "She was beginning to run out of nasty cracks and to repeat herself," and, disapprovingly, of her poetry, "Nearly everything she wrote found a buyer, in itself a comment on the quality of her work." Ms. Meade quotes from the fiction as if it were autobiography, and displays antipathy to the, as she sees it, parasitic process of literary creation:

> While striking fancy poses and whipping herself into an emotional frenzy got her adrenaline moving, that white-hot heat also served a serious purpose; it generated salable verse and enabled her to deposit checks into her bank account. In this respect, she was no more calculating than Scott Fitzgerald who, in April, published his novel *The Great Gatsby,* which he had extracted from his and Zelda's eighteen-month residence in Great Neck. His characters were modeled on people he had met at the Swopes', who were some of the very same men winding up in Dorothy's bed at the Algonquin and, eventually, in her verse. Both Dorothy and Fitzgerald were adept at sucking the juices out of people.

Though in the course of this thorough survey of Dorothy Parker's seventy-three years there must be some words in her favor, they do not linger in the mind or prevail over the main impression of domestic misery and professional inconsequence. Even the quips she was famous for do not rise very high above the ambient sleaziness and fug, though some made me laugh. Of John McClain, an athletic and faithless lover, Dorothy said that "his body had gone to his head." After being told that Clare Boothe Luce was always kind to her inferiors, she asked, "And where does she find them?" She called her Southern mother-in-law "the only woman alive who pronounced the word egg as if it had three syllables." And after meeting Somerset Maugham she remarked that "whenever I meet one of these Britishers I feel as if I have a papoose on my back."

She was very American, beginning with her Jewish father's determination to put his Jewishness behind him. He married two Gentile women, of whom the first, Eliza Marston, became Dorothy's mother in 1893, in stormy weather, at the New Jersey beach resort of West End. Eliza and Eleanor Lewis were both "Christian schoolteacher[s] . . . liberated from spinsterhood," and both died young—her mother when Dorothy was five, her stepmother before she turned ten. Dorothy, though she referred to herself, often deprecatingly, as Jewish, was given no Jewish religious instruction and attended a Catholic school near her home, on Manhattan's West Side; its influence may be detected in her work as the great frequency of the word "hell." J. Henry Rothschild, though not of the international banking Rothschilds, was a wealthy clothier, an amateur versifier, and, his letters indicate, an affectionate father; but Dorothy, who under his protection had grown into a pert, piano-playing, dog-loving, largely self-educated minx less than five feet tall, was not grateful. Indeed, though she was to enjoy indulgent benefactions from New York publishers, Hollywood studios, and the Long Island rich, she does not seem to have been grateful for anything, except perhaps the friendship of Robert Benchley, with whom she never slept—which cannot be said of Elmer Rice, George Kaufman, Charles MacArthur, Ring Lardner, and Deems Taylor. She and Benchley, though, did spend hours and days together and for a time co-inhabited a midtown office so small that she said of it, "An inch smaller, and it would have been adultery." She thought of herself as an orphan. Her jokes, her poems, and her prose persona defy a cold world, a world of deaths and departures, and her hard-boiled gallantry, like Hemingway's, belongs to the generation from which the First World War had stripped the conventional illusions. She helped set a style, and perhaps a legitimate complaint about her as an artist is that she stayed set in that style; unlike her contemporary Rebecca West, or Mary McCarthy of the following generation, she did not let her edgy young brightness and irreverent sass deepen into an intellectual boldness and an expressive range. Her stories wear better than her poems, though some of her light verse will last as long as the genre is anthologized:

Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp;
Acids stain you;
And drugs cause cramp.
Guns aren't lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.

Her meticulous, Housmanesque neatness, especially fine in the second quatrain, redeems the sentiment from bathos. Within her conscientious neatness, she sometimes, though rarely, compresses language to a lyric intensity:

God's acre was her garden-spot, she said;
  She sat there often, of the Summer days,
Little and slim and sweet, among the dead,
  Her hair a fable in the leveled rays.

In her stories, she captures the voice, above all, of neediness; the newlyweds in "Here We Are" and the disintegrating heroine of "Big Blonde" and the tipsy, haughty mother of "I Live on Your Visits" all demonstrate how need in its very urgency clogs and blocks its own satisfaction. Dorothy Parker was an expert on the lovers' quarrel, and her wasteful life afforded her a thorough education in the self-wounding perversity of the human heart.

FLAMS
STEAK
SEVA
FASCINO

A fonder biographer than Marion Meade might have discovered something to admire in how her subject, after her precocious infatuation with death, a number of suicide attempts, and the apparent suicide of her second husband, settled herself grudgingly to live. She outlived all the original Round Tablers except Marc Connelly, and in her last burst of creativity—a handful of short stories and a play, "The Ladies of the Corridor," written with Arnaud d'Usseau, which ran six weeks on Broadway and was called by her "the only thing I have ever done in which I had great pride"—she took lonely, aging women as her topic. Interestingly, in the late stories "I Live on Your Visits," "Lolita," and "The Bolt Behind the Blue," children vividly figure, though she herself had borne none. In "I Live on Your Visits," an adolescent boy observes with chagrin and precision the drunken mannerisms of a woman who, from her high-toned and arch way of talking, exactly matches what we know of Dorothy Parker. The consolations and detachment of art remained available to her, and it might also be said in admiration that neither alcoholic haze nor romantic distress cut her off from the pleasures of reading. She was, as her column for this magazine proclaimed long ago (1927-33), a Constant Reader, and the book reviews she procrastinatingly executed for *Esquire* toward the end of her life show the same enthusiasm for the written word that lighted up her girlhood as a mock orphan. She treated books with a rectitude and a respect she could not muster for people. And her passion for left-wing causes argues a warmth for people in general if not in particular, though Ms. Meade sniffs, "She had a tendency to assume personal responsibility for world catastrophe," and reports that some observers considered Dorothy to be "playing amateur revolutionary, just as she once had played amateur suicide." Raised amid a wealth based upon the sweatshops of the Lower East Side, Mrs. Parker became an avid proponent of unionizing screenwriters in Hollywood. Having publicly marched for Sacco and Vanzetti in 1927, she travelled the extra mile with the Communist Party in the thirties; in April of 1938 she signed a statement declaring that Stalin's infamous Moscow trials established "a clear presumption of the guilt of the defendants," and, unlike many radical

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intellectuals, she did not drop out of pro-Communist groups when the Soviets and the Nazis signed their nonaggression pact. Though no conclusive evidence or remembrance has emerged that would identify her and Alan Campbell as card-carrying members of the Communist Party, she took the Fifth Amendment when asked about her membership before a New York State legislative committee. However, viewed in the gentle twilight of the Cold War, her left-wing commitment and her active fund-raising for Spanish Civil War refugees show a selfless spirit that otherwise had few opportunities to express itself as she fiddled away at unproduced scripts for a weekly salary bigger than most Americans' annual one. Scott Fitzgerald, writing from Hollywood to Gerald Murphy in 1940, considered her a "spoiled writer" and "supremely indifferent": "That Dotty has embraced the church [i.e., Communism] and reads her office faithfully every day does not affect her indifference." Perhaps we, a half century later, can judge her more kindly.

To answer my own question: What makes "Dorothy Parker: What Fresh Hell Is This?" enjoyable is its deglamorized depiction of the literary and cultural world that hatched and to an extent smothered Dorothy Parker. The Algonquin wits, most of them, were under thirty when the Round Table first assembled, in 1919, and their blithe misuse of their time and bodily health and their quick-fix approach to literary production have the charm of youthful innocence. As in the sixties, being young then was in itself an empowerment; writing under Harding and Coolidge was impudent fun. Dorothy Parker's life brushed against most of the strands of American literary life from 1920 to 1950, and the strands crackle with an energy not felt since. Yet in those pre-television days, when New York had a dozen newspapers, and short stories were as hot as rock videos are now, making a living out of words still wasn't easy, even for those who became, like Mrs. Parker, celebrities. F.P.A.'s famous Conning Tower paid nothing to contributors, Harold Ross's fledgling *New Yorker* paid little, and Condé Nast—who was a man before he was a corporation—called the tune to his pipers. Few New York writers could spurn the summons to Hollywood when it came, though it condemned them to a virtually anonymous and utterly frustrating part in the manufacture of mass entertainment. Benchley, the irresistibly publishable, jumped at the chance to become a stage actor, and then a screen actor. Dorothy Parker was more strugglingly loyal to her ancient craft. Her life, even unsympathetically told, evokes the pulse of a spendthrift generation whose promise sparkled in speakeasies and glimmered through a long hangover.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SECOND SIGHT, by Mary Tannen (Knopf; $16.95). The mundane and the exotic are on extremely familiar terms in the dying industrial town of Wallingford, New Jersey, where, as one character in this accomplished first novel observes, "there are more places downtown to get your fortune read than your shoes repaired." An affable Saab-driving historian is plagued by a family curse. He boards in a run-down castle with an abandoned housewife who subsists on cookies and religiously tends her long-vanished husband's orchid collection. Her widowed daughter is incapable of making frozen orange juice but possesses second sight; she lives in the barrio with her son and tells fortunes over the phone. All this is rendered with playful understatement by Ms. Tannen as various beleaguered Wallingford inhabitants struggle "to interpret the clues of the present" and exert some control over their destinies. What is most pleasurable here, however, is the ingenious design of the novel itself, the fine web of "blood or circumstance or sympathy" in which this world is caught and held by its creator.

THE BOOK AND THE BROTHERHOOD, by Iris Murdoch (Viking; $19.95). An immense, oppressive melodrama about an aging clique of mutual admirers, whose political philosophies have been drifting from left to center ever since they took their degrees at Oxford, but who continue to share in the financial upkeep of Crimond, a radical colleague who is writing the book they all once looked forward to reading. As the story begins, at a midsummer Oxford reunion dance, the pattern is established: A is in love with B, who is in love with C, and everyone is afraid of Crimond. By the end, the next spring, a few triangles have resolved themselves into promising pairs, but the reader may still be flipping back to the first page, on which seven characters are introduced, in the hope of remembering who is who.

GENERAL

LETTERS TO OLGA, by Václav Havel, translated from the Czech by Paul Wilson (Knopf; $25). The playwright Václav Havel joined the Czech human-rights organization Charter 77, and its offshoot, the Committee to Defend the Unjustly Prosecuted, and for his efforts was himself unjustly prosecuted, and sentenced to four and a half years in prison, in 1979. These letters, which he wrote to his wife during his imprisonment, are not a direct report on his circumstances, for, the translator tells us in an introduction, such an account was forbidden. The pathos of imprisonment appears in Havel's anxious inquiries about life outside; in the meticulous lists of items that Mrs. Havel may send him (he has a marvellous passage about what tea means to him in jail); in his description of his moods (Sunday depression, for example); in his repeated requests for more letters. Most of the letters, however, are abstract, and compose a philosophical essay in serial form. As the translator notes, Havel was influenced by phenomenology and existentialism; as he himself notes, few of his ideas are new. But the letters are not stale or dull, for Havel, if not an original philosopher, is an original writer.

HOUSE OF DREAMS: THE BINGHAM FAMILY OF LOUISVILLE, by Marie Brenner (Random House; $19.95). In January, 1986, seventy-nine-year-old Barry Bingham announced that he had to sell his newspapers (the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and *Times*), his printing business, and his radio and television stations, because his heirs—a son and two daughters—could not agree. That announcement resurrected scandals and gossip about the family; and family members, too, began to open closets full of skeletons. Ms. Brenner's account of the Binghams' business history since 1918, when

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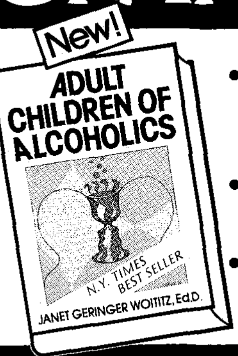

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"Judge" Robert Worth Bingham bought the *Courier-Journal*, is a success story: a tale of leadership, problem solving, and adaptation. Their personal history is a saga of unrealistic hopes, calamities, and squabbles of a kind known to anyone with relatives. Ms. Brenner has done a fine job, conveying ironies without sneering. It is not her fault that, being a reporter rather than a novelist, she cannot endow the Binghams with the tragic stature they lack.

LONGING FOR THE HARMONIES, by Frank Wilczek and Betsy Devine (Norton; $19.95). Occasionally, there comes along a popular-science book that both scientists and nonscientists can read with pleasure and profit, and this is one. Frank Wilczek, of the University of California at Santa Barbara, is one of the young masters of modern elementary-particle physics, and his wife, Betsy Devine, is a free-lance writer. The result of their collaboration is a book about modern physics which is accurate and also literate. The explanations have an originality and a simplicity that come about only through the deepest knowledge. One of the things explained is Wilczek's own Ph.D. thesis—a breakthrough that led to an understanding of how quarks are bound into the observed elementary particles.

GEORGE BALANCHINE: BALLET MASTER, by Richard Buckle in collaboration with John Taras (Random House; $29.95). Richard Buckle knew Balanchine personally, and this biography, written with the choreographer and former Balanchine associate John Taras, is a lighter book—more appealing in style, more intimate in tone—than his "Nijinsky" or "Diaghilev." Not too intimate, however. To get the details of Balanchine's private life one has to read between the lines, for Buckle is circumspect, and his portrait of Balanchine is less a memoir than a collage assembled from many different viewpoints—some already published, some acquired specially for this book. Buckle appears to delight in contradictions. Balanchine was a "cold, heartless Georgian," a "dear, loving, anguished man;" a womanizer, a victim of women; an innocent, a worldling. Perhaps the greatest disparity of all—it runs like a theme through the book—is between art and life, myth and reality. Buckle, who is British, records his reaction when he called on Balanchine one morning in London and was told by a dancer, "He's gone to the laundry with Nick [Magallanes]": "I was astounded: '*George Balanchine* has taken the *laundry!*' " Buckle doesn't busy himself unduly with interpretations of Balanchine's art. He prefers telling stories about how the ballets were made, such as the one Ruthanna Boris remembers about "Serenade": "Heidi Vosseler had fallen down, and he had said, 'Stay.' Then he put Kathryn Mullowny behind Charles Laskey, who was nearsighted. And Kathryn had to propel him forward to the fallen Heidi, holding her hand over his eyes—'He can't see anyway,' said Balanchine; and the adagio grew from that."

NOTE: "Dangerous Dossiers: Exposing the Secret War Against America's Greatest Authors," by Herbert Mitgang, has been published by Donald I. Fine ($18.95). Some of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

HOT MONEY, by Dick Francis (Putnam; $17.95). The wonder is not that Mr. Francis can turn out a more or less entertaining thriller every year (almost thirty so far) but that horse racing has an important role in most of them. The narrator this time is an amateur steeplechase jockey named Ian Pembroke, and we see him ride (and win) in England and enjoy himself as a spectator at races in Paris, Los Angeles, and Melbourne, Australia. The off-track thrills are provided by a murderer on the loose who has killed Ian's father's current wife (his fifth) and is now apparently determined to kill the father. Why? Well, old man Pembroke is a multimillionaire arbitrageur with a large family of greedy ex-wives, children, children-in-law, and grandchildren, and it seems only too likely that one of them is going for his gold.

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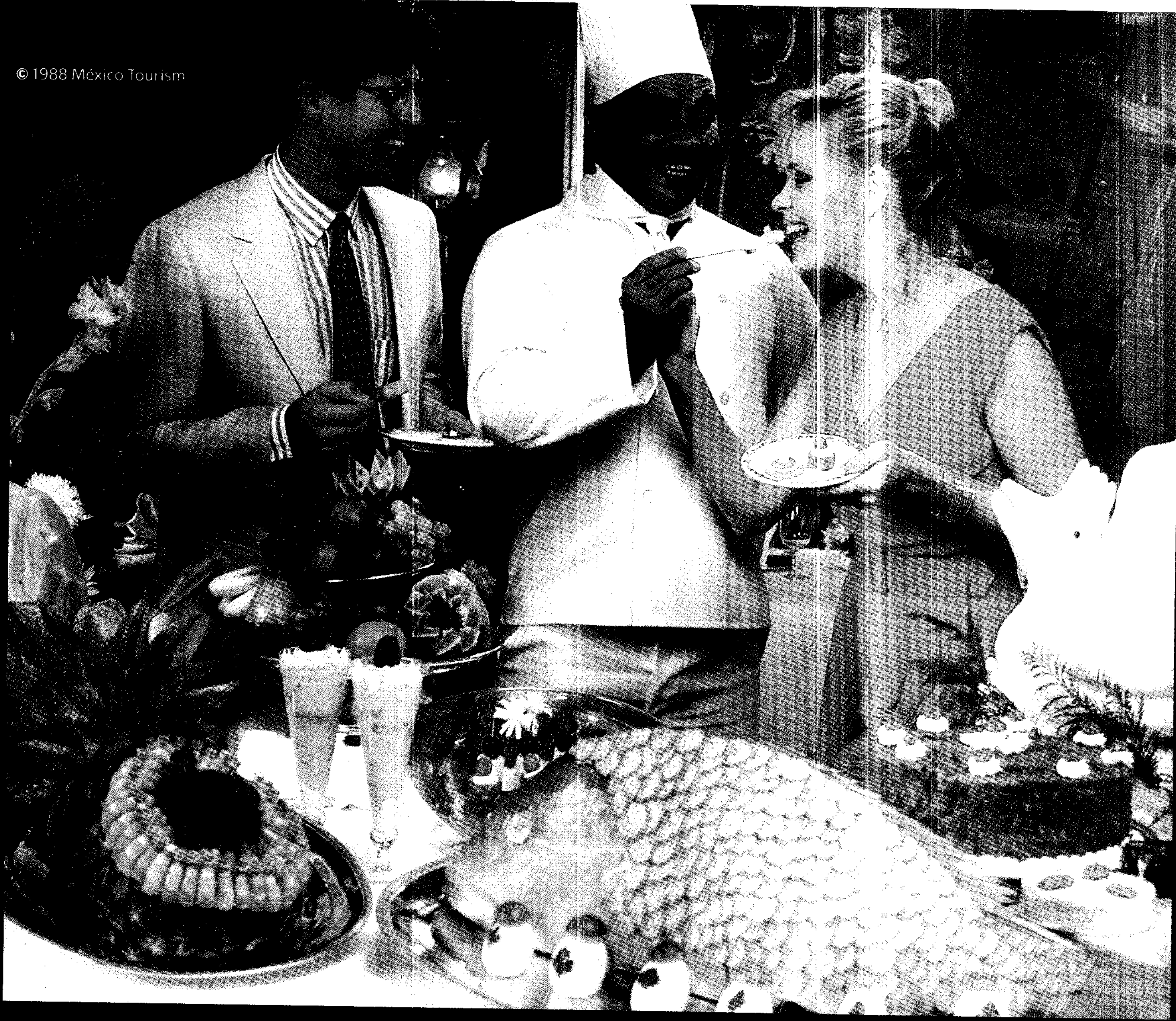

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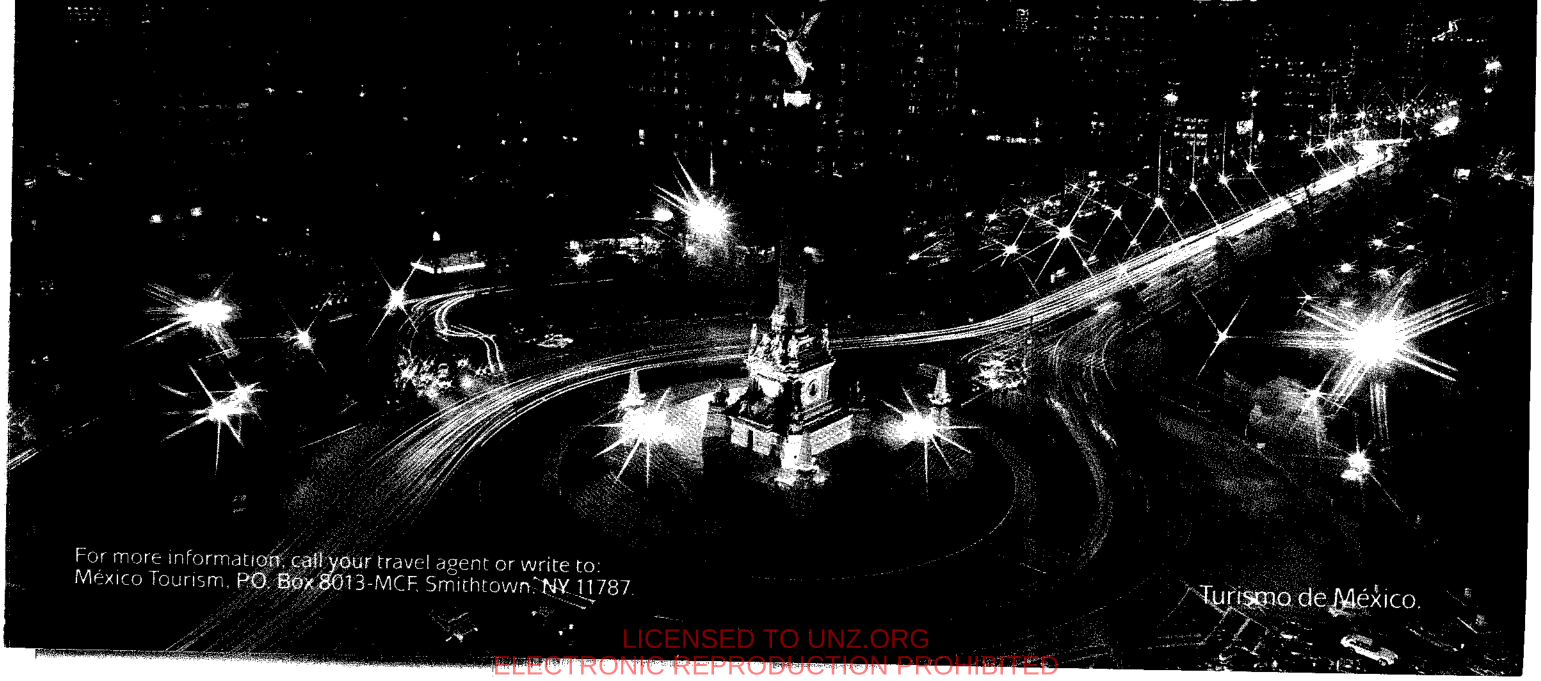

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